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*Mary Lee*  
1783-1860





*Henry Lee*  
1782-1867



# HENRY AND MARY LEE

## LETTERS AND JOURNALS

WITH OTHER FAMILY LETTERS

1802-1860

PREPARED BY THEIR GRAND-DAUGHTER

FRANCES ROLLINS MORSE

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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TO MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER  
HENRY LEE MORSE AND MARY LEE ELLIOT  
AND TO THE BELOVED MEMORY OF OUR PARENTS  
THE SMALL PORTION OF THIS BOOK THAT IS MINE  
IS DEDICATED

Then, I think, the mind, retracing the old wanderings and explorations, begins to perceive how little performance and definite achievement, either in one's self or in others, has really counted; . . . and how lightly one has reckoned that in which the true richness of life consists—namely, the distinct and emphatic personalities with and among whom it has been permitted to one to live; how little one treasured them, how permanent they seemed to be, how much one unconsciously depended upon them, how constantly and desperately one misses them. And then, too, one realizes how much energy and force the persons who achieved solid successes were forced to put into definite occupations, and how little they had to spare for the mere business of living; then one step farther and a veil falls from one's eyes; one sees what a boundless debt one owes to the friends who gave generously and lavishly their best and most beautiful qualities to life itself, and cast their bread upon the waters with an unsparing hand. . . . Most of them left no deep mark upon the world, because their whole force and charm and animation were used, naturally and uncalculatingly, in enriching the texture of life and bestowing happiness, with a total disregard of all lesser personal motives, on a small circle.

*Arthur Christopher Benson.*

## TO THE DESCENDANTS OF HENRY AND MARY LEE

These papers are put together for you, dear children, believing that, some day, when the past begins so surprisingly to live, you may care to know something more of your forbears, of the places where they lived, and the part they took in the life of their time. The few memoirs which tell of these earlier days are now out of print—the pamphlets and memoranda become scattered or lost—and you may like one volume to turn to for reference.

This is not a biographical study: rather it is a memorandum-book in which the letters may bring before you some picture of the dear people of our little world. There would be no book at all but for the steady encouragement of your Cousin Harry and the wise and sympathetic help of our younger cousin, Ellen Hale. It is put into your hands with the earnest prayer that if the letters do not speak to you with a living voice you will not read them.

First is given the short published biographical sketch of my grandfather, Henry Lee, with a few pages about his parents and brothers and sisters. Following that are long passages from the Memoir of Dr. James Jackson, the brother of Mary Lee, written by his grandson, James Jackson Putnam, and now out of print. In reducing this perfect Memoir to small compass much of abiding interest and charm is lost, and these pages should be read with an apology to their writer at heart. They give a beautiful and faithful picture of life in eastern Massachusetts a century ago.

It is from letters and papers which Uncle Harry Lee had kept in the great Flemish cabinet, the doors of which Cousin Bessie Shattuck has generously opened to me, and from other letters and journals kept by my mother that the rest of the book is drawn. There are

many more letters in the households of the children of Aunt Mary Higginson, Aunt Lizzie Ware and Uncle Frank Lee, and I hope that some day some other of the family may draw out their sweetness and strength for a younger generation. I have not asked for these other letters, finding that I cannot do justice to those already in my hands.

What I should like to do would be to give some record of my Grandfather and Grandmother, Henry and Mary Lee, and of the old family connection between Lees, Cabots, Higginsons, and Jacksons, intimately related through several generations by marriage and by friendship<sup>1</sup>, among whom were many who took a good part in the affairs of their day: who loved their country and gladly served it.

In the latter half of the 18th century many of these families were living in Salem, Beverly, and Newburyport. Later many of them came to Boston, but until recently Salem was still the home of Cousin John Lee's family and Essex County still a familiar background.

There are unavoidably many overlapping dates and much repetition in this story, but I will try to make it as little confusing as possible; at all events it is easy to skip what does not interest one.

To avoid confusion, I have not indicated each omission by asterisks, nor always put quotation marks to a very few words, nor invariably given the old form of spelling and abbreviations.

In following the clues found in the letters and journals contemporary history springs into light illuminated by the genius of the different historians: our own little cob-web thread of family history seems to attach itself to the great events and changes of the world of that day: history glows from within, and biographies and memoirs unite to make a single picture.

<sup>1</sup>There was an old Salem and Beverly saying: Cabots are Cabots, but Lees are twice Cabots.



For your convenience I give a few references:

*History of the United States of America, During the First and Second Administrations of James Madison*, by Henry Adams. (Volumes VI, VII, and VIII.)

*History of the United States*, by Edward Channing. (Volume IV.)

*Maritime History of Massachusetts, 1783-1860*, by Samuel Eliot Morison.

*History of the United States, 1850-1877*, by James Ford Rhodes.

*Harvard Memorial Biographies.*

For brief memoirs of our cousins, Charles Russell Lowell, James Russell Lowell, Sumner Paine, Cabot Jackson Russel, and Samuel Storrow, with many references to others of the family.

*The Life of George Cabot*, by his great-grandson, Henry Cabot Lodge.

*Early Memories*, by Henry Cabot Lodge.

*The Memoir of Dr. James Jackson*, by his grandson, James Jackson Putnam.

*The Memoir of Col. Henry Lee*, by John T. Morse, Jr.  
A fine and discriminating portrait with an historian's background of nineteenth century Boston and Massachusetts.

*The Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson*, by Bliss Perry.

*A Great Private Citizen [H. L. H.]*, by M. A. De W. Howe.

*Addresses by Henry Lee Higginson.*

*The Life of Charles Russell Lowell*, by Edward Waldo Emerson.

*William Lloyd Garrison*, by John Jay Chapman.

*Memories of the War of '61*, by Elizabeth Cabot Putnam.  
A beautiful tribute of enduring friendship: no word too much.

In the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for July, 1922, is an article on *The Lee Family*, by Thomas Amory Lee, of Topeka, Kansas, from which I am kindly permitted to use material. In *Old-time New England* for April, 1925, is an article on the *Cabot—Lee—Kilham House at Beverly*, with a print from the pastel-portrait (now owned by Joseph Lee) of our "Common Grandmother," Elizabeth Higginson Cabot.

Various references to the persons of the book may be found in the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*; in *The Publications of the Essex Institute, Salem*; in *The Memorial History of Boston*; and in *The Harvard Book*, while in the office of the Adjutant-General at the State House are the well-indexed and deeply-moving *Regimental Histories of the Civil War*.

WRITINGS OF HENRY LEE  
FROM CATALOGUE OF BOSTON ATHENÆUM

- Report of a Committee of Citizens of Boston opposed to the increase of duties. Boston. 1827.  
Exposition of evidence in support of memorial of the free trade convention at Philadelphia. Boston. 1832.  
Exposition of facts and arguments in favor of a bank of ten millions. Boston. 1836.  
Letters to the cotton manufacturers of Massachusetts. 1844.  
At the Boston Public Library are sundry pamphlets on Taxes on Woollens and Iron: on Sugar: on Ships: and others.

WRITINGS OF HENRY LEE, JR.  
FROM CATALOGUE OF BOSTON ATHENÆUM

- The Militia of the United States, what it has been and what it should be. 1864.  
University Hall, The Harvard Book. Vol. I. 1875.  
Remarks on the Clark and Hutchinson Houses. Proceedings Massachusetts Historical Society. 1880-1881.  
A Massachusetts Savings Bank, being an account of the Provident Institution for Savings, written for the World's Fair at Chicago. 1893.  
The Memoir of Colonel Henry Lee, with selections from his writings and speeches; by John Torrey Morse, Jr., includes article on Frances Anne Kemble from the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1893. Boston. 1905.

Many of Colonel Lee's most vigorous articles were written for the newspapers, especially the Boston *Evening Transcript*, and did their work at the time.

## CONTENTS

### CHAPTER

I. MEMOIR OF HENRY LEE, by Hamilton Andrews Hill . . . . .	I
II. THE LEE FAMILY . . . . .	13
III. THE JACKSON FAMILY . . . . .	31
IV. ABOUT THE LETTERS . . . . .	74
V. EARLY LETTERS, 1802-1811 . . . . .	79
VI. LETTERS FROM HENRY LEE IN INDIA TO HIS WIFE IN BOSTON DURING THE WAR OF 1812 . . . . .	109
VII. JOURNAL OF MARY LEE, 1813-1816 . . . . .	167
VIII. LETTERS, 1817-1829 . . . . .	227
IX. WALTHAM DAYS, LETTERS 1832-1842 . . . . .	255
X. LETTERS, 1845-1849 . . . . .	280
XI. THE HOUSE IN BOSTON IN THE FIFTIES AND SIXTIES . . . . .	294
XII. THE BROOKLINE HOUSE AND GARDEN . . . . .	297
XIII. THE HOUSEHOLD . . . . .	309
XIV. THE GARDEN AND FARM BOOKS . . . . .	315
XV. LETTERS, 1852-1859 . . . . .	324
XVI. HOME DOINGS . . . . .	375
XVII. DURING THE WAR . . . . .	388
XVIII. HENRY LEE, JR., 1817-1898 . . . . .	394
XIX. THE CLOSE . . . . .	403

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HENRY LEE . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MARY LEE . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>To face</i>
JOSEPH LEE . . . . .	p. 14
From silhouette marked by Colonel Francis L. Lee	
JOSEPH LEE, JR. . . . .	p. 18
THOMAS LEE . . . . .	p. 24
AMELIA LEE (Mrs. Charles Jackson) . . . . .	p. 30
NANCY LEE . . . . .	p. 30
JUDGE JACKSON'S GARDEN . . . . .	p. 50
JUDGE CHARLES JACKSON . . . . .	p. 52
PATRICK TRACY JACKSON . . . . .	p. 58
DR. JAMES JACKSON . . . . .	p. 68
HARRIET JACKSON . . . . .	p. 82
MARY JACKSON (Mrs. Henry Lee) . . . . .	p. 82
HANNAH JACKSON (Mrs. Francis Cabot Lowell) . . . . .	p. 88
MRS. GEORGE HIGGINSON (Mary Cabot Lee) . . . . .	p. 272
From drawing by Mrs. Stephen Higginson	
MRS. HENRY LEE, JR. (Elizabeth Perkins Cabot), AND	
BESSIE . . . . .	p. 284
STONYSIDES . . . . .	p. 292
From an old sketch by M. L. M.	
THE PARLOUR AT STONYSIDES . . . . .	p. 293
From an old sketch by M. L. M.	
MRS. SAMUEL TORREY MORSE (Harriet Jackson Lee) . . . . .	p. 294
SAMUEL TORREY MORSE . . . . .	p. 294
THE BROOKLINE HOUSE . . . . .	p. 298
COLONEL HENRY LEE'S HOUSE AT BROOKLINE . . . . .	p. 300
DINING-ROOM AND HALL IN COLONEL LEE'S HOUSE . . . . .	p. 302
From old sketches by M. L. M.	
THE HALL AND WESTERN PARLOUR OF MR. LEE'S HOUSE . . . . .	p. 304
FROM DOOR-WAY OF THE BROOKLINE HOUSE . . . . .	p. 306
From an old sketch	
FROM THE GARDEN TO THE HOUSE . . . . .	p. 307
From an old sketch by H. Lee, 3rd	
HENRY LEE AND HIS GRANDSON, HENRY LEE MORSE . . . . .	p. 308



THE NAMESAKES: Henry Lee Higginson, Henry Lee, 3rd, and Henry Lee Morse . . . . .	p. 310
THE BROOKLINE HOUSE . . . . . From an old sketch	p. 312
THE SMALL HOUSE . . . . . Occupied by Mr. Higginson and later by Mr. Morse From an old sketch	p. 312
STONYSIDES, AT WESTPORT, N. Y. . . . . From sketch by J. E. Cabot	p. 330
COLONEL FRANCIS L. LEE . . . . .	p. 330
MRS. CHARLES E. WARE . . . . .	p. 370
DR. CHARLES ELIOT WARE . . . . .	p. 370
THE NAMESAKES: Mary Lee Higginson, Mary Lee, Mary Lee Morse, Mary Lee Ware . . . . .	p. 372
FRANCIS WILSON LEE . . . . .	p. 380
HENRY LEE MORSE . . . . .	p. 380
GEORGE HIGGINSON . . . . .	p. 382
GEORGE HIGGINSON, JR. . . . .	p. 382
BESSIE IN HER RIDING HABIT (Mrs. F. C. Shattuck) . . . . .	p. 386
CLARA LEE . . . . .	p. 386
COLONEL FRANCIS L. LEE . . . . .	p. 390
MRS. FRANCIS L. LEE (Sarah Mary Ann Wilson) . . . . .	p. 390
HENRY LEE HIGGINSON . . . . .	p. 392
JAMES JACKSON HIGGINSON . . . . .	p. 392
FRANCIS LEE HIGGINSON . . . . .	p. 392
COLONEL LEE'S BEVERLY HOUSE . . . . .	p. 394
COLONEL HENRY LEE ON <i>Meg</i> . . . . .	p. 396
COLONEL HENRY LEE IN 1877 . . . . .	p. 398
COLONEL HENRY LEE AT BEVERLY FARMS . . . . .	p. 400
MRS. LEE AT BEVERLY FARMS . . . . .	p. 400
DR. CHARLES ELIOT WARE . . . . .	p. 404
MRS. WARE, AT WEST RINDGE, N. H. . . . . From photographs taken by M. L. W.	p. 404
SAMUEL TORREY MORSE . . . . .	p. 408
MRS. SAMUEL TORREY MORSE . . . . .	p. 408

From *Memoir of Dr. James Jackson*, by courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 30, 58, 82, 88.

From *Memoir of Colonel Henry Lee*, by courtesy of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. pp. 298, 300, 394, 398.

# CHILDREN OF JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH (CABOT) LEE

All born in Beverly

- I. JOSEPH, b. 7 Feb. 1770, d. unm. 8 Apr. 1845, Boston.
- II. NATHANIEL CABOT, b. 30 May 1772, d. 14 Jan. 1806, Barbados, B. W. I.; m. 11 Apr. 1803, his cousin, Mary Ann Cabot. Child, *John Clarke*, b. 9 Apr. 1804, Boston, d. 19 Nov. 1877, Salem; m. 29 July 1826, Harriet Paine Rose, dau. of William Paine Rose, M.D., of Worcester.<sup>1</sup>
- III. ELIZABETH, bapt. 28 Aug. 1774, d. unm. Sept. 1804, Beverly.
- IV. GEORGE, b. 10 Jan. 1776, d. unm. 22 July 1856, West Cambridge.
- V. AMELIA, b. 7 Aug. 1777, d. 8 Dec. 1808, Boston; m. 21 Nov. 1799, Hon. Charles Jackson, son of Jonathan and Hannah (Tracy) Jackson. Child (Jackson), *Elizabeth Lee*, d. 26 July 1807.
- VI. CHARLES, b. 2 Sept. 1778, d. 5 Jan. 1785.
- VII. THOMAS, b. 11 Oct. 1779, d. 14 Dec. 1867, Boston; m. July 1827, Eliza Buckminster, dau. of Rev. Joseph and Sarah (Stevens) Buckminster.
- VIII. NANCY, b. 8 Nov. 1780, d. unm. in Oct. 1806, Beverly.
- IX. HENRY, b. 4 Feb. 1782, d. 6 Feb. 1867, Boston; m. 16 June 1809, Mary Jackson, dau. of Hon. Jonathan Jackson. (See Children of Henry and Mary (Jackson) Lee.)
- X. JOHN, b. 22 Apr. 1783, d. Sept. 1790, Beverly.
- XI. FRANCIS, b. 24 June 1784, d. unm. 30 Sept. 1830.
- XII. REBECCA, b. 27 Dec. 1785, d. 11 Oct. 1786, Beverly.

## <sup>1</sup>CHILDREN OF JOHN CLARKE AND HARRIET PAINE (ROSE) LEE

1. *John Rose*, (1827-1908); m. 1856, Lucy Chandler Howard.
2. *Marianne Cabot*, (1828-1911); m. 1848, Samuel Endicott Peabody.
3. *George Cabot*, (1830-1910); m. 1857, Caroline Haskell.
4. *Harriet Rose*, (1831-1912).
5. *William Paine*, (1833-1888); m. Hannah Greely Stevenson.
6. *Rose Smith*, (1835-1903); m. 1854, Leverett Saltonstall.
7. *Francis Henry*, (1836-1913); m. 1871, Sophia Edgell Willson.
8. *Charles Jackson*, (1839-1898); m. 1864, Mary Ann Berry.
9. *Josephine Rose*, (1841-1842).
10. *Josephine Rose*, (1842-1889); m. 1867, William Gurdon Saltonstall.

CHILDREN OF JONATHAN AND HANNAH  
(TRACY) JACKSON

All born in Newburyport

- I. ROBERT, b. 4 Mar. 1773, d. unm. 28 May 1800, Philadelphia.
- II. HENRY, b. 12 Jan. 1774, d. 8 Dec. 1806, Salem; m. in Oct. 1799, Hannah Swett, dau. of Samuel and Anna (Woodbury) Swett. Children, (1) *Mary Wendell*, m. Samuel Woodbury Swett; (2) *John Barnard Swett*, m. Emily Jane Andrews; (3) *Henry*, m. Lavinia Whitney.
- III. CHARLES, b. 31 May 1775, d. 13 Dec. 1855, Boston; m. (1) 20 Nov. 1799, Amelia Lee, dau. of Joseph and Elizabeth (Cabot) Lee of Beverly; (2) 31 Dec. 1809, Fanny Cabot, dau. of John and Hannah (Dodge) Cabot of Beverly. Children, by first marriage, (1) *Elizabeth Lee*, d. in 1807; by second marriage, (2) *Fanny Cabot*, m. Charles Cushing Paine; (3) *Charles*, m. Susan Cabot Jackson; (4) *Lucy*, m. John Torrey Morse; (5) *Amelia Lee*, m. Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D.; (6) *Marianne Cabot*, d. unm. 1846.
- IV. HANNAH, b. 2 July 1776, d. 10 May 1815, Boston; m. 2 Nov. 1798, Francis Cabot Lowell, son of Judge John and Susanna (Cabot) Lowell. Children, (Lowell), (1) *John*, m. Georgina Margaret Amory; (2) *Susan*, m. John Amory Lowell; (3) *Francis Cabot*, m. Mary Lowell Gardner; (4) *Edward Jackson*, d. unm. 1830.
- V. JAMES, b. 2 Oct. 1777, d. 27 Aug. 1867, Boston; m. (1) 2 Oct. 1801, Elizabeth Cabot, dau. of Andrew and Lydia (Dodge) Cabot of Beverly; (2) 24 Dec. 1818, Sarah Cabot, sister of his first wife. Children by first marriage, (1) *Edward*, d. infancy; (2) *James*, d. young; (3) *Edward C.*, d. infancy; (4) *Elizabeth Cabot*, m. Charles Gideon Putnam, M.D.; (5) *James*, d. unm. 1834; (6) *Lydia Cabot*, m. Charles Storer Storrow; (7) *Harriet*, m. George Richards Minot; (8) *Francis Henry*, m. Sarah Boott; (9) *Susan Cabot*, m. Charles Jackson.
- VI. SARAH, b. 26 June 1779, d. 29 Jan. 1809; m. John Gardner. Children, (Gardner), (1) *Sarah Jackson*, b. 17 Mar. 1800, d. unm. April 1865; (2) *John Adams*; (3) *Joseph Henry*; (4) *Jonathan Jackson*; (5) *Samuel*, all d. unm.

## CHILDREN OF JONATHAN AND HANNAH (TRACY) JACKSON

(Continued)

- VII. PATRICK TRACY, b. 14 Aug. 1780, d. 12 Sept. 1847, Beverly;  
m. 1 Nov. 1810, Lydia Cabot, dau. of Andrew and Lydia  
(Dodge) Cabot of Beverly. Children, (1) *Anna Cabot*,  
m. Charles Russell Lowell; (2) *Sarah Cabot*, m. William  
Channing Russel; (3) *Susan Cabot*, d. young; (4) *Patrick  
Tracy*, m. Susan Mary Loring; (5) *Hannah Lowell*, m.  
Samuel Cabot, M.D.; (6) *Catherine Cabot*, m. John Osgood  
Stone, M.D., of Salem; (7) *Eleanor*, (Cousin Ellen), d.  
unm. 18 Nov. 1896; (8) *Sophia*, d. young; (9) *Edward*,  
d. unm. 8 June 1908.
- VIII. HARRIET, b. 20 Jan. 1782, d. unm. 13 Aug. 1849, Boston.
- IX. MARY, b. 3 Oct. 1783, d. 1 June 1860, Brookline; m. 16 June  
1809, Henry Lee, son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Cabot) Lee  
of Beverly. [See Children of Henry and Mary (Jackson)  
Lee.]
- 

## CHILDREN OF HENRY AND MARY (JACKSON) LEE

- I. MARY CABOT, b. 17 May 1810, d. 14 May 1811, Boston.
- II. MARY CABOT, b. 16 Aug. 1811, d. 26 Aug. 1849, West Cam-  
bridge; m. 1 Nov. 1832, George Higginson, son of George  
and Martha (Babcock) Higginson. Children, (Higginson),  
(1) *George*, b. 6 Aug. 1833, d. 19 June 1921; m. 17 Dec.  
1862, Elizabeth Hazard Barker; (2) *Henry Lee*, b. 18 Nov.  
1834, d. 14 Nov. 1919; m. 5 Dec. 1863, Ida Olympe  
Frederica Agassiz; (3) *James Jackson*, b. 19 June 1836, d.  
5 Jan. 1911; m. 11 Nov. 1869, Margaret Bethune Gracie;  
(4) *Mary Lee*, b. 5 Sept. 1838, d. 16 Aug. 1923; m. 14 Oct.  
1868, Samuel Parkman Blake; (5) *Francis Lee*, b. 11 Oct.  
1841, d. 19 Aug. 1925; m. (1) 16 Feb. 1876, Julia Borland,  
(2) 11 Apr. 1898, Corina Shattuck.
- III. HENRY, b. 2 Sept. 1817, d. 24 Nov. 1898, Brookline; m. 20 Oct.  
1845, Elizabeth Perkins Cabot, dau. of Samuel and Eliza  
(Perkins) Cabot. Children, (1) *Elizabeth Perkins*, b. 24  
July 1846, m. 19 June 1876, Frederick Cheever Shattuck,  
M.D.; (2) *Henry*, b. 3 Oct. 1848, d. 12 Nov. 1872, London;  
(3) *Clara*, b. 18 Nov. 1851, d. 4 Mar. 1872, Rome; (4)

# CHILDREN OF HENRY AND MARY (JACKSON) LEE

(Continued)

*Elliot Cabot*, b. 16 Apr. 1854, d. unm. 6 Feb. 1920; (5) *George*, b. 6 June 1856; m. 6 June 1896, Eva Maria Ballerini, of Venice; (6) *Margaret*, b. 24 Aug. 1858, d. 4 June 1879; (7) *Joseph*, b. 8 Mar. 1862; m. 20 May 1897, Margaret Copley Cabot; (8) *Susan Mary*, b. 14 Feb. 1864, d. 25 Feb. 1872, Rome.

IV. ELIZABETH, b. 2 Apr. 1819, d. 20 Sept. 1898, West Rindge, N. H.; m. 20 Nov. 1854, Charles Eliot Ware, M.D., son of the Rev. Henry and Mary (Clark) Ware. Child, (Ware), *Mary Lee*, b. 7 Jan. 1858.

V. FRANCIS L., b. 10 Dec. 1823, d. 2 Sept. 1886, Westport, N. Y.; m. 20 July 1848, Westport, Sarah Mary Ann Wilson, dau. of Gen. James Wilson of Keene, N. H. Children, (1) *Mary*, b. 3 Aug. 1849, d. 23 May 1902, Italy; m. 27 Dec. 1877, Hon. Matthew Hale of Albany, N. Y.; (2) *Francis Wilson*, b. 18 Jan. 1852, d. 10 Feb. 1923; m. 4 Sept. 1890, Marion Glidden Dove of Andover; (3) *Alice*, b. 27 May 1854; (4) *Anne Wilson*, b. 21 May 1856, d. 10 Aug. 1919, Westport; (5) *Thomas*, b. 20 Dec. 1858; (6) *Robert Wilson*, b. 3 June 1861, d. 25 Feb. 1869, Chestnut Hill.

VI. HARRIET JACKSON, b. 16 Apr. 1826, d. 4 June 1911, Boston; m. 6 Dec. 1848, Samuel Torrey Morse, son of John and Frances (Torrey) Morse. Children, (Morse), (1) *Frances Rollins*, b. 21 Jan. 1850; (2) *Henry Lee*, b. 18 Nov. 1852; m. 23 June 1884, Jessie Frances Scott, of Montreal; *Mary Lee*, b. 28 Oct. 1855, d. 9 May 1926; m. 8 May 1883, John Wheelock Elliot, M.D., of Keene, N. H.

CHILDREN OF GEORGE AND ELIZABETH HAZARD  
(BARKER) HIGGINSON

- I. GEORGE, b. 3 Sept. 1864, Lenox; m. (1) 1891, Edyth Griswold; (2) 1898, Emily Wakem. Children, by first marriage, (1) *Roger Griswold*, d.; by second marriage, (2) *George*, d.; (3) *Theresa*; (4) *Lee*.
- II. AUGUSTUS BARKER, b. 16 June 1866; d. 16 June 1915; m. (1) 1895, Frances Girvan; (2) 1907, Ednah Sherman Girvan. Child, by second marriage, *George Girvan*.
- III. JEANETTE BARKER, b. 6 Sept. 1869; d. 30 Dec. 1903.

CHILDREN OF HENRY LEE AND IDA OLYMPE  
FREDERICA (AGASSIZ) HIGGINSON

- I. CECILE PAULINE, b. 5 Jan. 1870; d. 18 Aug. 1875.
- II. ALEXANDER HENRY, b. 2 Apr. 1876; m. (1) 1899, Rosamond Tudor; (2) 1907, Jeanne Calducci; (3) 1925, Mary Newcomb. Child, by first marriage, *Henry Lee*, m. 1926, Betty Bird.

CHILDREN OF JAMES JACKSON AND MARGARET  
BETHUNE (GRACIE) HIGGINSON

- I. MARGARET GRACIE, b. 19 Jan. 1872; m. 1 June 1895, Clarence Stoughton Fiske. Children, (1) *Margaret Gracie*; (2) *Barbara*; (3) *John*; (4) *Dorothy Brooks*.
- II. ELIZABETH BETHUNE, b. 5 June 1875; m. 1909, Charles Jackson. Children, (1) *Charles*; (2) *Elizabeth*; (3) *Margaret*; (4) *James Higginson*.
- III. DOROTHY LEE, b. 7 Aug. 1878; m. 1907, Arthur Delano Weekes, Jr. Children, (1) *Arthur Delano*, 3rd; (2) *Dorothy Higginson*; (3) *James Higginson*; (4) *Townsend Underhill*.
- IV. JAMES JACKSON, b. 9 Sept. 1884; m. 1919, L. Virginia Mitchell. Children, (1) *Thomas Lee*; (2) *James Jackson*.
- V. THOMAS LEE, b. 4 Apr. 1887, d. 6 Jan. 1906.



CHILDREN OF SAMUEL PARKMAN AND MARY LEE  
(HIGGINSON) BLAKE

- I. MARIAN LEE, b. 11 July 1869.
- II. ROBERT PARKMAN, b. 26 Oct. 1870; d. 22 Apr. 1914; m. 1908, Mary S. Smoot. Children, (1) *Robert Parkman*; (2) *Elizabeth Beal*; (3) *Theresa*.
- III. THERESA HUNTINGTON, b. 12 Jan. 1874; d. 31 July 1900.
- IV. GEORGE HIGGINSON, b. 23 Apr. 1877; d. 24 Feb. 1887.

CHILDREN OF FRANCIS LEE AND JULIA  
(BORLAND) HIGGINSON

- I. FRANCIS LEE, b. 29 Nov. 1877; m. June 1905, Hetty Appleton Sargent. Children, (1) *Francis Lee*; (2) *Joan*; (3) *Griselda*.
- II. MARY CABOT, b. 3 Dec. 1878; m. 2 Feb. 1898, Philip Shelton Sears. Children, (1) *Philip Mason*, m. Zilla MacDougal; Child, *Philip Mason, Jr.*; (2) *David*, m. Ellen White.
- III. JULIET BORLAND, b. 6 Mar. 1881; m. 27 Sept. 1916, Frederic S. Goodwin. Child, *Alida Borland*.
- IV. BARBARA, b. 28 Mar. 1884; m. 18 June 1910, Barrett Wendell, Jr. Children, (1) *Barbara*; (2) *Barrett*; (3) *Francis Lee Higginson*.

CHILDREN OF FRANCIS LEE AND CORINA  
(SHATTUCK) HIGGINSON

- V. CORINA SHATTUCK, b. 19 Sept. 1899; m. March 1923, Bernard Fowler Rogers, Jr. Child, (1) *Corina*.
- VI. ELEANOR LEE, b. 22 Nov. 1900; m. November 1921, George Hinckley Lyman, Jr. Child, (1) *Anne*.
- VII. GEORGE, b. 21 Dec. 1904.

## CHILDREN OF FREDERICK CHEEVER AND ELIZABETH PERKINS (LEE) SHATTUCK

- I. GEORGE CHEEVER, b. 12 Oct. 1879.
- II. HENRY LEE, b. 12 Oct. 1879.
- III. ELIZABETH PERKINS, b. 26 June 1881; m. 14 Aug. 1906, Henry Bryant Bigelow. Children, (1) *Elizabeth Perkins*; (2) *Mary Cleveland*; (3) *Henry Bryant*; (4) *Frederick Shattuck*.
- IV. CLARA LEE, b. 9 Dec. 1883; d. 6 Dec. 1921; m. 26 May 1917, Edward Peirson Richardson, M.D. Children, (1) *Edward Peirson*; (2) *Elliot Lee*; (3) *George Shattuck*.

## CHILDREN OF GEORGE AND EVA (BALLERINI) LEE

- I. ITALIA MARIA, b. 17 Sept. 1887; m. (1) 1913, Oliver Turner; (2) 1922, Huntington Wolcott Frothingham. Children, by first marriage, (Turner), (1) *Marie*; by second marriage, (Frothingham), (2) *Lucy Lee*.
- II. HENRY, b. 14 March 1889; m. 1923, Frances Le Moyne. Child, (1) *Henry*.
- III. ELIZABETH PERKINS, b. 3 Dec. 1890; m. 1913, Henry Pratt McKean, Jr. Children, (1) *Lee*; (2) *Marian*; (3) *Elizabeth*; (4) *Pauline*.
- IV. FLORENCE, b. 23 May 1892; m. 1923, Reginald H. B. Grey-Edwards.
- V. MARGERY, b. 22 May 1894; m. (1) 1914, Francis Williams Sargent; (2) 1922, Arthur Adams. Children by first marriage, (Sargent), (1) *Francis*; (2) *Henry Lee*, d.; (3) *George Lee*; by second marriage, (Adams), (4) *John Quincy*.

## CHILDREN OF JOSEPH AND MARGARET (CABOT) LEE

- I. MARGARET, b. 9 March 1898; m. Aug. 1921, David Oakes Woodbury. Children, (1) *Elsa*, d.; (2) *Mark Lee*.
- II. SUSAN MARY, b. 18 Nov. 1899.
- III. JOSEPH, b. 15 Feb. 1901.
- IV. AMY, b. 9 Apr. 1903; m. 1 Dec. 1922, Charles Cary Colt. Children, (1) *Charles Cary*; (2) *Margaret*.

## CHILDREN OF MATTHEW AND MARY (LEE) HALE

- I. ELLEN, b. 15 Jan. 1879.
- II. MARY LEE, b. 15 June 1880; m. 27 July 1915, Thomas Reed Powell. Children, (1) *Mary Lee*; (2) *Georgiana Reed*; (3) *Thomas Reed*.
- III. MATTHEW, b. 30 May 1882; d. 29 Aug. 1925; m. 23 Feb. 1907, Anne Taggard Piper. Children, (1) *Anne*; (2) *Matthew*; (3) *Elizabeth Crosby*; (4) *Mary Lee*, d.; (5) *Ellen*.
- IV. ROBERT LEE, b. 9 March 1884; m. 20 Dec. 1913, Dorothea Keep. Child, (1) *Robert Lee*.
- V. DOROTHY QUINCY, b. 8 July 1886.

## CHILDREN OF FRANCIS WILSON AND MARION (DOVE) LEE

- I. MARY, b. 10 Dec. 1891.
- II. GUY HUNTER, b. 27 Jan. 1894; m. Jan. 1922, Simone Pailley. Child, (1) *Jeanne Marie*.
- III. ISABELLA DOVE, b. 14 Oct. 1895; m. 3 Jan. 1920, Henry Jackson, Jr., M.D. Children, (1) *Francis Lee*; (2) *Henry*.
- IV. SUSAN DOVE, b. 29 Dec. 1897; m. 27 May 1922, Thornton Kirkland Ware. Children, (1) *Marion Lee*; (2) *Thornton Kirkland*.
- V. ALICE, b. 4 June 1899; m. 10 March 1926, Joseph Timothy Walker, Jr.

## CHILD OF HENRY LEE AND JESSIE (SCOTT) MORSE

- I. JESSIE GWENDOLEN, b. 21 Oct. 1886.

## CHILD OF JOHN WHELOCK AND MARY LEE (MORSE) ELLIOT

- I. JOHN MORSE, b. 5 Nov. 1891.



# I

## MEMOIR OF HENRY LEE

1782-1867

*By Hamilton Andrews Hill*

*From History of Suffolk County, 1894*

Henry Lee was a representative merchant and man, and he represented a notable family. In a memorial of his nephew, John Clarke Lee (one of the founders of the house of Lee, Higginson & Company), by the Rev. E. B. Willson, from which we shall quote more than once in this sketch, it is said: "The Lees of this line appear to have been, from the first American forefather known to us down to the subject of this notice, a people with a positive flavor, in whom was a strong individuality of character; not rounded and toned to a conventional and commonplace type, yet very genuine withal, and without affectation of eccentricity."

Henry Lee's great-grandfather was an upright business man in Boston, a much respected citizen of the town, and an honored member and office-bearer in one of the churches of the established order, for fifty or sixty years in the 18th century. His obituary, published July 21, 1766, was as follows: "Yesterday morning died Mr. Thomas Lee, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, who in the early and active part of Life carried on a considerable Trade in this Town, though he deserves to be recorded, rather for the unblemished Integrity of his Dealings, and the exact Punctuality of his Payments, than for the extent of his Trade, or the Length of his Life."

Thomas, the eldest son of the above Thomas Lee, was born in Boston, 1702, was educated at Harvard College, and settled in Salem, where he became a prominent mer-

chant, and was entrusted with various important duties in the town, and served as its representative in the General Court.<sup>1</sup> He died in 1747, leaving a son Joseph, then three years old, who was deprived by the circumstances of his family of the advantages of a liberal education, and was obliged to go to sea at the age of thirteen. This Joseph Lee in due time succeeded to the command of a vessel, and then became a merchant and shipowner. He married Elizabeth Cabot, who belonged to a family of merchants. His wife's brother, George Cabot, who afterward made a distinguished name as a public man and a senator of the United States, served his brother-in-law through all grades from cabin-boy upward, and the two were partners for many years, and carried on a large and profitable trade with the West Indies, Spain, and the Baltic. What the biographer of George Cabot tells us of his early experiences at sea, illustrates the nature of the training which made great merchants and great men in Massachusetts a hundred years ago: "Not yet seventeen years old, he shipped as cabin-boy in a vessel commanded by his brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Lee. Such a change in his mode of life must have been a sharp one to a young collegian of studious habits; nor was his lot softened by relationship with his captain; for if family tradition may be trusted, Mr. Lee gave his young kinsman the full benefit of severe ship's discipline."

<sup>1</sup> Judge Joseph Lee, 1710-1802, was a younger brother of Thomas Lee and great-uncle of Henry Lee. He lived for many years in the old house, No. 159 Brattle Street, Cambridge (often called the Nichols house), and being "a Loyalist of cautious utterance," stayed there during the Revolution. The *Columbian Centinel*, in an obituary notice, said of him, "He was a kind neighbour, warm and sincere in his friendship. Attached to his government by principle, he was a good subject to his King, under whom he executed the duties of an important office with fidelity and honor, and with equal fidelity he adhered to the Government of the United States since the Revolution."



Mr. Joseph Lee and the Messrs. Cabot moved from Salem to Beverly, which latter port was a busy one in their day; other merchants there at the same time were Moses Brown, Israel Thorndike, and John and Thomas Stephens. Mr. Lee, better known as Captain Lee, understood naval construction thoroughly; his models were a great improvement upon anything which had been in use, and were adopted by many of the merchants and mechanics in Boston, as well as on the North Shore. Commodore Downes used to say that in the War of 1812 the "Lee model" was the favorite model in the navy.

Henry Lee, sixth son and ninth child of Joseph and Elizabeth (Cabot) Lee, was born in Beverly, February 4, 1782. He was educated at Billerica, where Dr. Ebenezer Pemberton, who had been principal of Phillips from 1786 to 1795, kept school for some years, and at Phillips (Andover) Academy. Two of his brothers had been sent to Harvard College, and his father offered to send him, but there was a prejudice in those days against a college education for a youth who had a business career before him, and he decided therefore not to go. He entered the counting-room of Marston Watson, Rowe's Wharf, Boston, and, early in the 19th century, went into business with his brother Joseph, first having an office at No. 9 Doane Street, and then in Phillips Building, Kilby and Water Streets. The brothers were not successful, and, in 1811, Mr. Henry Lee went to Calcutta, by way of London, in the brig *Reaper*, which belonged to him or his father.<sup>1</sup> He remained in Calcutta during the War of 1812, and came into very friendly relations with the great English houses there,

<sup>1</sup> Colonel T. H. Perkins, who also sailed in the *Reaper* in August, 1811, speaks of it as "belonging to my friend Henry Lee," but both my Grandfather and Grandmother speak of it as belonging to Andrew Cabot.

which were continued after his return to the United States. He brought home with him not only a large acquaintanceship, but a fund of valuable information; and he was regarded as an authority both in Calcutta and Boston on all questions affecting the trade between the two ports. His Calcutta friends reposed such trust in him that, before the Barings furnished American merchants with letters of credit, all the younger and some of the long-established houses depended on a letter from Mr. Lee to substantiate and define their pecuniary responsibility, and thus to enable them to sell their bills to the resident merchants. His store was at No. 39 India Wharf, and he was associated with Mr. Ozias Goodwin, who had served him as clerk and supercargo, and, later, with Mr. William S. Bullard, who had been brought up by him in the business. The firm was well known and highly respected in all the commercial centers in the United States and Europe, and the goods imported by it from Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay were shipped again to the West Indies, South America, and various European ports, as well as coastwise to New York, Philadelphia, and the Southern cities. Mr. Lee was somewhat sanguine, however, and more than once met with temporary reverses. He was better fitted for the legal profession than for active business, and had it not been for his unconquerable shyness of manner, he would have been useful and eminent in public life. He was an able statistician and an enthusiastic student of political economy, and while the conclusions to which he came in this department were not in accord with the prevailing opinions in the community in which he lived, he was recognized in England as a high authority by statisticians like McCulloch<sup>1</sup>, economists like Tooke<sup>2</sup> and Newmarch<sup>3</sup>, and Anti-Corn Law Leaguers like Villiers<sup>4</sup> and Thorneley.

[See notes at bottom of page 5]

When the question of protection began to be an issue in New England, Mr. Lee ranged himself with those who were opposed to tariff duties except for purposes of national revenue. In 1820 nearly all the leading business men of Boston were anti-protectionists, and, led by Mr. Webster, they vigorously protested against any advance upon the low rates of duty then in force. But, as the manufacturing industries in cotton and wool obtained a foothold in this part of the country, and became organized, the demand for protection on the behalf of those who had invested capital in them divided public opinion sharply, and the line was drawn between those who were concerned in these industries and the merchants who represented foreign commerce. As the discussions became intense, the motives of those who were opposed to further protection were criticised, and suspicion was thrown even upon their patriotism. Of the Essex Junto, of which the Cabots and Lees were prominent members, Mr. Clay said on the floor of Congress that its predilection for foreign trade and for British fabrics was unconquerable.

In 1827 a meeting was held in Boston of citizens "opposed to the further increase of the existing burthen-

<sup>1</sup> John Ramsay McCulloch, 1789-1864, statistician and political economist. An important man among the political economists of his day. For more than forty years he was a diligent collector of economic facts and did eminently useful work.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Tooke, 1839-1875, well-known English economist.

<sup>3</sup> William Newmarch, 1820-1882, economist and statistician. His great ability and his knowledge of the principles of banking and currency were early appreciated by Thomas Tooke.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Pelham Villiers, 1802-1898, statesman: Throughout his life interested in public affairs, the population question, free trade, and the repeal of the corn laws. He was one of the commission of 1832 for inquiring into the administration of the poor law. During the American Civil War he was an advocate of the cause of the Northern States.

some duties on imported articles, and especially the injurious consequences to the community at large of further duties on imported woollen goods." An influential committee was appointed, consisting of Nathaniel Goddard, Lemuel Shaw, Isaac Winslow, Thomas W. Ward, Henry Lee, Samuel Swett<sup>1</sup>, Daniel P. Parker, and others. The duty of preparing a report was assigned by the committee to Mr. Lee, and the result of his labors was a pamphlet of nearly two hundred pages octavo, in which the whole question of the tariff, both in its general bearings, and in connection with the particular measures then under consideration, is discussed in a masterly way, and which might well be made use of today by those who wish to study the subject from all sides. The views of Franklin, of Hamilton in his report on manufactures, and of Webster in his speeches of 1820 and later, are quoted and applied, and the action of the Harrisburg Convention of the year before is examined in detail. The report, which came to be known as the Boston Report, bears date November 30, 1827. . . .

While conceding the power of Congress to impose duties for revenue, the effect of which would be to encourage and promote manufactures, the report says: "It is the abuse of this power, when carried to such extremes as to prohibit imports and consequently lessen our export trade, destroy revenue, burden one part of the nation with heavy taxes for the benefit of another, which constitutes the wrong, and which, we contend, is neither in accordance with the spirit or letter of a constitution which was intended to guarantee equal laws, equal rights, as well as equal burdens, to all who live under it. . . ."

We quote the closing paragraph of the report:

"In conclusion, we say, the system we are opposing is not patriotic, is not American. Disguise it under what

<sup>1</sup>We remember Col. Swett as a military-looking old man in a dark blue cape, coming to see Grandfather at 28 Chauncy Street.

names you will, it is still a system founded on error and injustice. It is a system in which there are principles at work that will first weaken, and finally break, those social, moral, and political ties which bind this Union together. We call then upon the farmer, the merchant, the mechanic, the navigator, the laborer, the citizen at large, upon every one who feels an interest in the welfare of his country, and, above all, upon the prudent, just and enlightened manufacturer, to join us in resisting it."

The memorial to Congress which accompanied this report was written by Lemuel Shaw.

The Congressional election in Boston in 1830 turned upon the issue between free trade and protection. Captain William Sturgis was selected to represent the former, but he withdrew at the last moment, and Mr. Lee accepted the candidacy in his place. Mr. Nathan Appleton was the candidate of the protectionists, and he was elected after a close contest<sup>1</sup>.

A Free Trade Convention was held in Philadelphia in 1831, and Mr. Lee took a leading part in its proceedings. A very forcible memorial for presentation to Congress was drafted by Albert Gallatin, who presided over its deliberations; at the request of the permanent committee, Mr. Lee prepared an "Exposition of Evidence" in support of the memorial, and this was printed and widely circulated. It is full of statistical matter, carefully compiled and clearly presented, and it is a monument to the ability, the painstaking industry, and the public spirit of the author.

<sup>1</sup>"Federalism, after a placid and powerless Indian summer, melted into dominant Republicanism by 1825. Daniel Webster, the child whom it had raised, seceded to high protection in 1828, and Boston ratified his change by electing Nathan Appleton to Congress against Henry Lee, a leading East India merchant and brilliant writer on free trade." From *Maritime History of Massachusetts*, by Samuel Eliot Morison.

In 1834, when General Jackson was in conflict with the Bank of the United States, the government deposits having already been withdrawn, Mr. Lee, with Mr. Nathan Appleton, Mr. Patrick T. Jackson, and others, went to Washington in behalf of the citizens of Boston, to remonstrate with the administration, and to do what could be done towards a renewal of the charter of the bank. On their way they had an interview with Mr. Biddle, the president, whose policy of violently contracting the currency they disapproved and protested against. To relieve the pressure in the money market and the general distress which followed the closing of the bank, a meeting was held in Boston, January 18, 1836, at which Thomas B. Wales presided, and George William Gordon served as secretary. The meeting was called specifically "to consider the need of a bank with a capital sufficient to do the business which had been done by the Branch Bank of the United States," and it was resolved to ask the Legislature "to incorporate a bank with a capital of not exceeding ten millions of dollars, one-half to be subscribed and paid for by the State in four per cent bonds." The memorial embodying this proposition was drawn up by a committee consisting of Henry Lee, Henry Rice, George Bond, Thomas B. Curtis, James McGregor, Ozias Goodwin, Horace Gray, and others, and it received the signature of Perkins and Company and seventeen hundred and thirty-six others. It said: "The increased and increasing business of the whole Commonwealth requires the aid of foreign capital, and such capital cannot be obtained without the credit of the State. Such an institution will not only relieve the wants of the community, but will give a new impulse to all the concerns of agriculture, manufactures, commerce and the fisheries." Mr. Lee wrote an exposition of the facts and arguments in support of the memorial,



which was printed with the legislative documents of the year. Strong ground is taken in this paper against the usury laws then on the statute book of the Commonwealth; but in this particular Mr. Lee says expressly that he does not represent the opinions of all the memorialists.

At the urgent request of his son, Mr. Lee retired from active business in 1840, and henceforth devoted himself to the more congenial pursuits of reading and writing, and to the study of the great questions of the day. He was succeeded, in the same store on India Wharf, by the firm of Bullard, Lee and Company, which consisted of Messrs. William S. Bullard, Henry Lee, Jr., and Stephen H. Bullard. After more than a quarter of a century spent in honorable and peaceful retirement, and in the exercise of a genial and healthful influence upon all who knew him, he died on the 6th of February, 1867. In announcing the event of his death, the *Boston Daily Advertiser* said:

"Mr. Henry Lee, who died at his residence in this city yesterday morning at the venerable age of eighty-five years, had been well known to our business community almost from the beginning of this century, and was highly respected for his attainments, his public spirit, and his many estimable personal qualities. In the prime of his life he was well known as a writer on financial topics, and it was his singular fortune in 1832 to receive the vote of South Carolina for vice-president of the United States on a ticket with John Floyd, for whom she voted for president. In the latter part of his life, until advanced age compelled him to withdraw his mind from the excitement of politics, we believe that Mr. Lee was a strong upholder of the ideas of Massachusetts. His death removes one of the most familiar names from the honored list of our merchants of the old school."

It should be said that the vote given to Mr. Lee for

the vice-presidency by the State of South Carolina was merely an expression of its gratitude for his opposition to high tariff legislation, and not because he had any sympathy with its attempt at nullification. The reference of the *Advertiser* to his being a strong upholder of "the ideas of Massachusetts," meant, of course, that he gave his support to the principles of the Republican party, which were accepted by the majority of the people of the State during the War of the Rebellion and in the years that followed.

His simplicity, his cordiality, his eloquence in conversation (for nothing would have induced him to speak in public), his general information, contributed to place him in friendly relations with the whole community, and few men in private station have been more respected and beloved.

He married, June 16, 1809, Mary, youngest daughter of the Hon. Jonathan Jackson, by whom he had six children. His wife's brothers, Judge Charles and Dr. James Jackson, were eminent in their professions, and universally respected and beloved; her brother, Mr. Patrick Tracy Jackson, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Francis Cabot Lowell, after a brief career as East India merchants, founded at Waltham the first successful cotton cloth factory in Massachusetts, but never advocated permanent high duties.

Dr. Frederick H. Hedge, clergyman of the church in Brookline and distinguished scholar, always a valued friend of all the family, said of Mr. Lee:

"Those who in years gone by were associated with him in the way of business will bear witness to the high principles and lofty integrity which governed his conduct in all commercial relations, and impelled him after repeated misfortunes to cancel obligations which the law could no longer exact, but which his own quick sense of honor made none the less binding.

"I, who knew him only in the latter days of his retirement, can speak only of his qualities as they exhibited themselves in social intercourse. I esteemed it a privilege to converse with one whose pursuits and large experience of men and life had furnished his mind with such ample stores of thought and anecdote, and who had at his command such varied and exact information on topics of public and national interest. I rarely left him without feeling myself enriched by his conversation.

"But what most impressed me in his social character, as I recall it, was his perfect naturalness, his affluent humor, and a certain gaiety of spirit, found only, as I believe, in connection with great purity and innocence of heart and life. I have seen him at the age of nearly fourscore engaged in sports with young children as if himself were one of them. He seemed to me to retain in extreme age the playfulness and gentleness of a little child.

"I recall, moreover, with vivid satisfaction the high tone and generous strain of sentiments expressed by him on the great political question of the time in which I knew him, and I well remember the encouragement I derived from the patriotic zeal and prompt decision with which, at the breaking out of the war, the old man embraced the side of liberty and union."

Mr. Howells has preserved for all time, in one of his volumes, the memory of the Calcutta trade, with whose great development and gradual decline Mr. Henry Lee's active life was contemporaneous. The story is told by one who is supposed to have worked his way from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck, and from the cabin to the counting-room; "The place (India Wharf)<sup>1</sup> was sacred

<sup>1</sup> 39 India Wharf seems to have been the office home of various members of the family for some forty years, beginning with Andrew Cabot in 1810, later Joseph and Henry Lee, then "Henry & Francis Lee, merchants"; "Henry Lee, merchant," in the thirties; Bullard & Lee (Henry Lee, Jr.), in the forties. From *Boston Directory*.

to the shipping of the grandest commerce in the world. There they lay, those beautiful ships, clean as silver, every one of them, manned by honest Yankee crews. Not by ruffians from every quarter of the globe. There were gentlemen's sons before the mast, with their share in the venture, going out for the excitement of the thing, boys from Harvard, fellows of education and spirit; and the forecastle was filled with good Toms and Jims and Joes from the Cape, chaps whose aunts you knew; good stock through and through, sound to the core. We had on a mixed cargo, and we might be going to trade with eastern ports on the way out. Nobody knew what market we should find in Calcutta. It was pure adventure, and a calculation of chances, and it was a great school of character. It was a trade that made men as well as fortunes; it took thought and forethought. The owners planned their ventures like generals planning a campaign. They were not going to see us again for a year; they were not going to hear of us till we were signalled outside on our return."

It has been well said by a friendly critic of Mr. Howells: "This passage deserves a place in the best history of Boston that shall be written, for it perfectly pictures one of the great periods in Boston's commercial past, a period when the magnificent East India trade of the port laid the foundation for much of its present wealth and greatness. How strongly the difference between the broadening, cultivating effect upon those engaged in a trade which carried the mind out into remote parts of the world, and the restrictive effect of most of the mercantile occupations of today, is brought out. To be in the East India trade was almost a liberal education in itself."

## II

### THE LEE FAMILY

#### *Joseph Lee and Elizabeth (Cabot) Lee*

The following notes on Joseph Lee (the father of Henry Lee) were written by Col. Henry Lee, and quoted by the Rev. E. B. Willson in his Memorial of John Clarke Lee.

JOSEPH LEE, second son of Thomas and Lois (Orne) Lee, was born in Salem on 22 May, 1744, and died in Boston, 6 February, 1831. He married, on 9 June, 1769, Elizabeth Cabot (daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Higginson Cabot), who was the mother of his twelve children and who died in Beverly, 22 June, 1786. On 12 May, 1793, he married as his second wife Deborah (Higginson) Cabot [widow of Stephen Cabot, brother of his first wife]. He died in Boston, 6 February, 1831.

Joseph Lee was, by the loss of his father, deprived of the advantage of a college course and forced by narrow circumstances to go to sea. He, with the Messrs. Cabot, whose only sister, Elizabeth, he married, removed to Beverly, and after a term of sea-service, carried on an extensive business with his distinguished brother-in-law, the Honorable George Cabot, who, as junior, had served him through all the grades from cabin-boy to partner.<sup>1</sup>

Capt. Joseph Lee, as he was usually styled, had a great talent for mechanics, especially for ship-building; a numerous fleet designed by him were sent out as privateers during the War of the Revolution, and afterwards to Europe and the East and West Indies. After his re-

<sup>1</sup> "The traditional opinion expressed in the family being 'that Cap'n Joe would put George Cabot's nose to the grindstone,' which was doubtless done."—*Life of Stephen Higginson*, by T. W. Higginson.

tirement from active business the projectors of the Essex Bridge, having for some cause lost their engineer, besought Mr. Lee to act in that capacity, which he did to their satisfaction, which they testified by the presentation of a silver pitcher, Mr. Lee having refused any compensation. [Joe Lee says, "I have often heard Father tell the story of our great-grandfather and the silver pitcher somewhat as follows: He built, and I suppose designed, the bridge from Beverly to Salem. I gathered that they considered it quite an expert matter and that he was called in as the best (or only) man to do it. When he got it done the authorities presented him with a silver pitcher, upon which he remarked that if he had known they were going to be such damn fools he wouldn't have had anything to do with it. Probably there was some characterization of the bridge in the last part of the statement." ] Early in the nineteenth century Mr. Lee and the Cabots moved to Boston, where he was a director in various banks and insurance companies.

Like many old sea-captains, Mr. Lee took a great interest in his garden, not only during his residence at Beverly, but even in his extreme age he could often be seen in the garden of his son-in-law, Judge Jackson, opposite his home in Bedford Place, Boston, directing the gardener, or, saw in hand, high on the ladder, pruning or grafting his pear trees.

Joseph and Elizabeth Lee had twelve children, all born in Beverly, several of whom died in childhood, and three daughters in early womanhood.

All, sons and daughters, inherited their father's masculine strength of mind and simplicity of heart; only two (his oldest son, Joseph, and Capt. George Lee), his talent for naval architecture, which they exercised. None of them had his precision and love of order, and ability to regulate the details of family and business affairs for





JOSEPH LEE

1744-1831

Father of Henry Lee





JOSEPH LEE

1744-1831

Silhouette Marked by Mrs. C. E. Ware



which he was eminent: all shared his love of nature and skill in gardening, and, like their father, the sons were sagacious, enterprising merchants.

Father and sons shunned display, declined public office, finding resources in their books, their gardens, and the constant society of a large circle of family and friends. But, while unwilling to take office, or to appear in public, they were interested in all political movements, awake to all public claims, to which they responded liberally.

The children were of a more mercurial temperament than their father, had remarkable powers of observation, full of wit and humor and a corresponding liability to depression; their perceptive qualities were keen, they were alive to all the phenomena of nature, to all the qualities, good and bad, of their fellow men, and their frank utterances were not always relished. Capt. Joseph Lee was wont to attribute all the Lee peculiarities to the "Orne kink," whatever that may have been.<sup>1</sup>

The character of Joseph Lee is thus portrayed by his minister, the Rev. Alexander Young:

"Bred to the sea in early life, Mr. Lee retained in subsequent years the physical and mental vigor which had been developed and nurtured by that perilous mode of hardy industry. His virtue was of the severest kind.

"An inflexible integrity, a stern moral principle, an uncompromising adherence to truth and right, regardless of consequences, were its prominent characteristics. Firm, decided, independent, he formed his opinions of men and things for himself, and shaped his actions by his own sense of propriety and duty. Resolute in pursuing his own straightforward course, he turned aside to interfere with no man's affairs, and would suffer no man to interfere with his. Following the advice of the Apostle he 'studied to be quiet and to do his own business.'

<sup>1</sup> There was an Orne inheritance in both the Lee and Cabot families.

"Retiring and unobtrusive, he invaded no man's province, encroached upon no man's rights, detracted from no man's character. Though his morality was severe, yet he was neither austere in manner, nor morose in feeling. He would not designedly wound the feelings of the humblest individual, nor do harm to any living thing. Accessible to kindness, he reciprocated it to all who came within the circle of his acquaintance; and manifested an affectionate interest in the concerns and pleasures of his youthful relatives. It is saying much for the goodness of an old man's heart that children are glad to leave their sports to listen to his kind words and obtain his smile.

". . . Regular and temperate in all things, Mr. Lee was free in an unusual degree from the infirmities incident to old age. Till the day of his decease he retained the vigor and elasticity of youth. His frame was erect, and his step firm and elastic. . . .

"Mr. Lee's religious views were sober, rational, liberal. He had great faith in the merit and efficacy of good works, and did not like to hear moral virtues depreciated. He thought that to benefit mankind was no mean way of serving God, . . . and that a man's religion is of little worth unless it pervades, elevates and purifies his whole character."

*The Children of Joseph and Elizabeth (Cabot) Lee*

JOSEPH LEE, born 7 February, 1770; died, unmarried, in Boston, 8 April, 1845; was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover. He became a merchant in Boston but retired early. He inherited his father's talent for naval architecture, and was long engaged in ship-building.

Uncle Joe, the oldest of our great-grandfather's children, was, by tradition, a man who cared for the society of his contemporaries, and was enjoyed by them. Judg-

ing from allusions to him in letters and from tradition, he was lively-minded, critical, occasionally censorious, especially of near relatives, so that he and Uncle Tom had a quarrel of many years, which somewhat indefinitely faded away. There was a story (apparently not founded on fact) that round the rim of the bell of the little church given by Uncle Tom to Chestnut Hill, was engraved "Let brotherly love prevail," but even that the story was told implies that the strong family tie still held. Uncle Joe proclaimed himself as idle, but he was one of the builders of ships at Essex for years, and he must have had ability and great activity of mind and body, with perhaps periods of *acute* idleness at times, which may have given rise to the old family saying "that the Lees got tired seeing the Jacksons work."

Cousin Bessie Shattuck, whose accurate memory holds many of Uncle Harry's stories of the older family, says that her impression of Uncle Joe from family tradition is that he was sociable in nature, liking and liked by many friends,—impulsive, and often behaving rather like an undisciplined child.

When he and Grandfather had failed in business he stayed for a long time at Colonel Perkins's in Brookline. At that time queues went out of fashion, and Uncle Joe took a candle and burned his off, and wanted Colonel Perkins to do likewise, which he declined to do.

One afternoon the Colonel went to sleep lying on the floor, with his head on a Chinese rattan pillow, and Uncle Joe asked the Colonel's little daughter Eliza (later Mrs. Samuel Cabot and Cousin Bessie's grandmother) if she had a pair of sharp scissors, and when she promptly and innocently gave him hers, he cut off the Colonel's queue, and, of course, in so doing wakened him; he jumped up and pursued Uncle Joe, who dashed out of the house and across the road, and all over the Theo-



dore Lyman place (then the Mason place). The little girl thought one or other of them would be killed, but they came back together, laughing. In Captain Bennet Forbes's *Reminiscences* he speaks of the Brig *Rose*, built in 1836—"Belonged to S. Cabot and myself: Joe Lee modelled her. Took flour to Callao, and went to Sandwich Islands and China"—and the *Ariel*, a schooner built at Medford in 1842, "Model by Joe Lee for himself and me." In this pleasant and interesting volume are one or two amusing stories of Uncle Joe, too long to quote, but evidently characteristic.

Uncle Joe's portrait with his dog Rover, painted for my Mother, still hangs in our dining-room at 12 Marlborough Street. In the portrait one eye is closed, so that he might be thought to have been blind, but as he sometimes closed the right eye and sometimes the left, it is supposed that he was astigmatic and simply made his own adjustment.

While he was sitting for this portrait the artist said to him, "Why, Mr. Lee, you have got both eyes open! Is not one usually shut?" To which the answer was, "I don't know—which is it?" This portrait hung for awhile in the Lyman house at Waltham, where my mother first saw it.

His place at Chestnut Hill, called by Grandfather in his letters "the Lee place," was the starting-point of the group of pleasant homes occupied by his kinsmen, the Lees, Saltonstalls, and Lowells, later widening into the present Chestnut Hill, where are still Lees and Saltonstalls and Lowells among many other friends. Uncle Frank Lee's stone house, built in the late fifties, was for years the chief gathering-place of the Chestnut Hill friends and neighbors, especially during the years of the Civil War, while the home of his son, Francis W. Lee, has been again for many years a happy centre of Chestnut Hill life and interests.

NATHANIEL CABOT LEE, born 1772. Married, 1803, his cousin, Mary Ann Cabot. Died in Barbados, 1806.

The following notes are by Col. Henry Lee in the Memorial of John Clarke Lee.

"Of Nathaniel Cabot Lee, I only know that he was a friend of Mr. Francis C. Lowell (one of the founders of our cotton manufacture); that he was highly esteemed as a man, highly reputed as a merchant; that he was born in Beverly, 30 May, 1772, graduated from Harvard College, 1791, Harvard A.M., 1794, married Mary Ann Cabot, and died in the Island of Barbados, whither he had gone for his health, leaving an only child, John Clarke Lee, to whom he willed half his fortune (a competent one for those days, and large for a young man of thirty-four to have acquired), deducting some generous legacies to his wife's family." [His estate included a house in what was then called Tremont Place, nearly opposite to King's Chapel, and it was there that Cousin John Lee was born on April 9, 1804.]

"Whether Mr. Nat. Lee, as he was called, possessed the humor and fluent conversational powers of his brothers, I cannot say."

[From long and affectionate acquaintance with certain of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Nathaniel Lee I believe we may be sure that he did.]

CAPT. GEORGE LEE, born 1776; died at West Cambridge, 1856. He was never married. He was educated at Phillips Academy; became a sea-captain, and inherited his father's ability as a naval architect. After leaving the sea he lived at West Cambridge, on the banks of Fresh Pond, devoting himself to shooting, fishing, and gardening.

About Uncle George, we none of us recall much, except his tall, muscular form and silver hair, and his kind-

ness to us children: his small white house and the garden and greenhouse, and the housekeeper who gave us ginger-nuts. He was always spoken of as gentle in temper; a peacemaker among brothers who were sometimes stormy. He was especially fond of my Mother among his nieces and nephews, and she of him.

The following fragment from an article called "Sedge-Birds," by Cousin Elliot Cabot, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1869, is the best description remaining to us of our old Uncle George.

". . . The sound of a paddle comes from behind the point to the right, and gradually a punt emerges and makes leisurely way towards us, its broad-shouldered occupant sinking the stern deep in the water. At last he heaves to off our stand, and the voice of 'the old Captain' hails us, asking whether we have seen a decoy of his. We have not, but he edges in, still unsatisfied, and flings out in a short, growling way that it looked much like a wild one, etc., etc., evidently thinking we have shot his bird, perhaps knowingly. Indeed, what do these young scamps come here for, to spoil what little shooting is left? There never was much, and now there's none. All this inside the teeth, however, for he manages to consume his own smoke, though with some rumbling. He still keeps edging in until he gets fairly alongside, where we dispel the doubt which native delicacy would not allow him openly to express, even to such miscellaneous-looking individuals as we. Satisfied that his pet is not among the slain, he softens up, becomes chatty; at length hearing a name which he will not directly ask, he looks up sharp, and fairly overflows with friendly talk and stories of the olden time, until we, warned by the sunbeams that now begin to gild the woods on the western point, with some difficulty make our escape. A kindly old giant,—beneath all his gruffness as tender as



*Joseph Lee Jr.*  
1770-1845



true. He has vanished with the bit of wilderness and the game he almost survived, and now men are levelling off the oak-clad knolls that hid his trig cottage from the north and from the Concord road; the railway runs where the curving edge of the bank met the waters of the bay, and the swale where his little greenhouse stood open to the pond and the sun is blocked across by a line of ice-houses. They have turned his place round, to suit the requirements of a new era. He dwelt there sunning himself in the old memories, among his flowers or in his boat, silent, introverted, brooding over the old New England times to which he belonged. But now the present has come in with its far-reaching schemes, its cosmopolitan interests, and must live on the street, and has no time to think of the sunshine or the want of it."

After the death of Uncle Joe Lee in 1845, Uncle George and Uncle Tom, "Heirs to the estate of their brother Joseph Lee," directed the administrators, Cousin John Lee and Uncle George Higginson, "to pay over their proportions of the same to their nephews, John C. Lee, Henry Lee, Jr., and Francis Lee, and to their nieces, Mary Higginson, Elizabeth Lee and Harriet Lee, in equal parts." This little document bears witness to the warm feeling for nephews and nieces which has shown itself in our uncles from then on, and markedly in our dear cousin, Elliot Cabot Lee, for whom Clara Richardson's little second son is named. Tom Lee, both in work and play with many nephews and nieces, has always shown the same warm feeling. Indeed, uncles and aunts have played a very important part in our family life, loving and much beloved.

THOMAS LEE, born 1779; died in Boston, 1867. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Harvard College; he did not graduate, but in 1866 re-

ceived the degree of A.B. "as of 1798." "He married in 1827 Eliza Buckminster, daughter of Rev. Joseph Buckminster. He went into the counting-room of Hon. William Gray; afterward entered the house of Lee & Cabot, in which his father was a partner, and was later in the Havana trade with Patrick Jackson. Having made a moderate fortune, he retired early and devoted himself to landscape gardening, at his place in Brookline, now owned by Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent."

Col. Henry Lee, in a letter to Col. Marshall P. Wilder, says: "Thomas Lee, to whom you refer, was my father's brother, who for forty or fifty years spent his summers at his place near Jamaica Pond, which, in my opinion, was the best piece of landscape gardening near Boston.

"The park-like wood, the well-grouped plantations of shrubs of every variety, with their constant succession of flowers, the vistas, the lawn for many years unrivalled, the footpaths winding about naturally, as dictated by obstacles or the natural undulations of the ground, the insertion of native or foreign shrubs and plants in their appropriate places, as if springing up spontaneously,—in short, the art of concealing art has never been carried so far by any of his contemporaries."

Professor Sargent is kind enough to point out a reference to the place in Downing's second edition of his treatise on Landscape Gardening (1844):

"On the other side of the lake is the cottage of Thomas Lee, Esq. Enthusiastically fond of botany, and gardening in all its departments, Mr. Lee has here formed a residence of as much variety and interest as we ever saw in so moderate a compass—about twenty acres. It is, indeed, not only a most instructive place to the amateur of landscape gardening, but to the naturalist and lover of plants. Every shrub seems placed precisely in the soil



and aspect it likes best, and native and foreign Rhododendrons, Kalmias, and other rare shrubs, are seen here in the finest condition. There is a great deal of variety in the surface here, and while the lawn-front of the house has a polished and graceful air, one or two other portions are quite picturesque. Near the entrance gate is an English Oak, only fourteen years planted, now forty feet high."

Mr. Sargent writes: "I from time to time removed some of Mr. Lee's trees from the lawn, but on the whole the place has been very little changed in the fifty years of my occupation of it. The oak tree which Downing mentions at the end of his paragraph is still standing and I think has been visited by every distinguished lover and student of trees in the world, and specimens of the leaves and fruit are to be found in many European museums. It is evidently a hybrid of still rather uncertain origin, and has now been named for me.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lee's Rhododendrons and Laurels still flourish.

Faithfully yours,

C. S. SARGENT."

Jamaica Plain, Feb. 26, 1924.

Uncle Tom had an inborn love of all that is beautiful in nature and art; his place at Brookline bore witness to his quick sense of landscape beauty.

The low, rather rambling house, with pillared and gabled veranda, stood almost level with the perfect lawn, looking southward toward Jamaica Pond, seen through

<sup>1</sup>The Bulletin of the Arnold Arboretum for October, 1924, speaks of this oak. "The oldest of these hybrids now known in Boston is on the Sargent estate in Brookline. It is of uncertain origin, but no doubt was planted by Mr. Thomas Lee as early as 1820. This tree is now known as *Quercus Sargentii*; it reproduces itself quite accurately, and as a young plant grows very rapidly."

the trees of the avenue. There was a light trellis on the veranda, up which climbed delicate vines—maurandia, cypress vine, and Madeira and Canary vines; these made only a light tracery and did not screen the view. Between the pillars stood Italian stone vases in which were fine pelargoniums, diosma, lobelias, and some delicate roses.

Set a little back and across the avenue was the small greenhouse in which he successfully grew climbing roses, and choice and beautiful flowers. Uncle Tom loved his flowers, and liked to give them to his guests, but it was hard for him to cut a rose just before it fully opened, and there was a struggle between his wish to give liberally and the pang it gave him to cut a flower at its perfect moment, only to have it fade so soon. Northeastward the ground lay in lovely curves, where the lengthening afternoon shadows of the chestnut trees, lying across the fine grass, were a never-ending delight to Uncle Tom.

The walk westward through the place, called Cook's Walk, ran by the stream which flowed through the grounds, by which were clumps of rhododendron. On the right bank of the walk grew arum lilies, which to us were Jack-in-the-Pulpits, thalictrum with soft brown and cream-colored tassels, wood anemones, columbines, trientalis, and the larger Solomon's seal. At one point the stream widened into a pond, in which Frank Lee and Harry caught bream and pout, and skated and trapped muskrats.

Of course it never occurred to us as children that the instinct of a landscape gardener, and choice and decision, had any part in these pleasant places where we explored or played. Rhododendrons might, for aught we knew, grow by all the streams in New England; laurel and shadblow might grow anywhere as well as here, and the soft curves of banks along avenues be always covered with little white



*Thomas Lee*  
1779-1867



Scotch roses in June. We supposed, too, that all lawns were well kept, with marvellously fine turf. Cousin Harry remembers that the two men who mowed it constantly kept their scythes so sharp that the blades were like razors, and could mow as close as can a lawn-mower now.

Inside the house was a dark coolness on summer days; the east drawing-room for spring and autumn, the west drawing-room for full midsummer, and usually flowers in both, with books and periodicals on the tables and Aunt Eliza and Uncle Tom perhaps reading. At all events, quiet reigned in those orderly rooms. There was a somewhat stately form of household, though really simple.

James Geddes was major-domo, whose first home when he came as a lad from Scotland had been with Uncle Guy Hunter at Westport, Lake Champlain: and Mrs. Susan Emerson, handsome, spirited and respected, was housekeeper. We minded James as we minded no one else, unless when we had a sharp command from Uncle Tom, and he was a friend of all our lives; later he was with Uncle Harry Lee at the Union Safe Deposit vaults, where he maintained his character of monitor and a sort of Keeper of the Privy Purse. Cousin Bessie says that Uncle Harry, one day leaving the Vaults hurriedly, said, "James, give me fifty dollars," to which James's response was, "What did ye do with the fifty dollars I gave ye yesterday?"—the Scottish thrift and the Scottish speech clean-cut as ever.

In both of Uncle Tom's houses, in Brookline and at No. 2 Temple Place, Boston, his love of pictures and interest in his belongings was evident.

Aunt Eliza Lee was a woman of letters, and something of a writer, having written in 1849 the memoirs of her

father and brother, the Rev. Dr. Buckminster, and J. S. Buckminster, translated some of the books of Jean Paul Richter, and written a life of him, besides several other books. She was distinctly an intellectual woman; she and Uncle Tom were readers of the best books of the day, and the *London Spectator* and *Saturday Review* were duly on the table week by week.

Uncle Tom liked good talk and could talk well, even though, as John Morse says in two well-placed adjectives, he could be at times "caustic and formidable." He enjoyed the variety brought into the house by his nephews and nieces, perhaps especially by Aunt Sarah Lee, and by Aunt Eliza's nephews and nieces as well as his own; Mrs. Charles Homans, Col. and Mrs. Oliver W. Peabody, and their brothers, Thornton and Kirkland Lothrop, and by Cousin Lucy and Cousin John Lowell.

Friends, like Mr. Edward Silsbee, valued his taste in pictures and liked to talk them over with him. Uncle Tom was an early friend of Mr. W. Allan Gay, the artist, and a purchaser of his pictures, which he greatly admired, and to which he called people's attention. Some copies of old Italian pictures were on his walls, such as people had before the days of photographs, and many delightful prints, now distributed about in our various households. They were usually engravings of the paintings of English artists—Wilkie, Callcott, Collins, Turner, and others, often framed in light wood, sometimes bird's-eye maple. His tastes were decided and very much his own; in a day when most vehicles were sober in color, he had a canary-colored chaise in which he drove his chestnut mare, Jenny, and in this chaise he drove Mother to Uncle George Lee's funeral at West Cambridge in 1856. He much liked the soft shades of brown, then called "dead-leaf" colors, and the curtains in the Temple Place drawing-room, and the coverings of

the bird's-eye maple sofas and chairs, were of that soft, sympathetic color. But he could like warm and rich coloring as well, and the crimson cloth curtains, imperishable of texture, of the Temple Place dining room found a fitting place later in dear Mary Lee Hale's Albany home.

Mary Lee passed several years after Aunt Eliza's death with Uncle Tom in Brookline and at 2 Temple Place, Boston, and made breakfast and tea-table and all day delightful to him instead of lonely. I often stayed there with her, and as I now think of it, Uncle Tom must have been wonderfully patient with two talkative school-girl great-nieces, and we enjoyed and I think profited by the society of older and clever people.

Temple Place was then only connected with Washington Street by a flight of six or eight steps and a broad passage. It was a Court occupied by many friends. Next to Uncle Tom, at No. 4, lived Cousin Charles and Cousin Elizabeth Putnam, and at No. 6 were Uncle Charles and Aunt Lizzie Ware till they moved to 39 West Street.

Uncle Tom gave to the city the statue of Alexander Hamilton which stands at the head of Commonwealth Avenue, facing the equestrian statue of Washington, across Arlington Street. It has never been considered a good statue, but it at least expressed several of its giver's characteristic traits. He was a Federalist; a life-long admirer of Hamilton. He valued Dr. William Rimmer, the sculptor, as an artist, and he believed in encouraging artists. He had a conviction that as good statues could be made of granite as of marble, and this statue is made of Quincy granite; and he believed in the commemoration of great men in cities and in the placing of statues in public parks. The monument in the Public Garden which commemorates the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of ether was also given by him.



In 1856 Uncle Tom made a gift to the Hersey Professorship of Anatomy of Harvard College, now amounting in value to something over \$25,000. The record in the Treasurer's office reads: "the income to be paid as an addition to the present salary received by Dr. Jeffries Wyman, Hersey Professor<sup>1</sup>, so long as he remains in office; and further, also, for the term of his natural life; after his death my desire is that the said Fund shall remain for the support of said Professorship, to be managed and income applied in such manner as the President and Fellows shall think proper. About any change in investment of this property I desire to be consulted. Securities amounting in value to \$10,030 thankfully received and conditions accepted." Between 1863 and 1865 he gave to Harvard College, withholding his name, \$15,000, the income (or at discretion, the principal) to be expended in the undergraduate department, "to encourage the attainment of the art of reading aloud the English language well."

As the colony of the younger relatives at Chestnut Hill grew, Uncle Tom thought they should have a church nearer than that at Brookline, and built for them the little church, with school-room attached, which still stands there, the bell of which was rung on the Sunday afternoon in April, 1865, when we heard of the fall of Richmond by some of the Chestnut Hill children, headed by Alice Lee, then nine years old.

For many years, Sunday after Sunday, all the neighbors and their children gathered there, and sometimes Brookline friends as well. The Rev. William Whitwell was the minister; Mrs. Daniel Curtis, accomplished in all music, played the small organ. The beautiful voices

<sup>1</sup>There was a strong friendship between Uncle Tom and Dr. Jeffries Wyman, whom Mother used often to see at Uncle Tom's in Brookline.

of Cousin Leverett Saltonstall and Mrs. Daniel Slade led in the hymns. Miss Susan Hale kept the school for several years. Both church and school-room played their part in Chestnut Hill life for something like a quarter of a century, as Uncle Tom had hoped they would.

HENRY LEE, born 1782; died 1867. Only a few words about my Grandfather are given here, as the short memoir of him precedes this account of his father and brothers. Of his early life we know little, except that he was at Dr. Ebenezer Pemberton's School at Billerica, and at Phillips Academy, at Andover, of which he had always good and happy memories. Early in the 19th century he went into business with his brother Joseph.

Grandfather was married on June 16, 1809, to Mary Jackson, fourth daughter of Jonathan Jackson, of Newburyport. Their first child was born in May, 1810, a little daughter. In that year Uncle and Aunt Lowell with their four children, and Aunt Harriet Jackson, went to England, and Grandmother's letters to her sisters give very sweet accounts of her baby; the letters are happy and often gay, till in the spring of 1811, Uncle Joe and Grandfather failed in business, and in May, the little Mary, who had until then been apparently a very healthy child, quite suddenly died. The second little daughter, Mary Cabot (Aunt Mary Higginson), was born on August 16, 1811, and on August 20th, Grandfather sailed for India in the *Reaper*. Then came the long years of separation, till July, 1816, when he arrived at home again. The following chapters carry on the story.

FRANCIS LEE, born 1784; died 1830. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover. During the years covered by Grandmother's Journal he was a constant

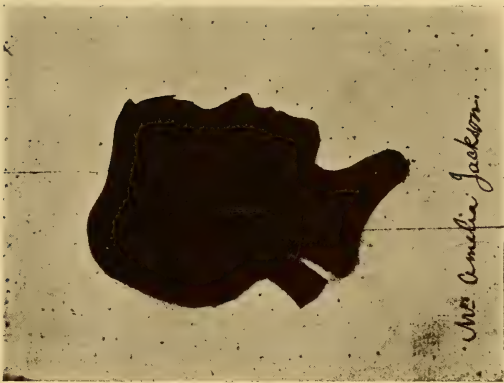
correspondent on business matters with Grandfather in India, and evidently a helpful brother-in-law, he and Aunt Harriet Jackson, Grandmother's sister, making common household with her and so lightening her expenses.

In speaking of her wish that Uncle Frank might some day marry, Grandmother says in her Journal:

"Frank is one of the men whose happiness will be greatly increased by having a wife—his habits are domestic; he has been almost as much of a recluse as you were, and such a man's happiness is greatly increased by having a *home* and all the delightful interests excited that belong to it—he will always be respected for his strict integrity and firm, good principles, but all his better feelings and principles would be called more into action as the head of a family than as a bachelor."

Besides the six Lee brothers, who grew to manhood, and Aunt Amelia Lee Jackson, wife of Judge Charles Jackson, of whom a sweet memory as wife and mother remains, there were two brothers, Charles and John, who died as little boys; two sisters, Elizabeth and Nancy, who grew to young womanhood, and the little baby sister Rebecca, who died four months after the death of her mother. Little record of them remains. The curtain falls so quickly on a generation that is gone that all the more we want to keep all that we can.

As we remember Grandfather, Uncle George, and Uncle Tom, and as others spoke of the other brothers, they were strong-natured men, sturdy and muscular of build; holding their opinions tenaciously, and occasionally obstinately, but all of them possessed of a high sense of honor and of duty to the public.



*Mrs. Amelia Jackson*

AMELIA LEE  
(Mrs. Charles Jackson)  
1777-1808



NANCY LEE  
1780-1806



### III

#### THE JACKSON FAMILY

[The following long detached passages about Grandmother's family are taken directly from the Memoir of Dr. James Jackson by his grandson James Jackson Putnam with the permission of Cousin Marian Putnam. The Memoir is so beautiful, both in form and substance, that it is hard to keep the passages quoted in anything like due proportion to the rest of this book.]

JONATHAN JACKSON, 1744-1810, father of Dr. James Jackson, was the only son of Edward Jackson and Dorothy Quincy.

The materials for a life of Jonathan Jackson, although not extensive, are sufficient to give a consistent and fairly adequate impression of his character, disposition, and career. This impression is that of a man of transparent, straightforward character; ardent, loyal, care-taking, and devoted; judicial and conservative in temperament; eminently fair minded; not remarkably talented or studious, but disposed, in the face of present needs, to make the most of his powers for the welfare of the public and of his friends; a lover of law and order, and consequently a warm supporter of the builders of the Federal Constitution, and of the government of Washington and Hamilton.

Throughout his life, his personal friends and associates were among the best and ablest people in Essex County and the State. In 1761 he was graduated from Harvard College in company with a number of men who afterwards gained distinction. Shortly after his graduation, his own parents having died, he came to Newbury-

port to be near his friend John Lowell, and thenceforward identified himself with the fortune of that town, serving, year after year, on committees appointed to consider matters of importance,—the public schools, questions of representation in the General Court, of raising recruits for the army, of the education of girls, of the problem of the Embargo. He was elected several times as representative or senator to the General Court, and also as representative to Congress.

The New England seaport towns of this period were highly prosperous, and the social customs were luxurious and gay. A nominal slavery still existed, and lent a picturesqueness to a life which was easy for all classes. The black servant still stood behind his master's chair, and black footmen and coachmen in livery attended his carriage when he drove. The older families in Newburyport, of which Mr. Jackson was counted as one, occupied the beautiful row of houses that crested the upper portions of the hill, while the busy merchants whose fortunes were in the making lived on the lower streets of the town, near the wharves where their cargoes were landed. There was a tinge of formality in the social life which reflected the customs of the mother country. Even in the Jackson family, although the intercourse between its members was in reality free and unconstrained, there was an infusion of ceremoniousness which made a real impression upon the habits of the children. Dr. Jackson used to say that he remembered that each one of the children, on entering the breakfast-room, was expected to greet the company with a "Duty to father and mother and love to brothers and sisters;" and in fact a tendency to stately formality, and a certain courtly courtesy of manner, which remained among his traits through life, had its roots, no doubt, in the aristocratic customs of colonial New England.



In this smooth and pleasant life Jonathan Jackson passed the days of his early manhood, looked upon as a leader in social assemblies, and gaining friends and well-wishers by his amiability and his "refined and polished manners." He was fond of good form, and his son James remembered him as careful of his dress and as a "slave to his black barber," and says he long continued to wear a "coat of deep blue color, with gilt buttons, and the handsome waistcoat with broad stripes." He also states that his father had inherited a property of twenty thousand guineas, and that before the breaking out of the war his business ventures had turned out so successfully that he could count himself a very wealthy man. Then came the rough harrow of the Revolution, with its demand for courage, sacrifice, and forbearance, and Mr. Jackson showed himself a fit associate of the men whose wisdom and labor were to found a new republic.

In laying the new foundations for a stable government in Massachusetts, which began early in the war and culminated in the adoption of the Constitution of 1780, he took an active part. The need of a new constitution, to replace the charter, had been urged upon the States by the federal government from the very moment of the outbreak, but the principles which were embodied in the first draft of such an instrument for Massachusetts, as agreed upon by the General Court and offered to the people early in 1778, were not satisfactory to the conservative and able group of Essex gentlemen, recognized later as the nucleus of the Federalist party, and without delay a meeting was called at Newburyport, which adjourned to meet again a few weeks later at Ipswich, this time with representatives from many of the Essex towns. The outcome of this gathering was the "Essex Result," a document both critical and constructive, which has ever

been considered to embody a remarkable series of sound political principles.

This step was followed in the next year, September, 1779, by the calling of a convention at Cambridge, to frame a state constitution. . . . The main credit for the finished work, remarkable for its soundness and completeness, is usually accorded to John Adams, but such records of the convention as have been preserved show that Jonathan Jackson was a member of several important and working committees. It is interesting to note that, forty years later, in 1820, Jonathan Jackson's son Charles, then associate justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, was called upon to aid in making the first revision of this constitution which his father had thus assisted to frame.<sup>1</sup>

The leaders in the party which was then coming rapidly into prominence were largely from Essex County, and formed a circle of personal friends, of whom Mr. Jackson was one. Their activity won for them the designation of the "Essex Junto."

With the meetings of the Constitutional Convention of 1780 began Mr. Jackson's acquaintance with John Adams, which led to the exchange of a number of letters, partly of a public, partly of a private nature.

In the following year, 1781, Mr. Jackson was chosen representative to the Continental Congress, and was made the recipient, in that capacity, of a long, frank, and interesting communication from Mr. Adams, and also of a number of extracts from Mr. Adams's diary, concerning matters which he desired to bring to the notice of his friends, but not to place before Congress or the public. Their purpose was to make it clear that the

<sup>1</sup> In 1917 Matthew Hale and James Arnold Lowell, great-great-grandsons of Jonathan Jackson, were both delegates to the Constitutional Convention to revise the State Constitution.

sentiments of the French government with regard to America were by no means as disinterested as they had seemed, an opinion which would have commended itself to Mr. Jackson, who looked with great suspicion on the tendency to accept France as a guileless foster-mother, whose word should be the law.

On first establishing himself in Newburyport, Jonathan Jackson had entered the counting-house of the prosperous merchant, Patrick Tracy, and this step eventually led to his marriage with Hannah Tracy, and to his forming a business partnership with her brothers, Nathaniel and John Tracy, at one period the richest merchants of Newburyport. But the prostration of commerce during the Revolution, and the inability of the national government to repay its loans, to which Mr. Jackson, in common with Mr. Tracy and so many others, had made substantial contributions, greatly reduced his means, and when peace came he found himself with a large family of young children, his business gone, and no obvious outlook for replenishing his treasury.

Impelled by the courage and energy which afterwards marked the conduct of his sons in periods of like stress, Mr. Jackson threw himself at once into a new business, and very soon formed a partnership with his friend Stephen Higginson, for importing goods on commission. To establish this business, he left home in December, 1783, in company with Mr. Tracy, and visited Great Britain and Ireland, and afterwards France, soliciting consignments.

[This letter from Jonathan Jackson to his little eldest daughter Hannah, nine years old, shows that there could be a very sweet playfulness in the letters of the day between parents and children, in spite of the usual observance of due and proper formality. It was addressed to

*Miss Jackson*

And did my sweet little Hannah write part of the letter herself which her Mamma was so kind as to inclose me! I am glad to find that she has learn't to write, and hope that she will write still better by the time that I get home.

I long for that time to come when I shall take her and her sweet little Sisters into my arms and squeeze and hug them so I shall almost take their Breath away, I believe. Sister Sally has not forgot me, I hope—but Harriet has, I suppose; and as for little Mary, she never knew much about me. Give my love to 'em all—and learn to work as fast as you can to make Shirts, etc., and assist your Mother. As I expect you will always be a good Girl, I shall bring you home a Guitar to play upon—and at all times be assured of the love of

Your Affectionate Father,

*London, Feby., 1785*

J. JACKSON.]

But the times were hard, and the next ten years were marked by privations cheerfully borne and ill-paid labors zealously performed. On reaching home again, he found both public and private problems pressing hard for a solution. Everywhere there was poverty and derangement of business, and the deepest anxiety, regarding the establishment of law and order. It was during this trying period that the qualities which were predominant in Mr. Jackson's character, and which made him so useful as a citizen, came prominently to the front.

It is exceedingly important, for the correct appreciation of the public acts, during the next quarter of a century, of patriotic and conservative men like Mr. Jackson, who felt that law and order and the best fruits of the Revolution were at stake, and who saw—though less clearly than we now see—that their political knowledge was all to be acquired in a rough school, to recall

how strongly the forces of misrule and ignorance were then at work. Shays' Rebellion was but one outcome of an almost universal discontent.

"A debt of two hundred millions had been incurred, the army was to be disbanded, throwing out of employment a vast number of people, whose habits during an eight years' war had become unfavorable to the quiet labors of civil life. . . . Private debts had accumulated, and the resort to law for the payment of these debts was a source of great trouble. In Massachusetts, in 1782, more than two thousand actions were entered in Worcester County alone. . . . The State Senate was also an object of jealousy and suspicion. This too," men thought, "might in time become an order of nobility. At any rate, it was expensive and useless." "In a pure democracy," it was urged, "all matters should be determined by the whole people in the general assembly."

While in consequence of this stress, large numbers of the poorer people saw no remedy except through a resort to arms against a government whose aims they could not understand, many of their more cultivated neighbors, half sympathizing with the attempt to seek relief by force, formed a strong party in opposition to the order-loving and law-abiding citizens, of whom the Federalist party was made up. Then arose the inevitable separation, as Judge Parsons wrote, between "those who love the largest liberty, with more regard to its quantity than to its quality, and those who desire only the best liberty, and dread, as the greatest of evils, its corruption with license."

To the party which stood for organized discontent, and whose success meant license, Mr. Jackson was constitutionally opposed; and when Shays' Rebellion in Massachusetts actually broke out, a crisis which then looked

more serious than it proved, he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, recruited at Boston, under Colonel Hichborn, Mr. Jackson being next in command. This position he resigned shortly afterwards, to take that of aide-de-camp, as volunteer without pay, to his friend General Lincoln, by whom he was intrusted, later, with the duty of carrying the dispatches to Governor Bowdoin, announcing the collapse of the insurrection.

These troubles over, and feeling the pressing need of an income for the support of his family, Mr. Jackson turned to his government to seek employment. Then occurred the creditable incident which is recorded by Mr. Henry Lee in the *Memorial History of Boston*.

Mr. Lee's account is as follows:—

“Mr. Jackson, like many more, having lost his vast acquired and inherited fortune by capture of his vessels and by loans to the Government during the war, was compelled to apply for an office to eke out his support. The evening before he was to leave home, his friend, General Lincoln, requested a private interview, and imparted his anxiety for the future, having come home from the war penniless, and expressed his desire to obtain the office of collector of the port of Boston. This was the office upon which Mr. Jackson had set his heart, but this did not affect his resolve. He went to New York, waited upon the President, and, after some days' attendance, was admitted to an interview. Washington, taking out his watch, said curtly: ‘I will give you, Sir, fifteen minutes.’ Mr. Jackson began to set forth General Lincoln's needs and claims, when he was peremptorily stopped by, ‘You need not tell me about General Lincoln, Sir.’ He then explained why he spoke in his behalf, and the interview ended without a word spoken for himself, and General Lincoln was appointed collector.”

Soon after this, in 1788, Mr. Jackson, who is said to



have always stood well in General Washington's books, was appointed United States Marshal for the district of Massachusetts, then including Maine, and during this period, in 1790, he superintended the taking of the first census for that district.

It was while he was United States Marshal that Mr. Jackson accompanied Washington from border to border of Massachusetts, during the famous "Presidential Progress" of 1789. While at Newburyport the President stayed in one half of the large house now occupied by the Public Library, but originally built by Patrick Tracy for his son Nathaniel. At the period of the visit Nathaniel Tracy was living in a smaller house, as better suited to his reduced income, and Jonathan Jackson and his family were temporarily occupying a portion of the mansion. Washington's public reception took place in the unoccupied half of the house, and when it was over he crossed the passage and took tea with Mr. Jackson. Dr. Jackson was present with some of his brothers and sisters, and took a boyish pleasure, which he never forgot, in seeing the famous general by his father's fireside, though he was filled with surprise at hearing the conversation turn on crops instead of battles.

In 1791 Mr. Jackson was appointed to the second inspectorship of the revenue for the counties of Essex, Worcester, Hampshire, and Berkshire, and in 1796 to the place of supervisor for the district of Massachusetts, then including Maine. This position he retained until about 1802, when a change was made in the laws governing the collection of taxes.

Mr. Jackson had returned to Newburyport in 1787, but in 1796, on being appointed supervisor, he moved again to Boston, where from this time onward he continued to live, active and busy until the last, an ardent Federalist, yet able to command the respect and good-



will of the opposite party, so that he was retained in office as supervisor even after the accession of President Jefferson.

Some of the traits which James admired in his father are the more worthy of note for the reason that they reappeared in Dr. Jackson and his brothers and contributed largely to their influence and success. Chief among these traits were his scrupulous integrity and fidelity in matters of business; his strong sense of fairness and of regard for the rights of others; his firmness and cheerfulness under trials and loss; his sincere religious devoutness, and that warmth of personal affection, without which, in Dr. Jackson's opinion, the best sort of religious sense is not to be found.

It may be mentioned, as an interesting piece of evidence of Mr. Jackson's scrupulous sense of honor, that he is said never to have used, throughout the long period of his public service, a drop of government ink or a scrap of paper for his private affairs.

The same sort of feeling which enabled James to say, in later years, that a good part of his own influence had been due to his determination and ability to see the best qualities in the men he met, also led his father to speak with indignation of the personal ill usage of the Tories, and to declaim against persecution for opinion's sake.

Mr. Jackson's later years were passed amidst active duties, implying ability and wide interests. He was chosen the first president of the first Boston Bank, and was among the original members of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. For the five years preceding his death, which occurred in March, 1810, Mr. Jackson served as treasurer of Massachusetts,<sup>1</sup> and for three years as treas-

<sup>1</sup> From September, 1920, till January, 1925, James Jackson, great-great-grandson of Jonathan Jackson, served the Commonwealth as Treasurer.

urer of Harvard College. The college papers contain many of his clear and straightforward letters.

Mr. Jackson wrote, in 1788, during the period of reconstruction, a painstaking and significant address to his countrymen, entitled "Thoughts on the Political Situation of the United States of America." In this address he first points out the danger that the States were under, of following the impulse of imitation rather than the dictates of wisdom, in making choice of their political system and forecasting their development. The structure of the European governments, he maintained, had been determined largely by chance, and the form in which they had become stereotyped was not necessarily the best; whereas it was still open to the new republic to strive after various great national objects for which at a later day it might be vain for them to seek. Our legislators, he declared, should be few in number, amply paid, and held strictly accountable. In fact, the most interesting feature of the essay is the writer's elaborate advocacy of small representative bodies, formed of carefully chosen men, as capable of exhibiting a wisdom, moderation, and effectiveness that are so often conspicuous by their absence from the deliberations of large assemblies.

Various other subjects are considered in Mr. Jackson's address, on which each citizen, he thought, should have a fixed opinion. The writer advocated, for his part, the organization of a thoroughly equipped militia, ready, if need be, to resist the usurpation of a central government. He urged the importance of national honesty as a basis for national credit, and the desirability of a reform in dress, in the interests of economy and of independence of Europe. This was a movement, he insisted, in which it was incumbent upon the patriotic women of the country to take the foremost step.

Jonathan Jackson's wife was Hannah, daughter of Patrick Tracy and Hannah Gookin.

The Tracys were a Newburyport family of character and intelligence. Patrick Tracy, the progenitor of the American branch, was born in Ireland in 1711. He came to this country as a common sailor, and rose by dint of energy and enterprise to be the commander of a vessel, then the owner of many, and eventually a rich and successful merchant. He was generous and liberal, and left a good record as a public-spirited citizen. When the idea began to spread that even men of dark skins might love the rights of freedom, he responded by setting free a negro and his wife, well known in Newburyport, who had lived long as trusted servants in his household, and making a provision in his will securing to them a home and maintenance for the remainder of their days. From 1743 to 1747 he was vestryman at St. Paul's Church, and during the Revolution he served on important committees, and in every way lent his support to the national government and cause. He died February 28, 1789.

Hannah Tracy, afterwards Mrs. Jackson, was born April 24, 1755. Her two brothers, Nathaniel and John, earned distinction both as merchants and citizens, and through their services in behalf of the government during the Revolutionary War. Of Mrs. Jackson herself little is recorded beyond a few affectionate references in the family letters and a brief characterization in President John Quincy Adams's diary, which gives the impression that she was a person of gay and sociable temperament.

At the time of Jonathan Jackson's marriage with Hannah Tracy, in 1772, he was but twenty-nine years old and his bride eighteen. All their children, nine in number, were born at Newburyport, during the important decade between 1773 and 1783, when all hearts

were stirred with thoughts of war, of the momentous rupture with a great past, and of doubts and hopes for the future.

On April 28, 1797, Mrs. Jackson, whose cheerful devotion to her husband and children had been repaid by the warm affection of them all, died.

All the members of the pleasant circle were remarkably united. Spirited, affectionate, unselfish, helpful in all the relations of life, their mutual love and intimacy were darkened by no shadow, and grew stronger with advancing years. A good inheritance of character and fine traditions of public service were not the only benefits that Jonathan Jackson and Hannah Tracy conferred upon their children. They were able to secure for them, also, the friendship of men and women of rare quality, with whose lives and fortunes their own soon became intimately woven.

The friendship which stood nearest to Jonathan's heart, and counted as much for his children's welfare as for his own, was that which began in college days in the form of a romantic attachment between himself and John Lowell, a member of the class next following his own, and the son of an eminent clergyman of Newburyport, whose grandfather, Percival, with his two sons, Richard and John, had come over from England to share the fortunes of the little colony of Newbury in the earlier days of its existence. The two young men, John Lowell and Jonathan Jackson, were born, by an odd and pleasant coincidence, in the same month of the same year (June, 1743), and they became so firmly united during their student days at Cambridge that graduation could not be allowed to part them. Accordingly, when John Lowell returned to his father's home in Newburyport, to take up the study of the law, he was followed by his friend Jonathan Jackson, whose own parents had

recently died. So contented were the two young men with each other's company that they vowed eternal celibacy, a circumstance which did not prevent them from making later five marriages between them. The two beautiful houses in Newburyport which they built and lived in, side by side, are still pointed out to visitors. Mr. Jackson's was afterwards occupied by the eccentric "Lord" Timothy Dexter.

With all the members of Judge Lowell's family of nine children the Jackson sons and daughters became very intimate. Francis Lowell became the college chum of Charles Jackson, and in 1798, four years after their graduation, he was married to Charles's sister Hannah. From then on he was the trusted adviser of the Jackson family. "None of us engaged in any business or took any important step without consulting him," writes James, "and without much aid and advice from him." In 1812-14 he was the prime mover in the great scheme for the establishment of the cotton industry at Waltham, which the energy of Patrick Jackson carried to a successful issue.

The tranquil life of the Jackson family, which began so pleasantly in the quiet retirement of Newburyport, was not destined to remain for many years undisturbed. The fledglings of that busy household were not expected to linger unduly within the parental nest. Even for the girls, boarding-schools afforded chances not to be had at home,<sup>1</sup> while the ready sons slipped off, one by one, into paths that at first diverged widely, then, again, ran side by side. Their father had desired that each of his boys should follow a profession of his own selecting, and both the customs of the period and the needs of the day impelled to an early choice. And so it came about that by the time they were ten years old, James began to be

<sup>1</sup> Three daughters were at the Derby Academy, Hingham.

dubbed "the doctor," and Harry "the commodore;" for the latter had determined, when a mere boy, to seek his fortunes on the sea. Robert, the oldest son, and, as James thinks, his mother's favorite, decided to throw in his lot with the merchants, and Charles with the lawyers. Patrick, the youngest, was likewise to be trained for a business life, though in fact both Robert and he passed, at first, several years at sea, and even in command of vessels, as a preliminary to foreign trade, for of lucrative business at home there was very little.

*The Children of Jonathan and Hannah (Tracy) Jackson*

ROBERT is spoken of in James's *Reminiscences* as a dark-skinned, handsome boy, though his beauty was unfortunately marred by an accident to his face and left eye when he was but ten years old. He is said to have resembled his mother. When he was about seventeen years old his father obtained for him the chance to sail for India in a ship belonging to Mr. Benjamin Joy, and under the personal supervision of that friend and successful merchant. Dr. Jackson could recall, in his old age, how carefully the family at home used to study the map, to follow the ship's course, and with what consternation they received the news, brought by a returning vessel, that tempest and wreck had overtaken the voyagers in the southern seas, and that, although no lives were lost, the ship and cargo had been destroyed. This mishap seems to have led, however, to a temporary advance in Robert's fortunes, the first notice of which was that he entered Boston Harbor in command of a vessel, which he had safely conducted home from Calcutta, though even then scarcely more than a boy, by modern reckoning. He died in 1800.

The next brother, HENRY, was, as Dr. Jackson writes, a bright, spirited, "generous-hearted" boy, "ready to do



battle for himself and for others," of dark complexion and hair, but otherwise without any close resemblance to his elder brother; "opening his eyes without any show of fear, manly in his whole appearance, and constantly engaging an interest in his looks and deportment, which gained him numerous friends." He left home for the first time when a boy of ten, accompanying his father on his voyage to the West Indies in 1785; and although he returned to Newburyport and remained there for a season, proud of his sailor's dress and lore, yet from then on, for a dozen years or more, his was a sailor's life.

Henry possessed in full measure the ardor and cheerful spirit of helpfulness which so strongly characterized the family, and acquitted himself so well on shipboard that a successful career seemed in prospect. Unluckily, when he was still only a boy of fifteen, he met with a severe accident, the effects of which remained with him through life [the loss of an arm]. During the next thirteen years he was almost constantly at sea, making voyages to the East, at first under Captain Folger, as mate, but eventually in independent command. He served always to the satisfaction of his employers, but not with any great financial profit to himself.

In 1799 Henry made a happy marriage with Miss Hannah Swett of Marblehead, sister of Dr. John Barnard Swett, "who held a high character in the county of Essex." Several children were born to them, among whom was the well-known and greatly respected Dr. John Barnard Swett Jackson, to whom belongs the credit of having founded the systematic study of morbid anatomy in the Medical School of Harvard University.

In December, 1808, he died, after a brief illness, leaving a widow and three children.

Henry's early absence from home, his accident, and his cheerful disposition made him the recipient of many



family letters, a number of which are still carefully preserved by his grandson, Dr. Henry Jackson.

The three younger of the Jackson brothers, Charles, James, and Patrick, and the two sisters, Harriet and Mary (Mrs. Henry Lee), survived the rest of the family for many years. Having chosen Boston for their home, they lived there almost without interruption for the remainder of their lives, in an intimacy which grew closer year by year, and in houses which seemed to be seeking to touch shoulders. Friendly as their relations were with their neighbors, and wide as was the circle of their acquaintances and friends, it was in the society of each other and of their children and near kindred that they found their greatest pleasure.

CHARLES JACKSON, 1775-1855, the third son of Jonathan Jackson, was born at Newburyport on May 31, 1775, only a few weeks after the gunshot at Concord Bridge.

After two years at the Boston Latin School, on the return of the family to Newburyport in 1787, Charles was transferred for a short time to Dummer Academy at Byfield, until in 1789 he entered Harvard College as Freshman, being then fourteen years of age.

Within two years after his graduation from college, and while still living in Newburyport, Charles Jackson was married to Amelia Lee, a daughter of Joseph Lee of Salem and Beverly. She lived but eleven years after their marriage, dying in 1809 of New England's enemy, consumption. She left no children, but her name was given subsequently to a daughter by a second marriage, afterwards Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In 1803 Mr. Jackson removed to Boston, and in the same year he was the prime mover in the establishment of a law library, now the great Social Law Library of

Boston. For ten years after his removal to Boston, Mr. Jackson practiced law privately, with credit and success.

In December, 1810, just a year after the death of his first wife, he was married to her cousin, Frances Cabot, daughter of Mr. John Cabot of Beverly and cousin also to Elizabeth Cabot, who had become the wife of Charles Jackson's brother James. A story has long passed current as authentic among Judge Jackson's descendants which clothes his second marriage with a local coloring characteristic of the New England of that day. Frances Cabot, besides being the cousin of Amelia Lee, had been an old playmate of Charles Jackson, but they had not once met during the year that elapsed after his first wife's death. Nevertheless, as she afterwards told her daughter-in-law, she divined on what errand he had come, when his chaise rolled in at the gateway of her father's house, as she sat on the porch shelling peas. He arrived, proposed, and was accepted, without unnecessary delay.

Many years later, when the only son of this couple had grown up and had taken a bride of his own, the mother told the story to her daughter-in-law, and on the latter's asking, "How could you make up your mind so quickly?" she replied, "My dear! not marry Mr. Jackson!"

In 1813, the death of Associate Justice Sedgwick having created a vacancy on the Bench of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, Mr. Jackson was appointed by Governor Strong to fill the place.

This appointment proved to be eminently fitting. Many reasons combined to make him a good judge. In the first place he was a strikingly fair-minded man, and ready to labor studiously in preparing opinions which should be sound and just. Then he was without the de-

sire for personal distinction, and had none of the restless self-consciousness which is so hostile to the formation of a calm, unbiased judgment; and finally, he had been a thorough student and a good practical lawyer. His training and the habit of his mind inclined him to conservatism, but this tendency, when not governed by narrowness or bigotry, is an aid and not a hindrance to the task of weighing dispassionately the evidence presented by others, and drawing without prejudice the conclusion to which it leads.

In 1823 Judge Jackson resigned his position on the bench because he felt his health inadequate to the constant labor which was involved, and spent a portion of the next two years in Europe. [Aunt Harriet Jackson accompanying Uncle Charles and Aunt Fanny. This stay in England gave Judge Jackson the opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of legal colleagues to whom he was already well known by reputation. They passed a somewhat quiet winter in London, less interesting to Aunt Harriet than her earlier visit to Edinburgh in 1811-12 with Uncle and Aunt Lowell when she had keenly enjoyed the intellectual society of the group of Edinburgh Reviewers and their friends.]

In 1821 Judge Jackson received the degree of LL.D. from his Alma Mater, having already served some years as Overseer (1816-25). In 1825 he was chosen a member of the Corporation, and this office he retained until 1834.

In 1832 Judge Jackson was appointed one of three commissioners to revise the Public Statutes of Massachusetts.

Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., a grandson of Judge Jackson, speaks of this work as follows:—

“The Revision of the Statutes is a transaction which recurs at long intervals, when the mass of public statutes passed by our fecund Legislatures becomes too vast, con-

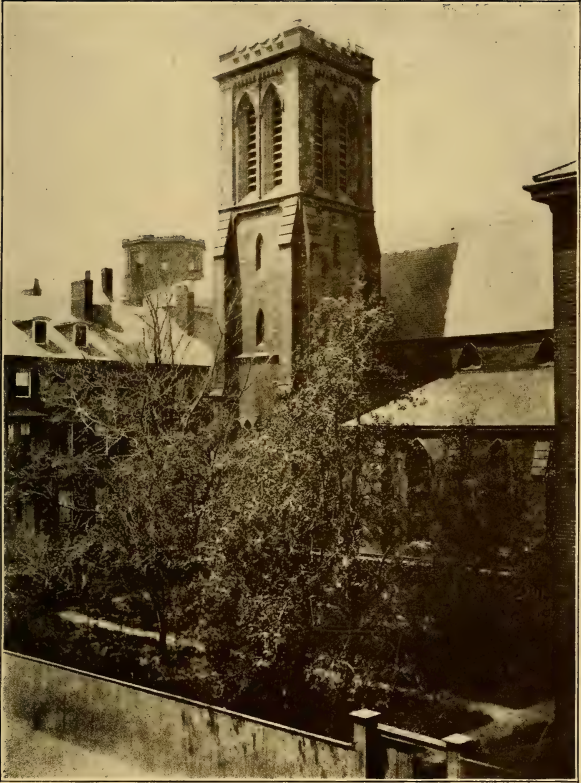
tradictory and undigested for endurance. It is not exactly a codification, but resembles it in many particulars. Nowadays, when it has to be done (twice, in my life-time, because productivity has so enormously increased), it is given to able men, chiefly notable for acquisition and critical accuracy. But the Revision which Judge Jackson made was the first, and was regarded with great respect, as being really a revision, re-framing, of the existing Statutes, in the light of all the litigation and judicial decisions which had arisen under them. It was really a great and valuable work, with a considerable infusion of the spirit of the creative law-maker."

The entire later portion of Judge Jackson's life was spent in the house on Bedford Place, with its capacious garden, which stretched from Bedford Street along the northerly side of what is now Chauncy Street, the entire estate covering almost one half of the distance between Bedford and Summer streets.

The portion of Chauncy Street of the present day which lies between Bedford and Summer streets was divided at that period into Chauncy Place and Bedford Place, the former occupying the easterly and the latter the westerly half. The two places were divided at first by a brick wall, pierced with doors corresponding to the sidewalks, and at a later time by an iron chain hanging between posts.

Judge Jackson's property embraced the whole northerly side of Bedford Place, while the corresponding side of Chauncy Place was mainly occupied by Chauncy Hall School and the First Church, with its adjoining yard.

Bedford Place might well have been called by some name distinctive of one or another of the kindred clans whose representatives inhabited it so long, living in an intimacy like that of the members of one large family. On the southerly side, directly opposite the large house



JUDGE JACKSON'S GARDEN



and garden of Judge Jackson, there lived in closely adjoining houses, Mr. and Mrs. John Amory Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. George Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paine (Fanny Jackson), Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee (Mary Jackson), Miss Harriet Jackson with her niece, Miss Sally Gardner, and Mrs. Henry Jackson, almost all with families of active children. Somewhat later Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Morse (Miss Harriet Jackson Lee) occupied the house previously lived in by Miss Harriet Jackson and Miss Gardner.

Thus, at one period, the gardens of Judge Jackson, Prescott the historian, and Mr. S. P. Gardner covered most of the large area between Summer Street and Bedford Street, while another large and open estate with a wide space of terraced lawn, occupied for a long time by the Misses Pratt, lay on the farther side of Summer Street opposite the end of Chauncy Place. The Jackson garden itself was a retreat possessed of much beauty and charm. Along its easterly side, adjoining the house, was a brick walk and a border of shrubs, among them the sensitive *mimosa*, whose leaves the passing children loved to touch. The remainder of the garden, from this brick wall to the Bedford Street end, was sunk several feet below the level of the house; and in the angle of the bank, where in winter the snow gathered in deep drifts, fine snow-houses could be dug. Three graveled walks traversed the garden lengthwise, leaving oblong plots of grass bordered with rosebushes and other shrubs. The children of the family were welcomed here, and could bury rose-cakes in the garden beds, and pick fruit, under certain restrictions, from the pear-trees which grew at various points. Within the house, too, children were made at home, and it was well known among them that youthful visitors to Judge Jackson's quiet study rarely went away without a large "gumball" from a certain



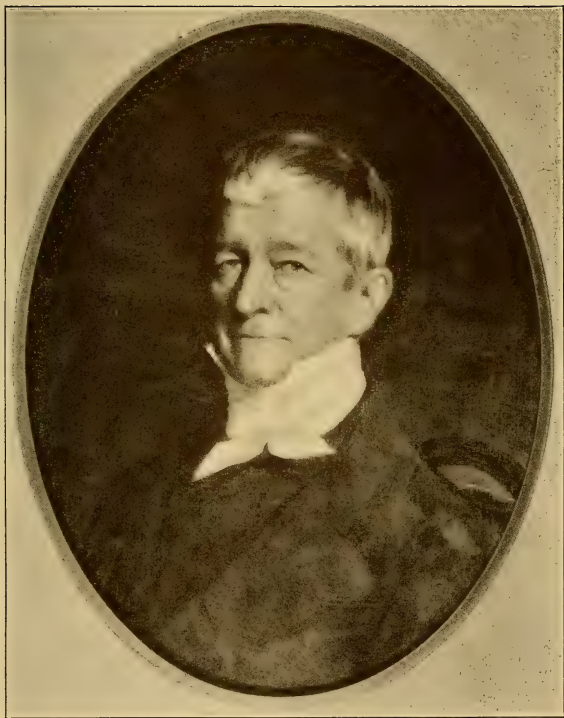
drawer in his desk. At the southeasterly corner of the garden, near the house, stood a very old and famous St. Michael's pear-tree, a variety then dying out and already almost extinct. The fruit, of yellow color and with blackish spots, was greatly prized by all the family. When the place was sold, Mr. John M. Forbes had the tree examined with a view to the possibility of transplanting it, but this was decided to be inadvisable. The front door of the house, recessed with curving surfaces, was of a rare construction, only two or three others like it existing in the city at that time.

Judge Jackson always remained, as he had grown up, a warm supporter of the Federalist party, but there is no evidence that he took an active position as a leader. However, he did feel himself closely identified with those who had shaped the policies of that body of fine and able men, whose lives and work had meant so much for the early history of Massachusetts and of the new republic.

On the whole, Judge Jackson was considered the most talented of the three brothers, and it has been shown that he became an honored representative of that profession where knowledge, fair-mindedness, and that form of wisdom which is termed good sense are all equally indispensable.

While his amiability gained him the affection of many friends, yet his reserve and sensitiveness in temperament, combined with his delicacy in health and an indifference to personal fame, kept him to a great extent remote from the knowledge of the general public.

Jurists, as a class, are men whose best work sometimes lies buried from all eyes but those of their colleagues, or lives only as incidental to the successes or failures of clients who are often of far less note than they. This was more than commonly true of Judge Jackson, because he had not habits or instincts such as



HON. CHARLES JACKSON, 1775-1855  
Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts



lead to social distinction, and because he held no public office except within the line of his duty and profession. All who knew him, young and old alike, were impressed with his extreme courtesy and the kindliness of his speech and manner; and although not distinctly witty himself, yet he had a strong and pleasant sense of humor, and carried on his face a smile which meant a ready reception to the wit of others. His children and his wife adored him, and regarded him, indeed, with a peculiar feeling of consecration.

PATRICK TRACY JACKSON, 1780-1847, the youngest of the Jackson brothers, was born in Newburyport, August 14, 1780, and, like the rest, passed from the day schools of his native town into the excellent Dummer Academy hard by. He was by temperament sanguine, ardent, and sociable, and soon won the confidence, friendship, and esteem of every one with whom he came in contact. His own instincts prompted him to take up a merchant's life, and at that period the best opening for such an occupation was rather through the counting-room or the deck of a merchantman than through the halls of Harvard.

[The following paragraphs are from Notes written by Dr. James Jackson, shortly after his brother Patrick's death, on September 12, 1847, at his house near Mingo's Beach, Beverly—a house which had been a delightful and hospitable home, open to many cousins and friends for a number of years.

Later Mrs. Joseph S. Cabot and Miss Elizabeth Howes of Salem lived there a long time, and later yet Robert Saltonstall and his family.]

"Before he was twenty Patrick Jackson had gone as supercargo in a merchantman to St. Thomas's in the West Indies, with authority to take the command from

the captain if he saw occasion, and within the year he had an opportunity to go to India with his brother, Captain Henry Jackson, six years older than himself, to whom he was strongly attached.

"The voyage was to Madras and Calcutta and it opened to him a trade which was at that period one of the most profitable to the enterprising merchants of this country. The English government found it to their interest to give great privileges in the Bengal trade, and our neutral position during the long wars of the French Revolution enabled us to take the cottons and other goods of British India not only for our own consumption, but also for the Continent of Europe.

"It was then a common practice, in Boston especially, to send out a ship to Calcutta, or Madras, under an enterprising supercargo, in which men of capital would send adventures from five to twenty-five thousand dollars in value, giving to the owners a certain commission for the investment of their funds, as well as a freight for the goods brought to them.

"On Mr. Jackson's return from his first voyage he felt qualified to take on himself the charge of a ship upon the plan above described. He chartered a ship for this purpose and went round among the men of property, who knew him, to procure funds for a cargo from Calcutta. He was successful in his applications, and in a short time he took his departure, and during the next four years made several business voyages, not returning home till 1808.

"From this time he engaged in the business of a merchant in Boston. Here he had the invaluable counsels and the support of his brother-in-law, F. C. Lowell. The knowledge he had acquired of the Calcutta trade led him to engage principally in buying and selling goods from that port.

"In 1812 and '13 he had in some measure relinquished his India business, which was embarrassed by the political circumstances of the time, and became engaged with his friend Mr. Thomas Lee, in the Havana trade. This, so long as he prosecuted it, was quite profitable; and it continued to be in the hands of Mr. Lee, after Mr. Jackson had given up his share in it.

"In the year 1812 the war commenced with Great Britain. A few weeks after the declaration of war, Mr. F. C. Lowell returned from a long visit in England. While abroad, Mr. Lowell had formed the notion that the cotton manufacture might be prosecuted in this country with advantage. The use of machinery had been carried farther and farther in England, and now it was known that power looms were employed, though the construction of them was kept secret. So far as machinery was employed, the manufacture might be conducted here as well as in England.

"While labour was cheaper there, the raw material was produced in the greatest perfection in our Southern States. The advantages were thus in some measure balanced. We could also avail ourselves of water-power in this country, of which the cost was very much less than that of steam-power in that day. Mr. Lowell devoted his strong mind to a consideration of this subject, and within a few months he decided to bring the matter to the test of experiment.

"In this new business Mr. Jackson engaged with Mr. Lowell, giving to it a large part of his time and thoughts, though not yet abandoning his other business. In 1813 the first [power loom] cotton mill was erected in Waltham; and with the aid of Mr. Paul Moody, the machinery was made there for the manufacture of cotton shirtings and sheetings. Everything was new—everything was to be decided without any precise knowl-

edge of similar works. The structure of the machinery, the materials of which they were to be made, the very machinery of the machine-shop necessary for making the cotton machinery with economy of time and money; the arrangement of the mill and the size of its various apartments; the character of the operatives to be employed, the precautions that these operatives should not suffer the degradation of character common among those of the same class in Europe;—the successful precautions, as has since been proved, that not only the operatives should not suffer such a degradation, but rather that they should be elevated as to manners and morals above the common standard of the country;—such were the subjects which occupied the minds of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Jackson in the first period of this new enterprise.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In an address by the Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, given before the Beverly Historical Society in 1897, is an account of the establishment in Beverly in 1788 of “the first cotton mill in the country.”

Among the signers to the charter for this mill granted by the Legislature of February, 1789, were John Cabot, George Cabot, Deborah Cabot, Andrew Cabot, Israel Thorndike, and others, all of Beverly, and Henry Higginson of Boston.

On January 6, 1789, the *Salem Mercury* mentions “a promising cotton manufactory in Beverly.” It was a plain three-storeyed building of brick, at one end of which moved a heavy pair of horses to furnish rotary power. In it was woven “cotton, denim, thicksett, corduroys, velveret, etc.”

On the 30th October, 1789, on his journey through Essex County, President Washington breakfasted with George Cabot at his house in Beverly, and afterwards rode out to visit the cotton mill. In his journal he made this entry:—“Friday, October 30, a little after eight o’clock, I set out for Newbury Port and in less than two miles crossed the bridge between Salem and Beverly which makes a handsome appearance. . . . After passing Beverly, two miles, we come to the Cotton Manufactory which seems to be carrying on with spirit by the Mr. Cabots (principally).” He carefully describes the manufactory, and closes by saying:—“In short the whole seems perfect and the Cotton stuffs which they turn out excellent of their kind—warp and filling both of Cotton.”



"The actual manufacture of the cloth was commenced in 1814, and the result of the experiment was highly satisfactory.

"Although the first suggestions and most of the early plans for the new business were furnished by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Jackson gave the most time and labour in conducting it; so much so, that he spent much of his time in the early years at Waltham, separated from his family."

[In the Notes by Dr. James Jackson there follows an interesting account of his brother's further enterprises: of the new cotton mill and bleachery built at Waltham after Mr. Lowell's death; of the development of the water power at Pawtucket Falls on the Merrimac River; and of the Canal which had been already cut around these falls, in which enterprise Mr. Nathan Appleton and Mr. Kirk Boott took an active part. "Without following the history of this enterprise, it is sufficient to say that a new town was formed on the old canal, to which the name of Lowell was given, in honor of Mr. F. C. Lowell. This is now the city of Lowell." Mr. Boott had the immediate charge and agency in the Merrimac Locks and Canals and the Merrimac Manufacturing Co., to which the charter was granted in 1822, but he took no important step without consulting Mr. Jackson, and indeed all concerned in the early years of Lowell looked to him as the father and guardian genius of the new city. The Notes also describe Uncle Patrick's large share in the building of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and further tell of "the development of Pemberton Hill, involving heavy work and heavy losses, in part because of the commercial crisis of 1836-1837."]

"Mr. Jackson was married on the 31st of October, 1810, to Miss Lydia Cabot of Beverly. To those for

whom these notes are designed, it is needless to say a word on the happiness of that union.

"It may, however, be noted that his two surviving brothers and his only surviving married sister were united to the very near relatives of his wife. The result was intimacy in the families, such as is rare, and which is productive of great happiness to all the parties concerned.

"Mr. Jackson was taller than the average of men and had a strong frame. His countenance was very agreeable in consequence of the lively and pleasant expression which it commonly exhibited; an expression which arose from his kindly feelings. It seemed to invite one to be happy with him. All his feelings were lively and easily excited. His resentment was very prompt under insult, or injury; indeed whenever he witnessed injustice either toward himself or others. But his resentments were short-lived; and feelings of malice or revenge were strangers to his bosom. The only permanent feeling he had toward those who were unjust toward him was a wish that they might see their error. If he himself did wrong to others, by any accident, he was most anxious to make amends to them. But the quickness of his feelings was shown in his kindness to others much oftener than in resentment and anger. He had a most grateful heart, never forgetting the good services, or even the good wishes of others toward him.

"One of his marked characteristics was probity, pure and elevated. He was not satisfied to pay men their dues, to do them justice; he was more careful of the interests consigned to his charge than of his own. He would at any time forego a rightful personal advantage rather than put in any jeopardy the property of others under his control. Thus he was led in some instances to retain shares in the corporation under his care, and in others to sell such shares, as the case might be, from regard



*P. T. Jackson*



to the welfare of those corporations. In the largest part of his life his business was not that of a merchant, but that of a manufacturer. This last was more congenial to his feelings, and he was every way better qualified for it than for the former. He loved to take the raw material and by the skillful treatment of it to add to its value, by which the capitalist and the operative were profited; and the public were gainers if he could produce a useful article. He loved to benefit himself in this way rather than by the business of traffic, however honorable. It gratified him to be able, in this way, to encourage industry and skill in those around him. He scrutinized carefully the characters of those whom he employed; but having done so he was ready to place in them a generous confidence. It can hardly be doubted that such confidence does good to those in whom it is reposed."

JAMES JACKSON, 1777-1867. Dr. Jackson describes himself as having been always a delicate boy, but he was always able to work and to play. In 1785, when his father moved from Newburyport to Charlestown, James went to board with his Uncle Wendell in Boston, and for nearly three years attended the Boston Latin School. In his thirteenth year he was admitted to Dummer Academy, then a prime school, counting among its graduates many young men who became living forces in the community. In the last quarter of the collegiate year 1793 he entered Harvard College at advanced standing, and was graduated in 1796.

In December, 1797, he entered himself as a pupil in medicine under Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke of Salem.

Dr. Holyoke, "my glorious old master," was perhaps the foremost physician in New England. He lived to be over a hundred years old, but even in his early days

he was as well known to every citizen of Salem as the most time-honored landmark in the town. His well-balanced instincts led him, moreover, to teach accuracy in observation and moderation in treatment,—doctrines that James Jackson found eminently congenial, and continuously professed in his turn, believing in them so fully that he was ready to give not only a cordial but a critical welcome to the methods of clinical research to which Louis, a quarter of a century later, gave so powerful an impulse.

The whole period covered by the joint lives of Dr. Holyoke and Dr. Jackson, which stretched from 1728 to 1868, or nearly a century and a half, witnessed a veritable revolution in medical standards, hopes, and aims,—the transition from rank superstition to splendid achievement. Of this great transformation, Dr. Holyoke lived long enough to see the promise, and Dr. Jackson a portion of the fulfillment.

In 1799 Dr. Jackson went to London for study. While there, he served as “dresser” at St. Thomas’s, and studied anatomy with Cline at St. Thomas’s and with Astley Cooper at Guy’s, and vaccination at the St. Pancras Hospital under Woodville, besides attending the regular courses of medical lectures. He was fortunate enough also to renew and strengthen, during this visit, his friendship with Dr. J. C. Warren.

In August, 1800, he sailed for Boston, and reached home after a journey of forty-nine days.

Two days later he began practice.

It is certain that Dr. Jackson stepped again upon the shores of his native country with a light heart. He was then twenty-three years old, with mind elastic, ambitious, and alert, a happy marriage in prospect, the certainty of a generous welcome by a host of friends, and the knowledge that his medical training had been as

good as he could have had any right to ask. He had but little money and many debts, but these conditions did not daunt him.

Dr. Jackson was married in 1801 to Elizabeth Cabot, daughter of Andrew Cabot of Beverly. The Essex towns were within easy riding distance of each other, and the best Essex families felt themselves united by strong bonds. The widow of Andrew Cabot, brother of the distinguished Federalist, George Cabot, who had been an intimate friend of James Jackson's father, lived with her eight daughters in the town of Beverly, and even before beginning his medical studies he had become engaged to the oldest daughter, Elizabeth.

A speedy marriage was out of the question; and, in fact, it had to be postponed for four years, by the end of which time Dr. Jackson had finished his studies and had been for just one year in successful practice.

The first three children of Dr. Jackson and Elizabeth Cabot died in infancy. The later children, by name Elizabeth, James, Lydia, Harriet, Francis, and Susan, were all born between 1807 and 1817. In November, 1817, Mrs. Jackson died, after a long period of impaired health. She had been widely and warmly loved, but her life had been of necessity so quiet and retired that no materials for a permanent record have remained.

Not long after this, Dr. Jackson was married to Sarah Cabot, sister of his first wife, a woman of retiring disposition and simple tastes. There were no children by this marriage, but Mrs. Jackson gave herself with devotion to the needs of her husband and of his children, the younger of whom remembered no other mother.

Dr. Jackson had removed his residence, some years before his first wife's death, to the charming neighborhood of Summer Street, which has already been alluded



to in the notice of his brother Charles, occupying there a house which lay a short distance south of Chauncy Place, between that and Church Green, and was surrounded by the gardens and pleasant homes of that beautiful portion of the city. Here, too, there were neighbors of the most agreeable sort, with whom intercourse was most friendly.

In 1825, loving the country, and feeling the need of rest, Dr. Jackson had bought a large tract of land in Waltham, and here he spent portions of many happy years, enjoying the society of his children, and superintending the cultivation of his grounds, though continuing for the most part to keep on, even in summer, with his usual work in town.

The ten miles of distance which separated Waltham from Boston could be easily covered by the fast horses that Dr. Jackson drove, but his chief reason for choosing the place was doubtless that his brother Patrick had established himself there within a few years after the founding there of the Waltham Mills.

It was a beautiful estate of forty or fifty acres, now so divided up by roads that its identity and its seclusion have been lost. . . . Along its north-westerly side ran two parallel and wooded banks, separated by a fertile interval fed by the slender but lovely Beaver Brook, and bearing a few noble willow trees; on the crest of the further bank ran a path called the Mall, a delightful and romantic place to saunter.

In 1841 Dr. Jackson's place passed to his nephew, Francis C. Lowell, and thus became familiar to three generations of cousins from both families, and a hospitable place of meeting for their many friends.

[There are in the Memoir seven chapters which cover Dr. Jackson's part in the vaccination movement, the founding of the Harvard Medical School, and of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

For the substance of these chapters you can only be referred to the Memoir itself. In them is contained an interesting picture of the medical progress of the first half of the 19th century. They speak especially to those of the younger generations who are to be doctors, for they are written of Uncle James Jackson, a doctor of highest aims and character, by his grandson, James Jackson Putnam, also a doctor, whose high-minded and sweet nature, at once courageous, delicate and philosophic, made a great part of the happiness of his family and friends.]

In 1830 James Jackson, Jr., Dr. Jackson's oldest son, sailed for Europe, to continue there the medical studies which he had begun in America under his father's eye.

He was a young man of unusual charm and promise; and from the moment of his son's leaving home, Dr. Jackson began to look forward eagerly to the day of his return, so intense was his affection for him, and with such fervor had he accustomed himself to picture his future career and to see himself living again and with redoubled interest under the glow of this fresh life.

In 1833 James returned, after four years of ardent and remarkably fruitful study, carried on mainly in the hospitals of Paris under the personal guidance of M. Louis, who had from the first become warmly interested in him, and who stood to him ever after almost as a second father.

Although but twenty-three years old, and not yet possessed of his degree of M.D., James had won a reputation which an experienced physician might have envied. A brilliant career seemed assured to him, and a social life enriched by the affection of a host of friends.

Almost immediately after his return he was attacked by typhoid fever, and after this by dysentery; he seemed to be fully convalescent, when he was seized with a relapse, and quickly died.

In 1835 Dr. Jackson's oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Dr. Charles G. Putnam, and the marriages of Lydia to Mr. Charles S. Storrow, Harriet to Mr. George R. Minot, Susan to her cousin, Charles Jackson, and Francis to Miss Sarah Boott followed within the subsequent six years.

These marriages were all fortunate and happy.

Through the new and varied interests brought in by these unions of his daughters and his son, Dr. Jackson found full play for sympathy and thought. Each new grandchild brought him new and thoroughly individualized delight.

Losses of property led him, in 1842, to dispose of the Waltham place and to seek to increase his medical practice. In 1850 further losses obliged him to leave his Pemberton Square house for a smaller though very pleasant house on Hamilton Place, where he soon found himself again in company with his brother Patrick and the widow of his brother Charles. Later, Charles and Susan Jackson, with their family, and his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. John Torrey Morse,<sup>1</sup> joined this pleasant family group.

This quiet and pleasant retreat came to be as familiar to the large group of cousins and friends as Bedford Place had been in earlier days.

Throughout his busier years he drove his own chaise on his professional rounds, and, like his friend Dr. Warren, he made his horse tear through the familiar streets, so as to lose no time. It is a pleasant picture to think upon, and in essential respects still easy to recast,—the quiet town, with its three hills, its detached or semi-detached houses, and its open squares; the streets lined

<sup>1</sup> Aunt Lucy was daughter of Judge Jackson, twin sister of Cousin Charles Jackson, and Uncle John was elder brother of my Father, Samuel Torrey Morse.

with gardens and orchards where now thronging warehouses tower; and the busy doctors flying about, each with a good fast horse, such as every country doctor loves to own. The Common, as surveyed from the windows of Dr. Warren's house on Park Street, was still a public pasture, and bounded to the westward by the waters of the real Back Bay, which washed the Charles Street Mall.

What with the demands of private practice, the care of his family and children, and the diversified labors of which some hint has here been given, the first decade of Dr. Jackson's professional life in Boston was filled to overflowing. Nevertheless, time was found to help in fostering a movement the accomplishment of which lay very near his heart; namely, the founding of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

The credit for the first conception of this movement undoubtedly belongs to Dr. John Warren; but Dr. Jackson's support was cordial and devoted from the first, and the long and eloquent appeal for contributions, signed by the two friends, bears the mark, to a considerable extent, of his stately and graceful style. Both men were themselves contributors in considerable sums to the fund, besides making the practical success of the undertaking one of the main purposes of their lives.

On September 1, 1821, the great enterprise was fairly launched, though during the first three weeks only one patient applied for treatment, and the end of the first year saw but twelve patients in the wards.

Dr. Jackson's active service to the Hospital ended in 1837, but as Consulting Physician he was connected with it during the rest of his life.

After Dr. Jackson had given up a part of his active practice, it was his invariable custom to make, each morn-

ing, a round of visits to those of his children and their families who lived in the neighborhood. As he started before eight o'clock, the neighbors came to regard him as a thermometer, so many different coats had he, from the long, wadded camlet to the short, close-fitting spencer, according to the weather, and he was so punctual that the clock could have been set by his ring at the door.

These morning calls were times for playing with his grandchildren, who still recall the sunshine of his visits, his interest in their doings, and his remembrance of their birthdays.

He took great delight in discovering family traits as they appeared in succeeding generations of the families he had known so well, and always maintained that the members of the younger generations, especially when physicians, ought to be wiser than their predecessors.

The hospitable customs of earlier days were kept up through this long period of peaceful age. On Sunday evenings there were gatherings of the children and grandchildren, nephews and nieces, in the pleasant parlor of the Hamilton Place house, as there had been in Pemberton Square; among them, almost invariably, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Dr. J. B. S. Jackson, and occasionally Dr. Jacob Bigelow and other intimate friends.

After his wife's death, Dr. Jackson was joined by his son Francis H. Jackson and his family, with whom he lived thenceforward, in Hamilton Place and later in Marlborough Street, until his death, which occurred on August 17, 1867.

For Dr. Jackson there was but one goal,—that of acquiring the best sort of influence over the mysterious forces that met him in the sick-room, that strange realm where the patient's illness is but one of many problems that the physician has to face. Here he became supreme,

and certain it is that few physicians have ever brought to their task a keener instinct for the important points of a case, a finer sensitiveness for the needs and nature of the patient, a more complete devotion to the art of enlisting sympathy, authority, and unconquerable hopefulness, of utilizing the sound of the voice and the expression of the face in the service of therapeutics. In the presence of his searching love of truth, his firmness, simplicity, earnestness, and directness, prevarication and petulance were disarmed, and the best instincts of nurse and patient alike were made to do willing duty. It could have been said of him as was said by Feuchtersleben of the physician Reil, "that his patients might lose life, but could never lose hope."

Dr. Jackson's face, with its delicately moulded and mobile features, and its lines that told again the history of his well-spent life, was a faithful index of his thoughts, giving expression, with equal ease, to thoughtful gravity or almost childlike gayety, while his manners showed the charm and grace that savored of a day gone by, and could easily have brought to mind the stately music of the minuet. The delicacy and sweetness of his face grew even more marked during his later and quieter days.

To be ever ready with patience where impatience would have seemed in place; to see merit where the failure is more obvious, and thus to create an atmosphere in which merit can best grow; to merge the personal relation in a wider relation, and to represent for the sick and troubled members of the community the interest and protecting care of the community at its best, was eminently Dr. Jackson's way.

His unassuming habit of mind made it his delight to take young and old as he found them. Keenly sensitive by nature to the faults and inconsistencies of those about



him, his reverent acceptance of imperfection of character as a part of the plan left him free to enjoy the good which his divining-rod discovered in almost every human creature he came near.

In the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* for August, 1867, Dr. Holmes wrote of him:

"So passes from us the last of those three brothers whom many of us remember as honors to their several callings, types and patterns of the best class of American citizens. United in the dearest friendship while they lived, we may hope that they are at length reunited among the good and faithful servants who have entered into the joy of their Lord. As the last of them leaves us, we seem to look upon them once more as when we used to see them together in their daily walk. Charles, grave, learned, judicial by nature, gentle, unselfish, modest, whom to have known is the most precious legacy of the past to many of the living; Patrick, great-hearted, impetuous, sanguine, constructive, executive, whose footprints were among the first along the opening track of New England's progress; and with them this teacher of teachers, this healer of the sick, this counsellor of the perplexed, this consoler of the sorrowful, this benefactor of the needy, whose sympathies were as boundless as the day, and whose priceless labors extended through two thirds of a century. With all gratitude for his beautiful and most useful life, feeling, as we do, that he had filled the full measure of his years and of his services, it is yet with sorrowing hearts that we strike from the roll of living men the revered and cherished name of James Jackson."

[The following passages are from letters of Dr. Jackson to Miss Anna C. Lowell, whose father, the Hon. John Lowell (son of Judge Lowell of Newburyport), had been greatly loved and respected by him.





*James Jackson.*

DR. JAMES JACKSON

1777-1867



At this time Cousin Frank and Cousin Sarah Jackson and their little children, Jim and Lily (Cousin Lily Winsor), were living at Westport, N. Y., where Cousin Frank was in charge of the Ironworks.

"Lizzie," so often mentioned, is Cousin Lizzie Putnam, whose happy, dauntless, active-for-good nature seems to have been pronounced in her as a child, and the spirit and true style which during all her life we admired in Lily Winsor shone out in her clearly when she was but six years old.

In the letter of December 13, 1846, "Lydia" is Cousin Lydia Storrow, whose husband, Cousin Charles Storrow, a distinguished engineer, was taking great part in the building of the town of Lawrence.

In November, 1848, Uncle Frank and Aunt Sarah Lee, just married, were living at Stonysides, still lived in and loved by their family to the third generation, and still as open-heartedly hospitable as ever.]

December 5, 1843.

. . . You ask about our Thanksgiving Day. Dr. Putnam and family were at his father's. The rest were here, all who were in town, except one grandchild. It was for dinner; all were gone at dark. We had a pleasant day; the children enjoyed it very much, though they would have had much more fun and frolic if little Lizzie Putnam had been among them. She is always gay and has a good deal of invention, and she makes the others happy while she enjoys herself very much. You ask about Frank's boy. He is undoubtedly a vigorous, active, sensitive and healthy boy. It might delight you, it does me, to hear his father talk of him, because it shows how strongly he loves him and how much happiness he gives him, and this makes a man better. Fathers need the good which children do them even more than mothers. . . .

Boston, December 27, 1843.

. . . My Christmas did not pass as you anticipated. My wife was sick on Sunday and Monday, so that we had not any company. We should have had those of my children who were disengaged with my three oldest grandchildren, except Lizzie. We hope to have the celebration during the holidays, but the weather is unpropitious, for we wish to wait until Lizzie is well enough, and the want of fair weather prevents her getting into the air to get strength. She is however doing well and is as busy as a bee. She is always the most industrious of creatures, playing merrily, reading intently or working earnestly. She tires herself, but what are we made for but to work until we are tired? It is vain to wish she were stronger. Our business is to cultivate in her the habit which gives strength.

Boston, August 12, 1844.

. . . I am exceedingly pleased that you liked to see my dear little Lizzie, and that she likes to see you. She has a deal in her as I think, a spring flowing up all the time, sometimes spattering you, but it has so much vivacity, such pleasant bubbling, that you do not mind the spattering, at least her grandfather does not. . . .

Boston, October 10, 1845.

. . . Frank with his wife and children left us last week, and we have heard of their safe arrival at home almost without fatigue, which is better than we hoped for from such little travellers. . . . Though these little chicks were noisy, I feel the loss of them, especially of the little Lily, who was a great pet with me. She has certainly the most extraordinary quickness and activity of mind, and withal a fun-loving disposition which was a constant source of amusement. She enjoyed her own coquetry in a high degree. It is certainly true, that I enjoy more than any-

thing else, the society of my grandchildren, and I was going to say of the youngest of them. But this is not true, for the oldest is yet the nearest to my heart, and probably always will be. She is old enough to have a feeling of friendship toward me, and I have the same toward her in addition to what I feel to the others. . . .

July 6, 1846.

If you come through Lake Champlain in the daytime, I hope you will see my son Frank's place. It is at Westport, about two or three hours' sail on this side of Burlington. You probably will stop in the village of Westport, which is in a bay; and on the north of the bay you see his furnace, a large stone building down on the lake, while on the bank above you see his neat row of houses for the operatives, and above them his own house. As the ground rises gently from the bluff on the lake, and as there are many trees interspersed among the houses, you have a pretty, quiet scene exhibited.

Boston, December 13, 1846.

. . . The last week I have spent two days in making a visit to my daughter Lydia, and the other days were crowded in consequence of that. I must tell you that I had a most pleasant visit. Mr. Storrow is building a little city, and it is gratifying to see the care with which he lays the foundation, so far as in him lies, for the moral as well as for the physical welfare of its future inhabitants. . . . [The "little city" is Lawrence.]

November 1, 1848.

. . . For myself and my wife we are as well as any couple have a right to expect, averaging, as we do, three-score and ten. We had a very pleasant journey to Frank's this autumn, enjoyed the gorgeous beauties of the Vermont mountains in their bright red, yellow and russet

attire, and found everything very comfortable at Westport. F.'s wife and two children were in excellent health and very happy. His affairs are going as well as anybody's in these hard times. We saw there my new niece, Mrs. Frank Lee, who was an old acquaintance, and whom we had just been seeing on their visit here. But she is always fresh. I cannot succeed in telling you what she is, but I am sure you would see in her much that is very pleasing, for everybody does. I used to say she had some of the characteristics of Di Vernon; but I gave an idea to some persons that there was something masculine about her. It is not so. She is feminine entirely, though she can draw on her boots to ride through the deep mud of her country, and she can go out alone on the lake in her boat. It is a singular good fortune that my children have her and her sister, Mrs. Hunter, and Mr. Hunter for their neighbours. They are all three extremely sensible and agreeable people. . . .

Boston, July 1, 1860.

My latest sorrow was in the loss of my dear sister, Mrs. Henry Lee,—the youngest of my father's nine children, all of whom lived to the adult age. I only now survive. My sister was, to a day, six years younger than myself. She lived loving and beloved,—always contributing to the happiness of the circle of friends to which she belonged. I have not murmured. I have thanked God that she was permitted to enjoy life so long, and then was removed with so little suffering. I could relate other sorrows,—but I could tell vastly more blessings which have occurred since I passed the end of my threescore and ten. Since then I have had labors too. But they have not been heavy, nor severe. I have gone on with professional business, though with slower steps than in my youth. But I have found my happiness in this busi-

ness, and I pray that I may not be compelled to relinquish it altogether till the last days of my life. It causes me some anxious hours—even days—but most of my days are made happy by it. It may seem strange to you—but my profession is perhaps the most happy of any to one who loves it. The intercourse with the sick is most cheering—in many more hours it is so than those in which it is painful. The intercourse with the sick elicits feeling all the time, and when everything is placed on the basis of truth, when one can talk plainly with those who are wasting away, even under pain, there is often an amount of pleasing intercourse greater than you can imagine. In such hours human nature sometimes shines out in the most beautiful colors.

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—And last, not least, in each perplexing case,  
Learn the sweet magic of a *cheerful face*;  
Not always smiling, but at least serene,  
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene.  
Each look, each movement, every word and tone,  
Should tell your patient you are all his own;  
Not the mere artist, purchased to attend,  
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,  
Whose genial visit in itself combines  
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.  
Such is the visit that from day to day  
Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.  
I give his health, who never cared to claim  
Her babbling homage from the tongue of Fame;  
Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confest,  
The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.

From *The Morning Visit*, by O. W. Holmes.



## IV

### ABOUT THE LETTERS

It is hard to say whether later generations have any right to read the letters, which, more or less by chance, have drifted down to them, yet there seems an injustice in leaving the great-grandchildren of Henry and Mary Lee unaware of their character, of the happiness of their married life of more than fifty years, of their fortitude in anxious times, and of their faith in God.

Doubting much whether any part of the letters should be read, I was very thankful to come upon this memorandum of my Grandmother's, written in 1830.

"Boston, 3rd May, 1830.

"I have often felt that I ought to destroy the immense quantity of letters which passed between my husband and myself during his long absence, when our minds were frequently in such a state of depression that our letters could have no interest after that period, to any third person—but when thinking of doing so, the recollection of the delight these letters afforded each of us at the moment when they were received, makes me very reluctant to do it without looking over them, and this is a labour that I have neither time nor eyes to perform.

"Still I keep them, thinking the time may come, and as I can recollect nothing that would be very bad for my children to read (though I should by no means want them to go over so much ground for the little instruction they would glean), I venture to leave them to Mary's discretion or any other person into whose hands they may fall."

This passage gives one a half permission, at least, to put portions of the letters and Journal which remain before the eyes of the younger generation. Only detached

passages can be given, for in letters between husband and wife much is for themselves alone and must be held sacred.

Henry Lee was a shy and reticent man. His love for his wife and dependence on her were a part of his life. His letters were written for her alone, and it seems almost a desecration to put any part of them before other eyes. Most of their tender expression of devotion and love and of the longing to be at home must be left un-repeated in the pages of the old letters, but a few loving sentences are kept as part of the portrait of my Grandfather; in the same way are retained some passages which show my Grandmother's deep feeling for her husband. When my Grandmother entirely declined to burn her husband's letters from India, he asked her to strike out any expressions which seemed to her too strong, or which he ought not to have written, probably in reference to the War of 1812 and President Madison's Administration. This I have once or twice done, as by Grandfather's desire, but no omission of an adjective here or there leaves one in doubt of his vigorously held and vigorously expressed opinion.

A few of my Grandmother's letters, written to a near friend before her marriage, and others written during the first year and a half of her married life, 1810-1811, to her sister Hannah are given.

Then follow portions of the long letters written by Henry Lee while he was in Calcutta during the War of 1812 and until 1816; also some passages from the Journal faithfully kept for him at home by his wife, Mary Lee, while at the same time she was writing him letters which went to India by every opportunity: some by way of England, some by Portugal, and some by South America. None of the letters written to my Grandfather in India remain, but the Journal at home keeps pace with them.

The docketing by my Grandmother of the letters from Calcutta bears touching witness to the patience and fortitude needed and shown in the long waiting for news, made longer by the Embargo and the War. At best the letters were from six to seven months on the way: some were received ten or more months from the date of writing; some, after more than a year.

Such passages as the following occur again and again:

28th October, 1813. I have just got a short letter, dated 4th February, sent via England. God only knows, my husband, how much I prize these constant proofs of your affectionate solicitude to lessen my anxiety, and to afford the best consolation I can have.

Sunday evening, 12th December, 1813. On Thursday, 9th Inst., I received your No. 12. Its date was down to the 16th of March, 1813, nine days later than I have before received. My dear husband, you but too well know the value of even so old a letter.

My Grandmother seems to have persuaded herself that she was of a cold and sluggish disposition, and more than once speaks of herself as "oyster-like." "You know that I never suffer exquisitely." "Believe me, I have not a sensibility sufficiently strong ever to endanger my health." Yet every word and every line of her Journal tell of her loving nature, apprehensive at times, and self-distrustful. The pain of the indefinitely long parting, the slow, uncertain communication, her constant anxiety about her husband's health, speak in letter after letter.

That it was no fanciful anxiety is shown by earnest inquiries about him in their letters from Uncle Patrick, Uncle James, and others of the family. "Seriously, I wish you to say how Hal is. I find he has been sick, but he does not say how bad," and other like inquiries. The tendency to consumption vanished later, and in the latter

part of his life he was a strong man, but there was genuine ground for anxiety during these earlier years.

Anxiety at home had to be kept in the background during these long waiting-periods, and Grandfather, in India, had also long to wait for news from home of wife and child, and of the many kinsfolk, chiefly the Jackson kinsfolk, the *clan*, as they called themselves in their letters. There were fewer Lee relatives to hear from. The Cabots were part of both families, Lee and Jackson.

All of Grandfather's Indian letters are written on double sheets of a paper fine in texture, yet so firm and indestructible that it can be folded and unfolded without injury. Not a page is torn. The delicate line of gold on the edge of the paper is bright and burnished as a hundred years ago. Grandfather's writing at that time had a distinction which always characterized it, even though in later years it was very hard to read.

Grandmother's Journal (of which we have only a part) was also written on double sheets of uniform size. Each page contains about 500 words, so clearly and beautifully written that scarcely a word is hard to read, and not one is illegible. Her hand-writing is admirable: the gentlewoman's writing of that day, and both Aunt Lizzie's and my Mother's bore a strong likeness to it.

No one who had the privilege of reading the Journal and the letters in their due sequence could fail to be struck by their really beautiful literary form. There is discrimination and fitness in the placing of each word, and a wide vocabulary; her reading, too, carried on in the midst of many family cares, is the serious, well-chosen reading of Miss Edgeworth's day, appreciated and enjoyed.<sup>1</sup> No reproduction can give their interest and

<sup>1</sup> [In the early 19th Century] there was no large half-educated class, and therefore the intellectual and literary standard of our ancestors was in some respects higher than our own. Though comparatively little was read, most of what was read was of

charm, nor the directness and simplicity of expression which makes one for the moment contemporary with them.

In reading the old letters the picture becomes vivid of the small, old town, with its many dignified, handsome houses—with gardens, and fruit trees. It was truly a seaport in those days, and felt its nearness to the harbor and the ships, and to the countries to which the ships sailed.<sup>2</sup> The winds seem to blow through Grandmother's letters, as she anxiously listens to them, and thinks of the ships off the coast. "I must, however, wait with patience, and pray for east winds to blow in the vessels which are, I hope, hovering round our coast, and will be richly laden."

"I hasten to finish this. The wind is blowing fresh at the west, and will, I think, carry out some vessels, whose [mail] bags were to close yesterday, but I hope to get this on board."

During Grandfather's long absence, all the family evidently tried to shield Grandmother from loneliness, and as far as they could, from anxiety. By Grandfather's family, and his Higginson and Cabot kindred, she was much beloved, and her own Jackson family—the *clan*—were deeply affectionate, and cared much for each other's companionship.

value. The later-day flood of newspapers, magazines, and in-different novels had not yet come to submerge literature and provide substitutes for thought and taste. The modern as well as the ancient classics held a much greater place in the national consciousness than today. Shakespeare and Milton were familiar to almost all who could read and write.—G. M. TREVELYAN.

<sup>2</sup> Even in the Boston of the fifties and sixties, with the East India and China trade still extending the life of New England round the world, the names of the old captains were still on people's lips: Sturgis, Forbes, Heard, Dumaresq, Bacon, Israel Whitney,—the names of the ports they sailed to, Bombay, Calcutta, Canton, Hongkong, Manila, more familiar in our ears than New Orleans or San Francisco.

## V

### EARLY LETTERS, 1802-1811

The Persons mentioned in the early letters and in the letters to and from India are Henry Lee's father, *Joseph Lee* (1744-1831), and his stepmother, *Deborah (Higginson) Cabot* (1754-1820), of whom both my grandfather and grandmother speak with much affection as "my mother": they were living at No. 3 Bumstead Place, a court with houses only on the north side, leading from Tremont Street between "Bromfield Lane" and Hamilton Place. *Joseph, George, Tom, and Frank Lee* are my grandfather's brothers, *Elizabeth, Amelia, and Nancy Lee* his sisters: *John Lee* (1804-1877), his nephew, son of his brother Nathaniel.

Mary Lee's brothers and sisters are *Frank and Hannah* (Mr. and Mrs. Francis C. Lowell); *Charles and Fanny* (Judge Jackson and Mrs. Jackson), then living at 4 Hamilton Place; *James and Betsey* (Doctor and Mrs. James Jackson), who were living at 26 Summer Street; *Pat and Lydia* (Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Tracy Jackson), a little later living on Winter Street; *Harriet*, the unmarried sister, important to all the family and devotedly attached to them, while reserving the right to criticize when she thought criticism called for. *Sally Gardner* is her niece, the daughter of an elder sister.

*Uncle Cabot*, I cannot absolutely identify but believe him to be George Cabot, brother of Elizabeth (Cabot) Lee, first wife of Joseph Lee. *Andrew Cabot* is a first cousin of Henry Lee and brother of *Nancy Cabot*, of *Elizabeth* and *Sally Cabot* (the first and second Mrs. James Jackson), and of *Lydia Cabot*, wife of Patrick Tracy Jackson.



*The Bromfield family* were greatly respected in Newburyport. My grandmother always speaks of "Aunt Bromfield" with love and reverence, while her daughter Ann (*Nancy*), later *Mrs. Thomas Tracy* of Newburyport, was a lifelong friend. Her son, *John Bromfield* (1779-1849), is gratefully remembered as an early benefactor of the Boston Athenæum.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Bromfield's unusually fine character is spoken of in contemporary memoirs. My grandfather says of her, "She was one of the most admirable women of her time, beloved and venerated by all."

The *Searles* were a well-known Newburyport family, of whom *Mrs. Curson* (*Peggy Searle*) and her sisters, *Catherine*, *Lucy* and *Fanny Searle*, intellectual and cultivated ladies, were intimate and lifelong friends of my grandmother's. They lived in a charming old house at Artichoke Mills, on the Artichoke River, a stream flowing into the Merrimac, where Miss Mary Curson was living until very lately, surrounded by fine Blackburn portraits and cherished old furniture.

Through the intimate friendship of Judge Lowell and Jonathan Jackson their two families, living next door to each other on the pleasant High Street of Newburyport for many years, had grown up in affectionate intimacy.

<sup>1</sup> John Bromfield, merchant, 1779-1849, went as factor for Mr. Theodore Lyman, Sr., to Canton in 1809. "During his residence there he received repeated and valuable consignments of property from Henry Lee, Esq., either on his own account, or from persons for whose confidence he was indebted to Mr. Lee.

"In November, 1810, he wrote, 'I am deeply indebted to Henry Lee for unremitting marks of friendship, and for seconding my interest on every occasion.'"—Quincy's *History of the Boston Athenæum*.

The name of Bromfield is still familiar to us in Bromfield Street, and in the name of our dear cousin, Henry Bromfield Cabot.



*Nancy*, or "our dear Nancy," was *Anna Cabot Lowell* (1768-1810), the oldest daughter of Judge Lowell, much loved and much esteemed in the family for her literary interests and powers.

Mary Jackson, writing to Eliza Lowell in 1803, says, "Nancy, I think, my dear, is as perfect a being as I ever knew." She was a charming writer of letters.

*Hon. John Lowell*, 1769-1840, of Bromley Vale, Roxbury, was the oldest son of Judge Lowell. He was a staunch Federalist, and writer of many political pamphlets; interested in horticulture, and first President of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society.

*Sarah Champney Lowell*, 1771-1851, is referred to as Sally.

*Francis Cabot Lowell*, 1775-1817, son of Judge Lowell and his second wife, Susanna Cabot of Beverly, was married in 1798 to Mary Jackson's oldest sister, Hannah. "From then on he was the trusted adviser of the Jackson family."

*Susanna Cabot Lowell*, 1776-1816, became the wife of the Hon. Benjamin Gorham.

*Eliza Cutts Lowell*, 1783-1864, born in the same year with Mary Jackson, was her affectionate and lifelong friend. She was married to Mr. Warren Dutton in June, 1806, and was always known in my Grandmother's family as Aunt Dutton.

*Rebecca Lowell*, 1779-1853, became the wife of Mr. Samuel Pickering Gardner. The family for many years lived in a fine old house, which, with its garden, occupied the ground on Summer Street where C. F. Hovey's shop was for so long. The building still bears the initials S. P. G. on its granite front, opposite Hawley Street.

After the death of Judge Lowell, 6 May, 1802, Mary Jackson writes to Eliza Lowell:

"My dear, most warmly have I sympathized with you in the loss of this invaluable parent—next to my own father came yours in my heart. Although we are reputed to be only relatives by adoption, I cannot but think sometimes that there was some mistake and that our fathers were really related—at any rate their hearts were as firmly united as any brothers ever were, and I hope the same constancy will descend to their children."

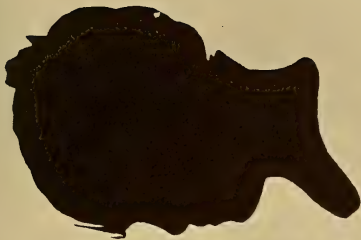
These were the great days of Essex County, when Newburyport, Salem, and Beverly stood for much socially and commercially in our little world. There were many visits between these towns, and Boston, Charlestown, and Roxbury.

The following letters to Eliza Lowell were written when Mary Jackson was staying in Newburyport, at "Aunt Bromfield's," and in Beverly, at "Uncle Lee's," both titles being terms of affection rather than of relationship so far as I know.

In the letter written from "Uncle Lee's at Beverly" in 1806 is the only picture we have of the household of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lee—Captain Joseph Lee, his second wife, Deborah (Higginson) Cabot, much beloved by his children, and his third daughter, Nancy. The oldest daughter, Elizabeth, spoken of by Grandmother in earlier letters as Betsey, had died in 1804.

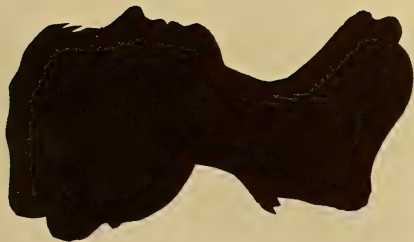
Amelia, the second daughter, was already the wife of Charles Jackson, Mary Jackson's brother, and their little daughter, Elizabeth Lee, was five years old. In 1808 the young mother and the little Elizabeth had both died.

Nancy Lee, the third daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Lee, a year and a half older than her brother Henry, was evidently Mary Jackson's special friend in



*Mary Jackson*

(Mrs. Henry Lee)  
1783-1860



*Harriet Jackson*

(Harriet Jackson)  
1782-1849



the family, and her silhouette portrait is still in three of the family households.

*Mary Jackson to Eliza Lowell*

Newburyport . . . 1804.

"An unexpected pleasure is always more gratefully received than one we have been long hoping for. Of course, my dear girl, your letter afforded me very great delight—when you left the door you gave me so very little encouragement that I cannot say I indulged a hope that you would prevail upon yourself to make the exertion—I think, however, you would be fully repaid did you know how great the gratification was to your friend. I give you full credit, my dear, I assure you, for your perseverance and wish you could impart a little of it to me, for I think I shall want more than belongs to me to get down even one page this morning. You will not be astonished at this when I tell you that not only Susan and Nancy are now here, but that we are every moment expecting the arrival of *all* the most agreeable beaux in town—it is our *levée* morning—such expectations you know whether realized or not *ought* to agitate one too much to be able to pen a sentimental epistle to a fair friend.

I believe I must adopt the method to which I am most accustomed as the most expeditious, although I must confess it to be the most inelegant, and in a plain matter of fact style rehearse to you the adventures of the last evening which was passed very happily by me (if you can imagine it possible) in an assembly room. You may with the more readiness believe the assertion when I tell you who were my party. Ann Bromfield let me put first, and from the beginning you may be inclined to think it was tolerably pleasant. My friends C. and Fanny Searle escorted by Putnam and myself formed

in my opinion a very delightful party. Nancy had a most tremendous nose cold, otherwise we were all in good spirits and quite in the humor for dancing. I confess that was increased when I saw Pickering,<sup>1</sup> the always pleasant and delightful Pickering, enter the room, and thought it possible, as he could not have many friends in the room, that I might claim some small share of his attention. Tappan, who Susan may possibly mention to you she thinks *tolerably* pleasant, was there. He does not dance but performed his duty in entertaining those ladies that sit still with great pleasantry and address. We, that is to say, Tappan, Fanny, and myself, proposed writing you as we were sitting quite by ourselves in the drawing-room. He said he would be scribe if I would indite—he wished me to be particularly sentimental, as that was a fine place for a thing of the kind. I don't know that you have ever known him at all—if you have not you have a pleasure to come; he is a very pleasant fellow—has not the advantage of beauty of form but a delightful expression of face. I never saw him till since I have been here, but for the last week he has been our constant companion and we have all resigned our hearts—I am every moment expecting him to make his appearance. When he does, my dear, I shall very *laconically* (a Johnsonian word) say adieu.

But Tappan has taken up too much of my time and paper. I have not yet told you that Mr. Putnam, in course, took me up for the second voluntary. I had before danced with Pickering. Captain Stocker, one of the managers, paid the compliment due to strangers to both N. and my fair self by hurrying down a dance with each of us. The Tutor was a beau for our party when

<sup>1</sup> Undoubtedly Mr. John Pickering, son of Col. Timothy Pickering—intimate friend of James Jackson, Mary Jackson's brother. Cousin John Lee grew up in his kinsman Mr. Pickering's household.

he could leave Miss Sawyer,<sup>1</sup> to whom he was *quite attentive*, mind you, not *particularly* so—I beg not to be instrumental in raising any more reports about Miss Sawyer, as I find the one we thought so very well authenticated when you were here, she has declared to me is entirely without foundation.

Do not, my dear, let this poor return for your letter prevent you from writing me again. I expect to be home in the course of the next week, but on Monday I shall earnestly hope for a letter and beg you to return good for evil.—Our beaux arrive and I must conclude with my good wishes for your health and happiness: if Miss Vaughan is still with you give my remembrances to her. You hope Susan has written me, you say. I have been in daily hope of the same thing but presume her time and thoughts have been entirely occupied by Mrs. Perkins' illness. I still have a hope that I may hear from her before I see her. Again adieu.

Your friend Mary.

Uncle Lee's, Beverly, 10th April, 1806.

Day after day have I delayed writing, my dear Eliza, because I have not had the firmness to resist Nancy's entreaties *not* to write at this moment or the next, and this having been (as I have suspected) combined with ridicule for my scribbling humor, it has repeatedly vanquished me when I really wanted to write. There seems to be a sort of incivility when keeping with a friend to devote many hours to this pleasing employment. . . . Now I *have* seated myself, upon what subject shall I entertain you? Shall I give you an account of the state of society in Beverly? or shall I tell you what is to *me*,

<sup>1</sup> Probably Miss Hannah Farnham Sawyer, 1780-1865, married in 1807 to Lieut. George Gardner Lee, first cousin of our grandfather Henry Lee. Her sister Mary Anna married Philip J. Schuyler of Rhinebeck, N. Y., and was the mother of the Hon. George Lee Schuyler.



and I shall presume to you, much more interesting, of myself and of my own conduct—this is, I presume, the darling theme of all letter-writing nymphs . . . the week which I have passed here has been very happy—the family in which I am is, as you know, the very model of *regularity*, and irregular as your poor friend appears in all her habits, she still has taste enough to *love* regularity and to wish she could be so, too—not to get so bigoted to any particular mode of life as to be made miserable by any variation, but to have sufficient stability to do one day what she did the preceding one—this is the plan upon which I mean to proceed when I am *married*, Eliza, and I will recommend it to you as the surest guide to become a good wife and an economist. . . . Establish, however, I beseech you, better habits than Nancy and myself have: do not, for instance, make it a *rule not to rise till nine*, or near it, for it is neither conducive to health or, upon the whole, to enjoyment. Neither would I advise you to waste so much time as we usually do after we have breakfasted, but sit down immediately to your work, as is the habit of my excellent hostess, or attend to your household concerns. . . .

I will proceed to tell you with how much pleasure I am perusing a work which I am now more than ever astonished that I have so long neglected—viz., Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Do you recollect when it first came out your having it in Roxbury, and our all assembling for two or three mornings in Nancy's<sup>1</sup> chamber to read it?—but, as girls almost always do in such cases, talked more than we read, and, of course, did not proceed very rapidly. I afterwards had it from Mr. Higginson, but was obliged to give it up to some one else when I had not got through the first volume. . . .

My love to Hannah, and to the children kisses from  
their Aunt Mary.

<sup>1</sup> This was Nancy Lowell.

On the 16th of June, 1809, Mary Jackson was married to Henry Lee. Their first home in Boston was on Bowdoin Street.

In 1810-12 Grandmother's sister Hannah and her husband (Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cabot Lowell), and their children (John, Susan, Francis, and Edward), and her sister, Harriet Jackson, were in England and Scotland. For quite a long period the two older children were placed in Edinburgh under the care of Mrs. Mary Grant, usually spoken of as Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Mr. Lowell's older sister Nancy was a friend and correspondent of Mrs. Grant's, although they never met, and on 19 June, 1810, Miss Lowell writes to Mrs. Grant: "My 2nd brother with his wife and children and a sister of Mrs. L. are about to embark for E-pe. Various motives induce them to travel at this time—the health of Mrs. L. whh. has for some years been delicate; the hope of giving to their children some advantages in education, superior to those in their own country, and the pleasure and improvement they anticipate from seeing other countries, have all their influence. . . . You will find Mrs. L. so lovely in her character, you will discover in her so much good sense, so much delicacy of sentiment, so much sweetness of temper and piety of heart, that when you have penetrated the veil whh. humility and modesty may draw over her excellence in the presence of a stranger, I am sure you will become interested in giving her your aid in forming a plan for her children while she resides among you."

*Mary Lee to her sisters, Hannah Lowell and  
Harriet Jackson*

Boston, July 10-11, 1810.

Dear Hannah:

I hope we shall succeed in letting you have letters by every vessel. I do not seem so much in the humor of

writing as I expected to, or rather, I may say, not being able to write as I think satisfactorily, I allow trifles to prevent my doing it at all. This, I feel, is not right, and I shall not allow it to influence me. . . . Charles and his wife are well. I was out there yesterday, and thought Fanny never looked so well; their place really appears quite pleasantly, and the country life, as far as I can judge from a trial of ten days, suits better than they expected. When there is any probability of a change in their situation, you shall know it. . . . Nancy Lowell has gone to Newburyport to make her long talked of visit. She is well, and has had fine weather. Nancy Bromfield is quite well. I have desired her to write by this opportunity. Caty Searle is with me. She, too, will write Harriet, I hope, though she thinks it would be foolish for her to write to Europe. This whim seems to infest the brains of most of Harriet's female friends, so that I fear, unless some of the beaux take compassion on her, she will be confined to me for a correspondent. (Well, dear Harriet, I will be as good as I can, but the baby cries, and I must run up-stairs so often that it is difficult.) . . . I shall depend very much upon your husband's writing me, and shall certainly answer him. The children, too, will, I hope, write. Sue promised it, and will, of course. The bright moon of this week, you must have enjoyed highly. I have pictured to myself your little group, and always think of your husband satisfying John's<sup>1</sup> inquisitive mind by explaining to him the motions of the heavenly bodies, etc., etc. These few weeks of constant attention from his father may be of infinite service to him. My husband is well, and, though not given to making professions, would give his warmest love to you all, were he here. You must receive it, my dear friends, with that of your sister

M. Lee.

<sup>1</sup> Later, the founder of the Lowell Lectures.



*F. Jackson*

(Mrs. Francis C. Lowell)  
1776-1815



*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

Boston, 11th August, 1810.

I cannot let Aunt Higginson go without one line to my dear Hannah. There have been a thousand things I have wanted to say to you; there have been a thousand pleasures in which I wished you to participate since I wrote you. . . . When I returned from Susan Gorham's last Saturday, after drinking tea with her, I wanted to tell you how glad I was that my husband had conquered his feelings of embarrassment sufficiently to go there. It was evidently a great gratification to her, not so much, perhaps, from the value of our society, as from having gained an object which she had taken much pains to. I often smile at the value attached to anything which is rare, and tell my husband that his whims make his society much more courted than any agreeable qualities he may chance to possess. We have been, too, to Becca Gardner's this week, and have had our baby christened; thus, you see, we advance. . . . Good-bye, my dear sister. This will, I hope, find you settled in Edinburgh, improved in health, dispensing and conferring pleasure on a small circle, who you will, I hope, be enabled to call friends. My love to your husband and kisses to the children, in all of which, Mr. Lee cordially joins. Yours with the greatest affection

M. Lee.

[The following letter is to Aunt Hannah Lowell to tell her of the happy engagement of Patrick Jackson, brother of these three sisters, to Lydia Cabot.]

Boston, August 13, 1810.

I find, my dear Hannah, that I must be a little in the background in communicating the information of the absolute coalition of the families of Cabot and Jackson.

Pat tells me that he wrote four lines yesterday morning, and I cannot doubt what those four lines were. Charles, too, I find was in the secret before he wrote, therefore I must be contented to be thought very dull that I could not ascertain with positiveness to assert that it certainly *would* be so if I could not say that it *was*. In excuse for my seeming want of penetration, I must tell you that Pat has taken the liberty which the lords, you know, think they have a right to, of trifling so long that I sometimes feared his intentions could not be serious. Now it has thus terminated, I suppose he may be forgiven; indeed, I believe he has not excited the anger of others so much as he has mine. The fair one has behaved with uncommon propriety and has discovered more force of character than I thought her possessed of. Indeed, I think, my dear sister, we may be quite satisfied with this addition to our family. She has qualities which will be more durable and useful than more shining ones might be, and by what I can learn from the girls fully understands the character with which she has to assimilate—this is a very important circumstance in favour of their future happiness; for his good qualities are not of a kind which impose themselves upon you; they are concealed behind a multitude of real and affected failings and a woman should know how to humour these in order to draw forth the others. Pat employed himself yesterday in going round to give information of the important conclusion to this important affair to his most particular friends—the world may discover it when they please. He will have to bear the unmerciful raillery of the bachelors. Tom [Lee] is determined to open his whole artillery against him. In talking of it with the girls last night, he said he had never any doubt Pat would be married, for he believed if a man only put on a *Jackson coat* he would not escape the



bands of Hymen—that they were all meant for husbands, and for good ones—and good wives, too, Mr. Lowell I think *you* say.

I am writing this to send by the first vessel from New York, or this place, as we feel desirous that no vessel should go without a line, and there will doubtless be many escape us.

We are all well—all happy—all prosperous, and I hope all grateful. I think I have improved more in that for the last year than in anything, and I do not now quite despair of carrying about with me as cheerful a face as you, even when my circumstances are quite adverse. I have always many more blessings than I feel that I deserve, tho' sometimes the cup seems low. . . .

I have passed a most delightful day in tending my child; she has been unusually pleasant, and I have enjoyed the true comfort of a *little* baby. The close of the day is not so pleasant. My husband is at Nahant. These temporary separations are very salutary, but they make me think with horror of the long one I feared this summer. You know not how much I dreaded it and what a struggle it was with me to give my consent. I was spared then, but I have the terror continually of its becoming at some future period necessary. My dear Sisters, I cannot tell you how continually you are brought to my recollection. I scarcely look from my window without seeing something that recalls you to mind—some one who resembles you—some one who has lived with you, etc., and as for the children, I see them daily in the persons of the little boys around us. My dear brother Lowell I cannot find any one to remind me of; he lives only in my mind's eye, but he need not fear he shall soon be blotted from that.

From you all I shall expect long and minute accounts of all you see, do and feel. In one month from this

date I shall most anxiously expect letters. I have given you, my dear Harriet, various commissions, without supplying you with any funds; this was rather a foolish thing, but my husband and Pat will, I suppose, make the proper arrangements to have you remunerated. Shoes, I hope you will get me, tho' I found you took no measure; those which are tight for you or loose for Hannah will answer for me.

You must put a little literary information into your letters to me that I may not be quite distanced by the *belles-lettres* world, as one interested only in shoes, head-dresses, etc., but if you can say but one thing, let that be of yourselves. My husband remembers you with the warmest interest, tho' I cannot prevail upon him to tell you so himself. You must accept his love united with that of your sister M.

*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

September 18th, 1810.

. . . I have read Walter Scott's last poem with much pleasure; from his writings and the character Mrs. Grant gives of him, I feel a strong desire to see him. She represents him as having nothing of the poet in his manners and therefore perchance he might speak to one who has no literary taste or talent; but I feel myself so much better suited to the cares of a family, etc., etc., than to anything else, that I do not sigh with envy when I think of your advantages. I can never much enjoy society when I feel myself *so little*, as I should in that which you probably frequent; a ridiculous pride, perhaps, and I sometimes fear, a dangerous one, as it may preclude the possibility of improvement, while it keeps me in society where exertion is unnecessary; but as there must be some good sort of people in the world, perhaps I may as well be one of that number.

*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

Boston, 25th September, 1810.

Your letter, written after your arrival in Edinburgh, received this day, dear Hannah, gives me great pleasure as it convinces me that at least the two first days' ride were pleasant and salutary to you—you say you are sorry you mentioned Harriet's slight indisposition—I beg you not to feel so, for it is the only way to gain our confidence to have your letters bear the strong marks of *truth*, and to mention these little difficulties will make us feel more at ease. We know that some clouds must sometimes obscure your sunshine, and even if they are flying ones had rather know when they are passing. . . .

I flatter myself that my letters will be among the first, if not the very first, you receive, which will of course *entitle* me to early letters from you. I promise Mr. Lowell I will be very patient now I have heard of you safe in Edinburgh. I do hope your husband will write me: the first time I write a whole letter either to you or Harriet that I am satisfied with I shall feel encouraged to write him, but at present I feel myself so deficient in all the requisites for a good letter-writer that I cannot persuade myself to intrude upon any one that is not *really* my brother or sister. I shall be sadly disappointed not to receive letters from him.

I suppose some one has told you of the appointment of James<sup>1</sup> to the Clinical Professorship.

. . . I enclose a letter wh. your mother sent me, with a most affectionate note to myself. I believe they think Mr. Lee can get letters across the Atlantic quicker than any one, but after all we are 3,000 miles distant from each other—this I very forcibly feel at times, and might

<sup>1</sup> Her brother, Dr. James Jackson, in August, 1810, elected first professor of Clinical Medicine in Harvard University.

often dwell upon it with gloom; but if ever inclined to indulge this the baby either laughs or cries, which recalls my whole attention to her. I wish I could send her to you for a few hours, that you might see what a *proper* child she is. . . . She thrives, all the wise folk tell me, quite fast enough, and is, I can assure you, a plump, pretty, little thing. Unfortunately for her she has inherited from father or mother—you must determine which—so much natural bashfulness that she will not accept the advances of any one of her friends more remote than her parents and nurse. But a truce with egotism, for the present. . . . Kiss all the children most affectionately for me, and do not let them forget me. Goodnight, my dear sister, continue to set a good example to your

M. Lee.

*Mary Lee to Francis and Hannah Lowell*

Boston, 8th October, 1810.

Thank you, my dear brother and sister, for your charming letter: it was perhaps productive of more pleasure because undeserved from you, dear Frank—upon Hannah I think I have strong claims—you would be amused to see the spirit excited in Fanny because her husband has not yet a letter—She says Mr. Lowell *pretends* to love Charles better than any one, but she does not think he gives much proof of it—She too *hopes* for a letter though she acknowledges she has no claims. I have exhausted all my powers of eloquence in persuading this Cabot faction to write Hannah, but in vain: their false modesty prevents. I cannot say very much to encourage them for I never found it so difficult to write as I do now. . . . Thank you for your good advice to my husband. I wish you would enforce it in a letter to himself: he does work too hard—I do not mean bodily labour. I wish I could urge your *example* in favour of your precept,

but perhaps your past experience will enable you to speak more to the purpose than you could if you had not yourself been guilty of the like mistake. . . . Joseph thanks you for your recollection—he insists upon it the time will come when even *I* shall not write more than once in six months, and he shall then write you—he chooses to wait till some value can be attached to his letters independent of their real merit. . . . Tom has continued in the country till this late season, with unheard of firmness, occasionally regaling himself with a night or two in town at his father's. [Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lee were then, and for ten years more, living at No. 3 Bumstead Place.] They are as well as usual: My mother is now anxious about Aunt Cabot and Charles,<sup>1</sup> which always makes her a little sick you know—they have neither of them been quite as well lately as when I last mentioned them. . . . Thank you, dear Hannah, for the little cap; its being your gift will attach great value to it, I can assure you. I wish you could see our poppet at this moment before she begins to be troubled with her teeth, for tho' I have seen and felt them for some time they do not yet trouble her: when I say she has improved in beauty you must remember what she was, and will not expect to see her the belle of Boston: she is wonderfully like Aunt Harriet in her form and manner of carrying her head, etc.—already can stand for a moment or two on the corner of the sofa. Aunt Tracy has this moment left me, and we have had some interesting conversation about years past; she is remarkably well and handsome, and desires her affectionate recollections to you all. . . . I wish you would talk as exclusively of yourselves and of the things around you as I do. I am delighted that you so much admire Mrs. Grant, and think that your intimate acquaintance will enable you soon to give us a very correct idea of her and Mary. . . . Catherine Tracy

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the Hon. George Cabot and her son.

has just commenced a visit to me, and I must no longer violate the laws of politeness and hospitality by writing. I must add that we passed two evenings with Aunt Bromfield very pleasantly when in Newburyport. . . . All your Newburyport friends as well as here express great interest in you and send a deal of love which I cannot pretend to give. Let us know when to direct to London. Kiss all the dear children and do not let them forget your affectionate sister

M. Lee.

*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

Boston, 19th November, 1810.

. . . But I will not dwell upon your letters, and by so doing, fill my sheet without telling you anything of ourselves, who are, I trust, as interesting to you as you to us. I have the same good to communicate of our *clan* as I have had most of the time since you left us. We are all well, and as happy as most of our neighbors, I believe, tho' I often strenuously assert that we should be much happier did we mix more with them. I do think so in part, but then, I always find comfort in reflecting that I *cannot* do it. I scold at Fanny occasionally, and she told me yesterday that I had frightened her into a determination to visit some one out of our immediate family that evening. She went to Mr. Thorndike's, who (you may tell Augustus) is established here. Charles, I think, wants this variety more than the rest of us. Immured in his office all day, he wants more diversion than he usually finds among us. I did not think he would so sensibly feel your loss. You may be assured you are vastly important now you are absent, and when you come home, you will, of course, continue so; a European voyage gives such *éclat*. I hasten to finish this. The



wind is blowing fresh at the west, and will, I think, carry out some vessels whose bags were to close yesterday, but I hope to get this on board. I was glad to find by your letter to Harriet that you had seen our poppet in your dreams. She was presented to you much as she really is, except for her sociability. She partakes so much of her father's *modesty*, that I fear she would not so readily acknowledge you for an aunt as you then supposed her to. She is a picture of health, and, of course, you would think her tolerably pretty with the addition of a pair of very brilliant blue eyes. I *really* do not think her more than this, tho' my mother<sup>1</sup> insists that I do. . . . Oh, how I long to look in upon your little group. Let us know just how my favorite Frank does. Tell him his first letter must be to me; there is no one who loves him better. Give him and the others all a good hard kiss for me. You must attend strictly to truth when speaking of the health of yourself or children. Harriet is good in this way, but I am sorry to say, you are not to be trusted. You know I always like to find all the fault I *can* with you. . . . My mother says the head dress you sent the baby is the prettiest she has ever seen. I have, I believe, returned Miss Molly's thanks for it. I wish you would pick up something as pretty for her mother's poll. Tom Lee and Charles Cabot<sup>2</sup> are to sail soon for the Havanna. I think Charles very sick, but there is much to be hoped from the warm climate. Aunt has been better lately, notwithstanding the anxiety she has felt about him. I was at your mother's yesterday. She, with Sally, were busying themselves about moving. They were well: Nancy not quite as well as when she wrote you per *Galen*.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Mrs. Joseph Lee.

<sup>2</sup>Charles Cabot, son of George and Elizabeth (Higginson) Cabot, died in Havana, 1811.

<sup>3</sup>The *Galen* belonged to my father's old grandfather, Dr. Eliakim Morse of Watertown, 1759-1858.



*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

16th December, 1810.

. . . You cannot tell how impatient I feel for letters. Mr. J. Lowell had one from your husband some days since, written in October, which relieves me from a degree of anxiety that I cannot restrain when it is long since I have heard. I cannot exactly define what this anxiety is, but Harriet can tell you how inclined I am to imagine evil when I do not hear good. I must, however, rest with patience, and pray for east winds to blow in the vessels, which, I hope, are hovering round our coast, and will be richly laden. [On the following day, Grandmother tells of the increasing illness of Miss Nancy Lowell, and on the 18th, of her death, a great sorrow to a wide circle.]

*Mary Lee to Francis Cabot Lowell*

January 6, 1811.

. . . You know the anxiety with which we women dwell upon objects at a distance that are dear to us . . . how much we want to know of all your movements, looks, etc. Harry [Higginson] has given us more idea of the latter than we can get from letters by describing your dress. He says *you* dress in a black suit every day, and look quite like a Lord, and that Ma'am Lowell is growing smarter, tho' she cannot yet give 100 dollars for a wig. All these little things are pleasant to us to hear, and you can judge how very important other things are. I have gone so much upon this principle, that I may, perhaps, have fatigued you all. I hope I have never made you unnecessarily anxious. I have stated facts as they were, sometimes without a comment. You will have received many gloomy letters before this

announcing the death of our dear Nancy. . . . Your family I have not seen as much of as I wish, for the weather and walking have been such, most of the time that I could not go. Sally is growing better. Becca and Eliza are tolerably well (the latter thin). Your brother, I see nothing of. I hear he appears well. He has another daughter, which may serve to draw him from gloomy recollections. He intends calling it for Sally. I find Richard Sullivan is going to name one born the day before Nancy's death for her. There has no character of Nancy appeared, and, I believe, your family are glad no one has attempted to draw one. It would have been a difficult thing, and probably no one could have satisfied themselves or others. Mr. Lowell thinks it very fortunate this child is a girl, I find, and goes through a long course of reasoning to convince every one it is best. You know he can talk himself into a belief of anything. The merchants around us are all looking very grave, owing to the continued failures among their body; there has nothing yet happened that has affected any of your very near friends much. Mr. Lee and Pat have lost a very little, and Frank and Fred have suffered a little.

[“Fred” is Frederick Cabot, near friend as well as cousin of Henry Lee, and in partnership with Grandfather's brother Frank (Cabot & Lee, Merchants, 8 Kilby Street, Boston Directory, 1810): the grandfather of many cousins and dear friends.]

. . . Hannah Jackson is very well; so are Charles, Pat, and wives. I have waited for some days in hopes the doctor's wife would be very decidedly better, but she gets on very slowly. He and the children are well; so are *we*, including baby. I pray that you may have commenced the New Year under as happy auspices. Aunt Cabot is as usual. My father and mother are well.

*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

Boston, 27 February, 1811.

. . . As for your treatise upon education, I shall not excuse you if you do not find some time, either day or night, to give it me. I am not going to promise in return that I will wear the flesh off my bones as rapidly as you have done by practice upon your principles, but I will do what I can. Your letters upon this subject both enforce upon me the same idea—"make your child obedient." Yes, dear sister, I am fully aware of the *necessity* of this, but I shall not know how to enforce the doctrine. . . . At present, no, no, with a shake of the head must be often repeated before it has the effect of making her desist doing anything which she fancies; I fear from this she has taken some of the *perseverance* which belongs to her two aunts, and which my too pliable temper may perhaps yield to rather more than it ought. My father Lee says, "Form a plan of conduct for yourself, no one else *can* judge for you." But he does not know, and I hope he never will, how little plan I have about anything, and how incapable I am of forming any. I hope you have, ere this, fixed upon some plan for your children during your visit to London. I think it will certainly be best to leave them; you cannot think of interrupting their studies by taking them with you. Sue, perhaps, may spare the time from her books, etc., as you wish her heart to be more richly cultivated than the head, and this cannot be under any one's tuition so well as yours. A mother alone can do this, I believe. I shall quarrel with you all if you do not say more of these little things. Mary Grant says Sue is learning music, and Harriet sometimes mentions the children, but we do not know quite as much as we want to of your domestic appearance and arrangements. I can scarcely mention

this by way of complaint, for Harriet is so excellent in manner and matter that I presume it is almost impossible we should have more communicated on paper than she gives us. . . . If I am half as satisfactory, I shall be glad. We are all well, and in as good spirits as the failures your husband so prophetically predicted, and the vessels on the coast at this tempestuous season, will let us be. My husband promises me that he will never again enter so largely into business, and I hope he will be firm. . . . I should feel nothing but regret did I think our dear sister would form this or any connection<sup>1</sup> that would separate her from her friends: I do not think anything could compensate her for this. She has warm affections, and the reserve which you mention prevents her from easily transferring these affections, or rather, enlarging her circle of friends as many people can. She seems very much charmed with Mary Grant, and I hope from what Mary G. says that she begins to understand Harriet; without violating the laws of delicacy, could you not let them a little into her character? She has so many good qualities which are concealed from the eye of strangers that I hate to have her seen by them. From Mrs. Grant's silence about her, I presume she has passed her by as only a clever sort of woman. I know Harriet has not those acquirements which are, I suppose, considered all important in the circle in which she now moves; this she sensibly feels, and is the cause, I think, of that embarrassment which, she says to me, she cannot overcome in going even to Mrs. Grant's without you, but if you do not overrate Mrs. Grant's discernment and good sense, I should think she would *esteem* and *love*, if she did not *admire* her. I think flattery very good for every

<sup>1</sup> One of Aunt Harriet's friends had spoken of the possibility of her marriage.

one when well administered, but for her, I have thought it very necessary. You seem to fear she is sometimes oppressed with ennui; I should not think so from her letters, but if it is so, allowing her to be useful and feel her importance to you would be the best cure for it. She is proud, you know, and does not like to be useless.

If you and my husband grow any more tender, I do not know that I shall continue to be the medium of communication, particularly unless Mr. L. soon answers my letters. My husband returns his thanks, and, of course his love, for yours. I shall enclose a letter for Sue, because you say she sighs for them. Kiss them all for your sister

M. Lee.

The letters of May and August, 1811, to her sister, Hannah Lowell, were written by my Grandmother after the failure of my Grandfather and his older brother, Joseph, early in the year, and the death of the little daughter, 14 May, 1811.

*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

Boston, 25th May, 1811.

Your mother has received your husband's letter of April 18, in which you mention just having heard of the failure of my husband. You felt, as I feared you would, extreme anxiety for me, but I hope letters soon arrived which convinced you how little you had to fear. I find I wrote as early as the 10th March, and I hope Patrick did, as a letter from him would have made you comparatively easy. I think all my letters and those of others will convince you that, although we have suffered, we have been supported, and are now, not only tranquil, but oftentimes cheerful. Mr. Lee must have employment before we can either of us feel at ease, and it is ex-

tremely difficult to say what that employment had best be. I fear it must lead to a temporary separation. You, my dear sister, know how much I suffered when he before contemplated this, but I now feel very differently; the final good is to be thought of, not present ease. . . . You who are parents can in some measure estimate how severely we have again been tried. I suppose the loss we have sustained of a darling and only child is more calculated to call forth the tender feelings than almost any other, but you would find more alleviations than you would expect under this affliction, particularly if as in our case the little creature did not suffer exquisitely or long. . . . Yet it is a very, very hard trial to *resign* them. It seems as if all my occupation was gone. I am convinced I ought not to allow this feeling, and you may be sure I will in time conquer it. I have still much to do for myself and others, and in employment will seek relief. After all the above, dear Hannah, you must think of us as much more comfortable than you will readily believe, and I hope your husband's anxiety on ours and Pat's account, will not induce you to return, which we thought from some things in his letter occurred to him. Could he have been here the past three months, he might have done us great service, but now it is not so important, except to Pat, and he seems to keep up his spirits and confidence of success. I hope he is not too sanguine, and if he will keep to his present resolution of decreasing his business, he will do very well. . . . We have had a great treat within the last week from you all. Letters from the first of March to the eighteenth of April, all arrived within a day or two of each other. . . . Your alarm about Betsey Jackson [Mrs. James Jackson] was not at that time unnecessary. I felt so very apprehensive about her that I really felt it necessary to prepare you for the worst event, but she is now



in her usual health, except some weakness of the lungs which she has not before had; she walks constantly, and I see a good deal of her. I had yesterday a letter from Charles and wife at Hartford. They write in fine spirits, and say Charles is already much benefited. At Uncle Cabot's they are as usual; so at my Father's. Uncle still thinks we shall see you in the summer, tho' he desires me not to say *why* he thinks so, lest you may dispute it. We all have a strange notion that you want to *see us*, but I hope, my dear friends, you will persevere in your search after health till you find it. Think of us constantly, but not with anxiety. Yours in haste,

M. Lee.

*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

Boston, June 19, 1811.

Dear Hannah, I received your letter today of the 22nd April via London—but I have so fatigued myself writing Harriet that I can only tell you how much it gratified us to have an expression of that interest which we knew you felt for us—indeed I have scarcely anything to write about but *myself*, and I have hitherto kept you so well-informed of everything relating to me that I have nearly exhausted that subject.

You, in common with my friends here, seem to expect much from me—you will, I fear, be disappointed—as far as my duty is clearly pointed out I trust I shall be able to act with some conformity to it, but farther you must not calculate upon me—and indeed in that I shall, I fear, fall far short—my physical formation prevents my ever suffering exquisitely, but it also prevents my assuming cheerfulness when I have it not. I am habitually tranquil, but this is not sufficient I suppose you will think: I



ought to be able to impart to my husband cheerfulness—he must not depend on me and he has, thank Heaven, resources within himself which he can draw upon. . . . These trials seem already to have drawn us nearer our friends, or at least made them double their attentions to us—my mother has indeed been a comfort to us, and so, too, has yours. [In each case this was the mother-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Lee and Mrs. Judge Lowell.] They met here yesterday. I delight to see these ladies of the old school together. . . . July 4th. Good Uncle Wendell is, I trust, well—he came in with a great deal of real feeling to express his sympathy for me at the time of our child's death—he has called once since, but in his own style would not have me called, tho' at home, and I did not see him. . . .

Harriet mentions that you have a most excellent woman with you. Could you not prevail on her to come out with you? A good domestic in this land of liberty is, you know, a great treasure. Our Liberty boys have been expending a great deal of strength today (the thermometer above 94°) to convince the world how Independent they are. Captain Quincy's troop of horse, and I presume all the other companies, were out upon the occasion.

There has nothing new occurred to us since my last date: my husband supports himself I think with wonderful patience—there is nothing he can do without taking too much risque at this moment when the cool and dispassionate politicians think there is so much chance of war. Insurance cannot be effected but at the war premium which must take off the whole profit from a common voyage, you know, and to risque the property of others without insurance would be madness. . . . Betsey is quite angry that you do not write her husband oftener, and threatens not to let him write to you any more.

*Mary Lee to Hannah Lowell*

Boston, 9th August, 1811.

Dear Hannah:

I closed a long letter to Harriet a few days since, which I sent via New York. An unexpected opportunity now offers, and I embrace it to tell you my husband has agreed to go to Calcutta, for Andrew Cabot, in the Brig *Reaper*. He will go by the way of England, and now expects to get off in three weeks from this time. His business will necessarily oblige him to go to London, and I should be most sadly disappointed to have him there without seeing you. I think your summer travels will be near drawing to a close, and it will not put you much out of your course to be at that time in London, but I know that you would willingly alter your plans for the sake of this meeting.

We have not yet heard what effect is produced by the official account of the commander of the *Little Belt*<sup>1</sup>. Should this be such as to produce a very strong apprehension of War, it is possible the voyage would be suspended. At present it is not generally felt that there will be any War.

The prospect of a remarkably good voyage is considerable, and our friends all thought it as good a thing as Mr. Lee could do at present. Indeed, so did we, on the whole, although it was somewhat difficult to decide upon just at this moment. I am very well and hope I shall continue so till he has gone, as I cannot possibly be sick and well again before that time. . . . What a delightful letter you wrote to me, my dear sister! In-

<sup>1</sup> "In May, 1811, the American frigate *President* and the British sloop-of-war *Little Belt*, owing to some misunderstanding not now to be discovered, fired on each other in the darkness of the early morning, and the *Little Belt* was badly crippled."—Channing's *History of the United States*.

deed, I cannot feel too grateful to you and Harriet for your exertions in this way. Continue them I entreat you. I shall now want your letters more than ever. . . . Some of my friends in the warmth of their zeal for me have wished much that Harriet should come home, and have, I believe, expressed it. I have never wished it. At moments, she and you would have been a very great support to me indeed, but with so many friends as I have, I am sure it would be wicked for me to repine. I have received every attention, and in the kindest way possible, from those who are very dear to me. I am convinced from Harriet's letters she is enjoying herself very much, and would not for the world have her return before you do. I think she has quite a taste for travelling—seeing new people and new things, and her letters prove her to be a very discerning traveller. It would make me very unhappy to have her return. If I felt it important to me I should freely say so, because I know how much she loves to do good—but at present I do not even desire it and would not have her give up the present opportunity she has of laying up a fund of information, etc., upon which she may draw for years to come. I say this to you because I thought seeing Mr. Lee might lead her to think of coming home and I wished you to know what I really felt—*truth* is, you know, my guide. . . . It must be delightful to you to have Uncle and Aunt Higginson with you—to both remember me with the most affectionate respect—thank your husband for the interest he has felt and expressed for us, adding at the same time I should rather have had it under his own hand and seal. I rejoice my husband will meet one so much interested in everything that concerns him and who is at once so able and ready to give him counsel and cheer him should any difficulties fall in his way. . . . I thank you a thousand times for sending us

the letters about your children—they were everything that a mother could wish, I think; [these must, I think, have been letters to Aunt Lowell from Mrs. Grant of Laggan, with whom the Lowell children had been placed in Edinburgh] they brought the children before me most perfectly—indeed the last letters, taken as a whole, give us a more perfect idea of your looks, feeling, and situation for some weeks back than any we have ever before had, only that none of you have told us in what street or square or place you lived. All well. I shall write by some other vessel to Harriet soon. Mr. Lee will probably sail by the 20th. Yrs.

M. Lee.

[The second little daughter, Mary Cabot (Aunt Mary Higginson), was born on August 16th, 1811.]

## VI

### LETTERS FROM HENRY LEE IN INDIA TO HIS WIFE IN BOSTON DURING THE WAR OF 1812

Every day brings a ship,  
Every ship brings a word;  
Well for those who have no fear,  
Looking seaward well assured  
That the word the vessel brings  
Is the word they wish to hear.

*R. W. Emerson.*

Henry Lee was a Federalist, and his strong feeling against the War of 1812 and his distrust of French influence in President Madison's Cabinet is outspoken in his letters. I believe that in reading the letters Henry Lee's descendants, even if they disagree with his opinions, will respect them as having been honestly held.

To show briefly and imperfectly something of the feeling in New England about the War of 1812, the following passages, much abbreviated, are given from Henry Adams's *History of the United States during the first administration of James Madison*. These passages are not selected to give an impartial view of the political situation: on the contrary they are chosen to show the Federalist opinion of the time with which, whether right or wrong, Henry Lee was in absolute sympathy.

"The War of 1812 was chiefly remarkable for the vehemence with which, from beginning to end, it was resisted and thwarted by a very large number of citizens who were commonly considered, and who considered themselves, by no means the least respectable, intelligent, or patriotic part of the nation. That the war was as just and necessary as any war ever waged

seemed so evident to Americans of another generation that only with an effort could modern readers grasp the reasons for the bitter opposition of large and respectable communities which left the government bankrupt, and nearly severed the Union; but if students of national history can bear with patience the labor of retaining in mind the threads of negotiation which President Madison so thoroughly tangled before breaking, they can partially enter into the feelings of citizens who held themselves aloof from Madison's war. In June, 1812, the reasons for declaring war on Great Britain, though strong enough, were weaker than they had been in June, 1808, or in January, 1809. In the interval the British government had laid aside the arrogant and defiant tones of Canning's diplomacy; had greatly modified the Orders in Council; had offered further modifications; and had atoned for the *Chesapeake* outrage. In 1807 England would have welcomed a war with the United States; in 1812 she wanted peace, and yielded much to secure it. In 1808 America was almost unanimous, her government still efficient, well supplied with money, and little likely to suffer from war; in 1812 the people were greatly divided, the government had been weakened, and the Treasury was empty. Even Gallatin, who in 1809 had been most decided for war, was believed in 1812 to wish and to think that it might be avoided. Probably four-fifths of the American people held the same opinion. Not merely had the situation in every other respect changed for the worse, but the moral convictions of the country were outraged by the assertion of a contract with Napoleon—in which no one believed—as the reason for forcing religious and peaceful citizens into what they regarded as the service of France."

[President Madison's message recommending immediate declaration of war was sent to Congress June 1,



1812. The two Houses instantly went into secret session and the Message was read and was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.]

"No one could dispute the force of Madison's long recital of British outrages. For five years, the task of finding excuses for peace had been more difficult than that of proving a *casus belli*; but some interest attached to the arrangement and relative weight of the many American complaints.

"Madison, inverting the order of complaints previously alleged, began by charging that British cruisers had been 'in the continued practice of violating the American flag on the great highway of nations, and of seizing and carrying off persons sailing under it.' The charge was amply proved, was not denied, and warranted war; but this was the first time that the Government had alleged impressment as its chief grievance, or had announced, either to England or to America, the intention to fight for redress—and England might fairly complain that she had received no notice of intended war on such ground. The second complaint alleged that British cruisers also violated the peace of the coasts, and harassed entering and departing commerce. This charge was equally true and equally warranted war, but it was open to the same comment as that made upon the first.

"The third grievance . . . consisted in 'pretended blockades, without the presence of an adequate force, and sometimes without the practicability of applying one,' by means of which American commerce had been plundered on every sea,—a practice which had come to its highest possible development in the fourth grievance, the system of blockades known as the Orders in Council.

" . . . After the House had listened in secret session, June 3, to the report brought in by the Committee on Foreign Relations, recommending an immediate appeal



to arms, Josiah Quincy moved the debate should be public. The demand seemed reasonable. That preliminary debate should be secret might be proper, but that war with any power, and most of all with England, should be declared in secret could not be sound policy, while apart from any question of policy, the secrecy contradicted the professions of the party in power. Perhaps no single act in a hundred years of American history showed less regard for personal and party consistency than the refusal by the Republicans of 1812 to allow society either rights or privileges in regard to the declaration of war upon England. . . .

"The secret session gave the Speaker absolute power, and annihilated opposition. By seventy-six votes to forty-six, the House rejected Quincy's motion. . . . In the Senate . . . the President's message was debated in secret, but the proceedings were very deliberate. . . . Except Pennsylvania, the entire representation of no Northern State declared itself for the war; except Kentucky, every state south of the Potomac and the Ohio voted for the declaration. . . . The bill, with its amendments, was at once returned to the House and passed. Without a moment's delay the President signed it, and the same day, June 18, 1812, the war began." [One day earlier, June 17, 1812, the Orders in Council were repealed in Parliament.]

*Henry Lee in India to His Wife Mary Lee in Boston*

[Henry Lee sailed in the *Reaper* in August, 1811, and was apparently in England, in London and Bristol, till May, 1812. From the letters and from Mary Lee's Journal it is evident that he expected to return from India on the *Reaper*. The following letter is the first which remains.]

Calcutta, September 6, 1812.

My dear wife,

My last letter, commenced on 4th ultimo and continued down, I believe, to 4th instant, is on board the *Tartar* on her way down the river: after two such volumes as you will receive by the *Tartar* and *Monticello* it may be unreasonable in me to make another demand upon your patience which will probably be still under trial when this comes to hand. I feel certainly a strong desire to write, because I know you expect it of me and are gratified with my letters. And I have another motive which perhaps is still stronger, and that is the pleasure I derive from it myself. I fancy for the moment we are present to each other, and tho' the illusion unhappily is too soon dissipated, yet I love to revive and cherish it.

September 9, Wednesday.

. . . I assure you, my dear wife, the two last letters that have been received afford equal delight with the others. You express yourself so happily always, with so much warmth, tenderness, and sincerity, that everything seems fresh from the heart, and for the moment I enjoy perhaps as great a happiness as your presence could produce. Would to God I were furnished with the powers to yield you in return by my letters an equal degree of happiness. That, I have not the confidence to hope for even, but this I can affirm with truth, and trust you will not disbelieve me, that there is no expression in my letters that is not sincere.

Goodnight, my dear wife, goodnight, and God bless you.

Thursday, September 10.

I have again before me the letter which came by the *Favorite*—it is the more interesting from having been

written while you were looking with eagerness, and sometimes anxiety, for intelligence of my arrival. It was perfectly natural that you should have the feelings you described, and it gives me pleasure, now that they are passed, to hear of them, tho' I hope you will not allow yourself to be made uneasy when your accounts from me are not so late as they might be: there is scarcely any one that makes due allowances for the delay attending the movements of a vessel, especially in these long voyages, and Andrew and Pat are special fellows for forcing the wind and everything else in aid of their calculations. I would have you always put my father's and Tom's opinions against theirs by way of qualifying them. . . .

I suppose your family is completed, unless Harriet should incline to take up her quarters with you. In this, I hope she will consult her own convenience and happiness, tho' it is not common for her to do it when she thinks a sacrifice of them will conduce to the benefit of her friends. . . .

If Fred and Frank both leave, perhaps you may not readily fill their places. In such case you will have such advice as, with your own judgment, will point out what is best to be done. Do not, however, expose yourself to the company of persons you do not like. It would be better to go to the Searles', but I may as well leave this subject. You will do what is proper, and what will be most to your credit and happiness, and of course, what will meet with my approbation.

I shall send home property in the *Reaper* to Pat, if the Non-Intercourse Law is off. He will pay you what may be wanted. If that source fails, my father, no doubt, will do what is needful. I shall make by the voyage, when all my property is shipped in goods and has arrived, something like \$1,000, and if the Law was

repealed, I should now be able to do better, because my cargo is purchased much lower than usual: it is not my intention to hazard against the Law more than \$2,500. The balance will be retained and disposed of as future events may render profitable and safe, especially the latter. I must hold on to this little capital, and endeavor to build up my circumstances. If commerce should ever again revive, my expenses here, of course, will be paid by my owners, and upon my property I may hope to make at least a high rate of interest, without incurring the smallest risk, but I shall not venture to send home any more 'til the Non-Intercourse Law is repealed. I mention these particulars, that you may be comforted with the prospect I have before me of doing as well, if not better, for myself than what I anticipated: it is true the time taken out is great, but perhaps in the present situation of trade, together with my circumstances, I ought not to put a high value upon that.

Sunday, September 13, 1812.

I am looking with great impatience and anxiety for intelligence of what Congress did at the close of the session. I have little or no hope the Non-Intercourse Law is repealed. Yet it is important to the interest of my owners I should know what they did do. I am preparing as fast as possible for the departure of the brig [*the Reaper*], and hope her stay will not exceed twenty-five days, tho' it is uncertain. Our latest accounts from home are via Isle of France. We hear from thence, that down to the 15th of March, Congress had done nothing, and there are some ships from Madeira that would leave there about the first of June. By then, I flatter myself we shall have at least news from the United States, and I hope I may have letters from you and the owners. These vessels are daily ex-

pected. I shall be deprived of a great source of pleasure, my dear M., in the cessation of your correspondence, which has hitherto constituted my greatest happiness: it is possible that Frank may continue to write under the impression that I might remain here, but it is what I do not expect. I shall, however, still continue to enjoy the satisfaction of writing you, tho' by such indirect conveyances that the letters will be a very long time on the way.

You often mention the child, and always in such a way as to assure me you are deriving great pleasure from the care of her. I am extremely rejoiced for the sake of the child and your own feelings, that you were able to get on with nursing her. I trust by this time she has passed safely through the trying season, and that you are preparing for the weaning. I agree with you that in the management and education of children, there is an awful responsibility upon parents, which but few seem to be fully sensible of. Where so many good and wise men err, it seems like presumption to calculate with much confidence upon any system to produce the desired ends, but there is one thing in which I think parents in our rank of life very often are wrong, and that is too much indulgence, and too great a reliance upon reason, when that faculty scarcely exists. Neither you nor I ever knew of an instance among our friends where too much severity has been used, but we have known many of the saddest effects of the opposite conduct.

You have had a most excellent example before you in your father, who was indeed conspicuous for every virtue, and especially in the unwearied pains he took to stimulate in his children every honorable passion, and to subdue everything that was base and vicious. I can speak only from what others have told me, and I the

more readily believe it (and more than I have heard) from reflecting upon the characters of his children. The Doctor seems to me to be a model which may be safely imitated, but I need not propose any one to you: I have entire and full confidence that everything will be done that human nature can do to promote the present and future happiness of our child.

That hard lesson of governing ourselves, which as you say truly, is necessary before we can govern others, has already been learned by you. Your character, in my estimation, embraces every virtue that can dignify and adorn a woman, and make her the proper object of our love, friendship, and esteem. May our child imitate and equal you.

It is midnight. I must bid you goodnight, and with it, my sincere wish that you may enjoy health and every kind of happiness. Goodnight, my dear wife.

Tuesday, September 15, 1812.

You complain of my not having numbered my letters. I wish I had done it, but those sent from here are so often referred to that you will easily ascertain the missing ones. It is probable all will not come to hand: make some allowance, therefore, for repetitions, besides the barrenness of my brain. You would pity me if you knew what an empty head I have to work with. I meet with nothing to describe that can entertain you, and seeing no one but my banians,<sup>1</sup> who never had, nor ever will have a thought except on business. Were the natives as well informed as they are civil and well bred, one would receive great pleasure from their society, but their opinions are so confined, that I can truly say I never derived half an hour's gratification from any one I have been acquainted with. Nothing can be more uninteresting than their characters. I have not been very for-

<sup>1</sup> Banians: "native broker to European house."



tunate in the society of my countrymen, for, excepting Captain Heard,<sup>1</sup> I have not met one for whom I could feel any esteem. Captain Heard is reserved, and it requires an effort to keep up an intimacy, but he possesses most liberal and gentlemanly feelings, and appears to entertain those opinions, upon such subjects as I have heard him converse, which are congenial to my own. I hope he will call and see you, tho' I doubt if he does. Should he, however, treat him with that affability which will put him at his ease. He is a very modest man. If he will throw off his reserve, you will be pleased with him. . . . I make no acquaintances among the inhabitants, nor do I expect to: when the *Reaper* is dispatched I shall be solitary, but not gloomy. I have a good collection of books which I can always resort to with pleasure and advantage. . . .

Wednesday, September 23, 1812.

I had begun almost to despair of hearing again from home when your number 23 came to hand, and shortly after, the other letter, number 24, per *Union*. It is so long since I had received any intelligence from home, that the mere circumstance of hearing you and the child were well was enough to make me very happy.

In addition to that, you give me a detail of domestic events most interesting, and in the main, pleasant: the sickness of Nancy Cabot<sup>2</sup> is what we all most lament, for

<sup>1</sup> Augustine Heard, 1785-1868. A man of remarkable energy, decision, and undaunted courage. Born at Ipswich and early going to sea, he was a supercargo at twenty years old, and not long after a captain. He sailed for the Thorndikes of Beverly, Mr. Eben Francis, Patrick Jackson, and others of Boston. His house at No. 3 Park Street was filled with beautiful Chinese furniture and lacquer and porcelain.

<sup>2</sup> Nancy Cabot, sister of Aunt Betsey (Mrs. James Jackson), and of Miss Sally Cabot; all were daughters of Mr. Andrew Cabot of Beverly, 1750-1791, and sisters of Andrew Cabot. Anna Cabot (Jackson) Lowell may have been named for her. She died 1 March, 1814.



besides her own excellent character to recommend her to us, she fills a most important place in the family. I know not who can succeed her, if, unhappily, she should be taken from us.

I am afraid, too, the Doctor's wife will give way to such repeated attacks. She has a better chance, however, and I hope, after the delicacy and consequent sickness was past, that she was again restored. I am most sincerely rejoiced that the hopes of Charles and Fanny have been realized: I have no doubt their happiness will be increased by the event. Charles, I think, of all men in the world, will esteem this blessing to the full. His wife will also be happier, even should it not live. There is scarcely any woman, I imagine, who would not consider it as a source of unhappiness to have been childless. You will not fail to present my congratulations to the ladies, and thank them for having added two valuable beings to the great family of the human race, and beg them from motives of patriotism, as well as for the honor of our *clan*, to continue the good events.

I perceive, my dear M., you still allowed yourself to be uneasy about me. "Twelve days out and not arrived." Lord bless me, how you hurry us. It puts me out of breath to think of it. The art of sailing is not far enough advanced to satisfy an affectionate, and I am afraid, sometimes an anxious wife. I am jaded with the labors of the day, and ought not to attempt writing in this stupid state, but try when I will, I can never answer as they deserve, your excellent letters.

Sunday, 27 Sept., 1812.

You will think me indifferent and ungrateful, that while I was enjoying your two delightful letters, there should have been so long an interval in mine. There has not, I assure you my dear Wife, been one in my

thoughts of you, but just at this time I am very busy in writing letters per *Caravan*,<sup>1</sup> and preparing for the departure of the *Reaper*. Captain Heard goes in the morning. I must finish before I go to bed; for tho' I have not time to write, I have had time to read your letters more than twenty times, and always with more pleasure than I can express.

It is a great satisfaction to hear you had received my Madeira letters: you praise them, and I love you for it, but they are miserably cold compared with yours. I never shall succeed in impressing them with that warmth of affection, and zeal for your happiness that yours discover for mine, but there is one thing I will not yield to you in,—sincerity. Everything I say comes direct from the heart, and I have the gratification to perceive you do me credit for that virtue among many others which I have not so fair a claim to.

You complain that you did not write so long a letter as you might. I wish with all my heart it had been 1,000 pages, but I admit your reasons for not doing more, and add that notwithstanding the extravagant expectations I have indulged in of letters from you, they have been more than fulfilled, and from what is said in one of them I may still hope for another. I have much to say upon several interesting subjects, which must be deferred until I write again.

Do not expect so long a letter by the *Reaper*. I shall be very busy until she has left. Goodnight. God bless you and our child, and make you equal to all your trials you may be called to sustain.

I am, with greatest truth and affection,

Yours, H. L.

<sup>1</sup> One of Captain Augustine Heard's ships which had arrived in Calcutta 12 June, 1812, 115 days out from Boston.

January 12, 1813.

My respected and belov'd wife,—

I have made all the purchases and contracts which I shall venture upon until I hear of the removal of the Non-Intercourse Law which I expect daily to learn by arrival from America. I have sold all the liquors and the speculation turns out well though less profit than if I had been longer making the sales, but I consulted with my prudent counsellor, who says that sure profit is better than taking a hazard of more and perhaps lose the whole. You perhaps do not know that I have a partner in my business upon whose judgment I rely in all difficult cases. It is true the distance between us makes it sometimes difficult to profit by the prudence of my guide, but I apply the judicious advice I remember to have rec'd on all occasions where I can, and I am ever well satisfied when our opinions concur. Are you at loss to know who this sage adviser is? No other than yourself, my dear wife, from whom I have rec'd many wise counsels which I ought to have benefited by more than I have, as indeed I should if I had followed all of them. I remember, my excellent wife, all your prudent maxims, and it is my intention never to engage in any important concern without reflecting upon the observations which I imagine would be made by you were we together. This resolution ought to diminish the anxiety you otherwise might have from my sanguine and adventurous disposition. . . . My only hope is to be able to acquire enough to make you comfortable and, God be thanked for your affectionate moderation, that sum is not great. What a miserable wretch should I be was I connected with a woman of less generosity than yourself!—how much discontent should I have witnessed, how many reproaches been subjected to in the reverse of fortune and the consequent mortifications which we have encountered.

How different has been your conduct! You felt nothing on your own account, everything for me. You were the first to advise me to those steps which saved my honour and prevented the ruin of my best friends; without your advice I might not have had the firmness to have acted thus. I look back with satisfaction to this part of my conduct and perhaps the greatest merit I can claim is that of having been open to your excellent counsels.

There is no subject in which I do not respect your opinion. I always consider'd you as having a sound and well-informed mind, and the more I see of you and think of you the higher you rise in my esteem. The letters you have written would do honour to any one. They gratify me now almost as much as when first rec'd—the affectionate concern you take in my welfare touches me most sensibly, and though I ought to lament your extreme sensibility upon this subject as a source of unhappiness, yet I cannot help loving you the better for it—but remember, my dear M., that your health is more precious to me than to yourself, because upon your existence I depend for all the happiness that I expect or wish for. Take care of it, then, for my sake, and if thinking of me has a tendency to disturb it, I w'd rather be banish'd from your thoughts.

You praise me, my dear M., for my letters. They do not deserve it. The only merit I claim is the intention. I never wrote a letter, except on business, until my correspondence with you, nor should I have told you anything more than the state of my health and business but for your urgent request. I rejoice most heartily that I comply'd with your solicitations because I am satisfy'd you have deriv'd pleasure and I owe to you all possible exertions to promote your happiness. Your letters really deserve praise. They are admirably writ-

ten, I am proud of them and should be glad to have all the world improv'd and gratify'd with their perusal.

Good night, my dear wife and child, I embrace you both most cordially and pray that you may have abundance of health and happiness. Good night, dear wife.

Thursday, 14 January, 1813. A ship has arriv'd today with the most unexpected intelligence of war with England, commenc'd by our Government. [June 18, 1812.]<sup>1</sup> This is an event I have always had in my mind as one that might happen between the two nations, but it has given me much less apprehension since I visited England, because I felt confident the English would do everything to avoid beginning it on their side or furnishing reasons for the American Gov't to enter into it. When the news of the repeal of the Orders in Council arriv'd I abandoned all fears

<sup>1</sup> The war between Great Britain and the United States was the result of a dispute over two questions arising out of our conduct of the war with Napoleon: the enforcement of the Orders in Council restricting neutral commerce with the Continent, and the search of American vessels for deserters from the British Navy. On both counts there was much to be said for and against both sides. It was a case for compromise, and war or peace really depended on the mutual good will of the disputants. Unfortunately, neither Government deserved well of posterity. The Tory Cabinet shared the aristocratic contempt felt by their party for the federation of rebel States, which had arisen by defying George III, and which was expected speedily to demonstrate by its dissolution the impracticable nature of democracy.

On the other side President Madison catered for an equally unintelligent anti-British tradition, against which President Washington had striven with success when faced by a similar crisis in 1793. But it was of good augury for the future that the British middle classes, led by Brougham, made their first appearance in nineteenth century politics by compelling the Government to withdraw the Orders in Council, so as to avoid war with America. Unfortunately the concession came just too late, for that week America had declared war.—Trevelyan's *British History in the Nineteenth Century*.

upon the subject, not that those Orders have been the causes of our hostility, but they have serv'd as a pretext and the most plausible one which has existed, and our people of both parties have been dup'd by the Gov't faction into a belief that Madison was contending for the rights of the nation. I never suppos'd our corrupt and traitorous rulers were sincere in negotiating, but I tho't the mass of the nation, when once the most obnoxious pretence for war was done away, would be for peace, and perhaps when the repeal reaches the United States a settlement may be made. I pray to God it may be so and my hopes are strong that this great calamity may yet be avoided. This news (notwithstanding the hope I entertain of a settlement when the repeal of the Orders in Council is known) makes me feel miserable. I foresee distress in all the commercial community and ruin to many, and among them some of our nearest connexions. My own prospects are cut off and, what is more insupportable to me than all, my absence from you will be lengthen'd. . . . Not an hour has passed, dear Mary, for a month past in which I have not indulg'd in the anticipation of the pleasure I was to have in meeting my friends—the satisfaction I should enjoy from your conversation—of the inexpressible delight I was to experience from the kind and assiduous attentions, the cheerful smiles and affectionate caresses of my faithful and lovely wife. I know, my excellent wife, that I ought to suppress these feelings, or at least conceal them from you, but you have so often told me I must keep nothing in reserve that I do not make the effort to do this which I otherwise should—in a few days I hope to feel more reconcil'd to this unexpected and miserable reversing of my fond wishes. Until then farewell, my ever honour'd and belov'd wife and our pretty little infant, who I hope has rewarded you ten thousand fold for



all the pain she has ever occasion'd. I am sure this must be the case if she inherits any portion of her mother's animation and sweetness.

Good night, my dear Mary. God bless you.

*Rec'd 6 Sept., 1813.*

No. 7.

Calcutta, February 10, 1813.

My Dear Wife:

My No. 6 went by the *Clarkson*, one of the fleet now on the way for London—No. 5 by a ship in the same fleet. This will go either to Rio de Janeiro or Lisbon. I am induc'd to avail myself of any tolerable conveyance because many of the letters I have sent will, in the event of the war being continu'd, never reach. They will, however, be a very long time on the way as the English ships will go in convoys and the Portuguese ships make several stops on their passages. The letters on board the American ships also here will chiefly be intercepted. In every one there are some for you, my father, Pat, Frank, etc., etc. I am exceeding impatient as you will naturally conceive and somewhat anxious to hear what our Gov't did when they had notice of the repeal of the Orders in Council. My hopes are strong (tho' I am less sanguine than most persons I meet with) that a settlement will follow. I hear the public opinion in New England and New York was express'd without any reserve upon the subject and that they are decidedly against a war<sup>1</sup>—The peace party will certainly become more numerous when the principal grievances will have been done away. I think too the success of the English in Spain will have some influence. Should the Russians also have repuls'd Buonaparte as we hear they did (tho' no authentic accounts have been rec'd) our Government

<sup>1</sup> "New Englanders hoisted the flag at half mast on receipt of the news of the declaration of war, and the New York militia were only half-hearted."—Channing's *History of the United States*.



will have another reason for accommodating their disputes with G. Britain. Should the war have been continued, my situation will be an unpleasant one, but on the score of interest, better than being on board the *Reaper*, which will be captur'd in all probability. If war continues I shall remain here, at least for some time; you may, therefore, write and send the letters to S. Williams, London, who will forward them by the India fleets—you will direct to the care of Ramdon & Tillock, Chaunder Benayia, Calcutta, with whom I shall leave orders what to do with them in case they come to hand after my departure. I have join'd with Capt. Chardon, the owner of the *Union*, by which I diminish my expences and at the same time have in him a pleasant companion: he has a fine disposition and is acquainted with all the fashionables and is constantly among them—we have no society but I learn from him what is passing in the world. His account of the state of manners, etc., has destroy'd what little inclination I had to be acquainted with any of them—I read most of my time—have some little business and study the language of the country a few hours a day—I continue my morning and evening walks—on the whole I pass my time more to my satisfaction than I fear'd I should, considering the total privation of business and society.

I hardly know what to say about my health; sometimes I feel as if my constitution was sinking under the effects of my chronic disease and at others I am more encouraged; at present I am better than I was a few months since. I live very temperately and take more care than ever of myself.

I hope this letter will find you and our little daughter as well as when you wrote me last—long before this reaches she will have learnt to walk and prattle. You say in your letters much upon the subject of her educa-

tion; I have such entire confidence in your judgment upon whatever object it is exerted, that I feel perfectly easy—besides I have already had some experience of your skill, not only in the management of our own, but those of your family, and at a time when I had every inducement to observe and reflect. You know much better than I do the best mode of governing, but from some things you write I imagine the little girl has something of her father's violence of temper. You are not one of those visionaries who are willing to trust all to reason and I doubt not when occasion calls for it will assist in the correction of that and other defects by such correction as will be salutary. I must confess I have not much respect for some of the systems of education that have been adopted by members of our family and I believe you are of the same mind—the Doctor I consider as a pattern in this as everything, and his wife, if she did not sometimes abandon the plan which she usually follows, would be wholly worthy of imitation. . . . If you wish me to point out an example whom I should wish our child to resemble, I will tell you her mother, not that I am so unreasonable as to expect she can ever unite so many perfections, but the nearer she approaches that incomparable woman, the more shall I be grateful. And I hope she may now and thro' life afford her parents and friends as much true satisfaction as yours have deriv'd from you.

If the war between the two countries continues I am, of course, a prisoner of war. You may perhaps attach some unpleasant idea to this, but my situation will not be in any respect different from what it now is, only I shall not be permitted to depart without permission from Gov't who no doubt will give me "parole" when I shall apply for it—the people in this place have always been particularly friendly towards Americans and regret exceedingly the war.



indulged various sanguine hopes that the news of that measure will cause a suspension of hostilities, not that I confided much in the pacific temper of our Gov't, but I did in the strength of the peace party, which that measure must have increas'd and encourag'd. Strong as were the hopes I indulged of an immediate termination of the war, I felt as anxious as impatient to know what steps our Gov't took on learning of the repeal: by an arrival yesterday we have papers to 24 September from London and dates to 8 or 10 August from the United States and to my great sorrow the war continued—our privateers were active but I was glad to learn that most of them were taken. Our troops had commenc'd an attack on Canada where they met a repulse as might have been expected—it is best we should not succeed in any of the war measures—peace will sooner follow—as to Canada, if we conquered it, on peace being made we shall be compelled to restore it.

Our infamous Gov't have so long kept us under the alarm of war<sup>1</sup> that it had lost half its terrors even when we really apprehended it: but it has come at last and with its usual miseries I doubt not: the whole community will suffer, but the heaviest evils will fall upon the merchants and of course our friends come in for a share. I am afraid to think of the effects it will produce individually, and anxious as I am to hear from you all, I shall willingly remain in ignorance, at least till my mind becomes more familiar with thinking upon the misfortunes and distress which must necessarily be occasioned to our nearest connexions and friends. It is some alleviation, indeed very great, to know that they are not created by

<sup>1</sup> One justifiable cause of anxiety had been our undefended seaports. "The sea frontier was defenseless and was open to attack by the naval forces of the greatest sea-power in existence." The old Fort on Frank Higginson's place at Beverly was constructed as one of the defences of Boston Harbor in the War of 1812.

their own imprudence or crimes; if a considerable portion of the community had been as active and sincere in their opposition to the wicked and stupid policy of our abandoned rulers we should still have been at peace and prosperous—the peace party we hear remonstrated from various quarters—I am glad they had courage enough for it, for however well we may think of the Federal Party as to their integrity and good sense, there is not much to be said in favor of their energy or spirit—a small portion excepted. The rich are usually cowards, especially when as with us they are for the most part without any other principle than avarice—without education suddenly rais'd from the most humble condition to that importance which money confers. . . .

We are fortunate living in the best part of the Union, and in Boston there is so large a portion of the inhabitants who are well-inform'd and honest in their politicks that I hope you may be protect'd from the cut-throats—and this is all we have a right to expect. As to property, we shall be poor, I suppose, at the end of the war and have to begin the world anew, but neither you nor I think that the greatest evil in life—certainly no one ever parted with the luxuries and distinctions which wealth confers with so much cheerfulness as yourself, and I trust there are few who have witness'd your conduct without profiting by so noble an example, as I profess myself to have done, my honour'd wife—I feel griev'd at the calamities this mad war will bring upon the country and our friends—what I shall suffer will be so trifling in comparison with others that I ought not to speak of it—but I am selfish and cannot help bringing home to myself its consequences. There is no particular, however, which I cannot support with greater fortitude and patience than the continuance of my absence from you and the uncertainty of its duration. When the *Reaper* left in Oct'r

I felt gloomy at the apprehension of a longer continuance of the Non-Intercourse Law—the repeal of the Orders in Council dissipated all my fears and I was only anxious lest ships should come too soon for the interest of my owners—I went busily to work in preparing goods and contracting for them and at the moment when I expected and was ready for an arrival this unexpected and ever to be lamented war came.

February 18, 1813. I have seen some extracts from American papers down to the 8th August. . . . I have seen the Boston Resolutions: they are very well and I trust will be followed by others at a more general assembly—the people here consider the war as having been commenc'd by the Gov't and their partizans the rabble, contrary to the wishes of our best citizens and lament it most sincerely—there is no animosity towards us whatever. . . .

Take care of your health if you love me; it is the greatest favor you can add to those already conferred on your affectionate and grateful husband.

February 20, 1813. You will all be anxious about me, till you know I am not in the *Reaper*—it was a fortunate decision my remaining here. I must confess I never tho't much of war with England, though it has always been in my mind as an event which might happen. The *Reaper's* voyage will be a bad one unless Andrew has made insurance, and even then it is probable the offices will not be able to pay more than 10/ in the £—even the best of them. I made a shipment in the *Harmony* for the owners, and one for myself—this I did on hearing the repeal of the Orders in Council. I fear there is no insurance. I can only say I am sorry it was done, but I do not consider it as an imprudent thing—had time admitted, it is probable I should have made it somewhat larger—before I close this I shall send you a statement



of my own concerns by which you will perceive my prospects are still good, admitting I recover from the Underwriters one-half the amount shipp'd in the *Reaper*. I have told you in many letters that I meant not to conceal anything which I tho't you desirous of knowing concerning my business. I esteem you as good an adviser as you are a wife. I think your judgment excellent and by communicating my intentions I shall be led to reflect the more upon them and at the same time your prudent councils will be bro't to my recollection. I have not forgotten them, my excellent wife, and I have wish'd a thousand times that I had listen'd to them at a time when they might have sav'd us from calamities, the effects of which you are now suffering, on my account, with so much cheerfulness and patience. . . .

Good night, my incomparable wife—while I have life I shall always love and honour you and I hope it will give you as much pleasure to hear me say so, as I now have in saying it. Good night, and God bless you, my dear wife and child.

February 22, 1813.

I have seen the address of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and the Newburyport resolutions. I am afraid it is all that can be done. If we were united in New England, and New York w'd join us heartily, the Western States might have the war to themselves. We must one day or other separate and since things have gone so far, the sooner it takes place the better. The Northern section w'd soon have the ascendancy and control over the others, and thus govern instead of being governed by a people half civilized.

I was glad to hear George<sup>1</sup> arriv'd in season to avoid a capture. His vessel and cargo are not liable to the

<sup>1</sup> His brother, Captain George Lee.



Non-Intercourse Law but our Gov't are such a set of robbers there is no safety within their grasp. I look upon the Gov't as nearly dissolv'd by the war. The Constitution was too miserably weak to serve in peace when everything went on prosperously—it cannot be expected that the faction now in power will any longer regard it. . . .

I have at last found a horse, an Arab, for which I gave \$300, not a large sum for this country—I shall get perhaps \$250 when I sell him. The expence of keeping is \$6 a month, yet I would have gladly avoided this expence, had not my health requir'd the exercise. I ride for 1½ hours one hour before sunrise—I feel already the good effects—I go to bed at 9 to 10—I never led so regular a life. If you were here it would be a happy one. Goodnight, my dear Mary.

[In Trevelyan's *History of the British Empire in the 19th Century*, he says, "It was of good omen that the war was unpopular in New England. In 1814 the Northern States began to talk of secession if peace were not made. Although it was the merchants and sailors of New England who suffered from the grievances on the high seas that were the pretext of the war, yet it was New England that protested against the war policy of the Southern Democrats.

"The pacifism of New York and Massachusetts, the states that could have made the earliest and most formidable attacks on Canada if they had been so minded, saved us from a desperate strait. . . . Never before or since has the independence of Canada been in greater danger than in the summer of 1812. . . .

"The treaty signed at Ghent on Christmas Eve, 1814, very wisely did not even attempt to decide the embittered controversies on blockade and right of search. . . .

"The most important stage of the whole proceeding came in 1817, when, after a sharp struggle inside the British Cabinet, the British and American Governments agreed to abolish their navies on the Great Lakes, and forthwith dismantled, sold, or sank the warships on Erie and Ontario. Those fleets have never been reconstructed."]

No. 10.

Calcutta, February 25th, 1813.

My faithful wife,

The opportunities of writing via England occur so rarely, that I must embrace conveyances more indirect or at least more uncertain. I send this via Lisbon—the ship stops at Rio Janeiro, which will add to the length of the passage. I have forwarded another letter to be sent from that place. . . .

I have been dreading the return of warm weather—it has commenc'd, but not to the degree we shall have it in June—thus far I do very well—indeed I think for ten days I have not been so well since I landed. Let this comfort you, my belov'd Mary; while I have you for a wife and a common share of health, I ought to think myself the happiest man on earth—as I should if we were together—our little infant has hitherto given you much occupation, and delightful occupation, if I may judge from your letters: this is another blessing we have to be thankful for. . . . Do not be anxious about me—take care of your health—read or do anything to amuse yourself and remember that the greatest favor you can do me, is to take care of a life upon which my whole happiness depends and one which you value as nothing in comparison with a husband who thinks and knows you to be the best of wives and the most faultless woman in existence. Farewell, my ever honour'd and belov'd wife—I pray most fervently you may long enjoy everything which can contribute to your happiness and that the time may soon come when you will have it in your power to reward a husband who loves and esteems you more than he can express, by the charms of your society, the delights of friendship and love—farewell—I embrace you and our little girl most tenderly and remain as ever your obedient and devoted husband

H. L.

*Received 10 Sept., 1813.*

No. 11.

Calcutta, March 2, 1813.

I have read a considerable number of books—of late *Paley's Moral Philosophy* and *Evidences of Christianity*; the latter has given me more satisfaction than any work of the kind that I have ever look'd into. I shall take up some other books upon same subjects, in the hopes of creating a stronger interest in the most important of all matters—our religion. You are happy, my dear M., in having early in life engaged in it and since then continuing to strengthen your belief by study and reflection—it is this firm piety, my respected wife, together with the natural firmness of your mind, which has enabled you to fortify your soul against the misfortunes you have had to encounter. W'd to God, I had made the same advances as yourself. I should be happier without doubt and more worthy of your esteem than I can hope to be, or at least more so than I deserve. I am glad to learn by your letters, that you found time to indulge your inclination to read; after the little girl was weaned you must have had more leisure. I hope you will not confine yourself to such grave works as Mosheim, but take up occasionally as may suit your feelings, those which are more amusing: should history happen to be your humor, I recommend *Sully's Memoirs*—there is much information in it and the characters of Henry IV, and Sully, his minister, are extremely interesting; the work will I am sure entertain you as much as any work you ever read. My father has it if I mistake not; it is a favorite book with my mother, whose taste and judgment are sufficient to give currency to anything, in your estimation as well as mine.

You mention in one of your letters, that you sh'd keep a Journal to note from time [to time] what might occur, interesting to me. I have express'd several times, how much I felt gratify'd and oblig'd by your intention—and

I repeat here, lest those letters sh'd not arrive, that the perusal of anything you write will be interesting to me. . . .

March 5th, 1813.

I have rec'd much gratification from learning the success of the English in Spain—they are doing wonders there—and within a few days we have news from Russia of a terrible bloody battle fought near Moscow, on the 7th Sep. in which the French suffer'd excessively—they had advanc'd afterwards, but did not find the provisions they expected and of which they stood in need, at Moscow; we are told they suffer from hunger and cold and I have no doubt it is true—if the Russians are not coax'd into a peace, the situation of Napoleon will be critical indeed this winter: the Swedes are in his rear and he must retreat between two armies and at an immense distance from his country. I hope most sincerely his power is on the decline and that the world may ever more be freed from his tyranny, his defeat w'd change the view of our cowardly Government, who have hitherto been operated upon by his threats; in fact it is very apparent they are as much in his interest as his own Senate—it is a lamentable fact, but the truth cannot be deny'd, tho' we boast continually of the purity of our nation and of their high notions of liberty and independence, there never was a set of men in power in any country, more contemptible as to talents or more base as to their conduct and views than Madison and his faction—detested by all good men in their own country and despis'd by all the rest of the world—the war they are now waging will I trust end in their confusion—it is the only thing which can balance in any degree the misery it must occasion to ourselves. . . .

I heard of the arrival of George a few days since—this is a very gratifying piece of news, for besides the saving of his property and escaping an imprisonment, or at least

a detention, which I fear'd would have been his fate—I was under some apprehensions for his safety. We heard a long time ago of his short run to St. Helena and when I found by letters of 29th May dated at Phil'a that the *Aurora* had not arriv'd, I concluded some accident must probably have happen'd to her. Give my affectionate regards to George and tell him I have written him five or six letters since I arriv'd. . . .

March 6th, 1813.

I lost the opp'y of sending by the *Imega* for Rio de Janeiro and Lisbon. I now mean to put it on board the *San Fernando*, a Spanish ship for South America—the super-cargo has promised to have it forwarded from thence to U. States—or if no conveyance offers, then to London; it will be forever on the way, yet I choose to avail of the opportunity—if it is lost, no matter—if it comes to hand you will be gratify'd. I have by me two others intended for the next fleet to London and I shall write a few lines by two Portuguese ships for So. America and Lisbon—after which no more conveyances will offer for some time. . . .

I employ my time principally in reading—we have admitted to our family another member, a Lieutenant in the army. He is a pleasant temper'd man and we live in great harmony and at small expence.

. . . Charles will remain with me as long as I stay here: you can say to his mother he is well and employing his time to advantage, tho' I could wish there was more employment for us both—he has a fine temper and good understanding, but not much knowledge and too little zeal and ambition, at least for his mercantile profession—he seems better pleas'd with a ship than the Counting House: it is fortunate he remain'd—his situation on board the *Reaper* in case of capture w'd have been unpleasant, and on his arrival in England, he w'd

of course have been confin'd as a prisoner of war with a small chance of being exchange'd, as we shall have few prisoners to give in return for the great number of our seamen captur'd by the English—he leads a dull life as well as myself, but is contented, I believe. . . .

March 7th, 1813.

I have altered my mind and instead of sending this to So. America it goes direct to Lisbon—No. 8 and No. 9 will go in the fleet for England, to sail in a month or six weeks—after which, no more conveyances will offer for some time. . . .

I have made a few hundred dollars upon Indigo lately and about \$1,000 upon the purchase of some opium—I hope to gain a small profit upon a lot of Indigo now on hand—I consider myself as a very good judge of it and so are my banians.

Remember me to all who are interested in my welfare and especially to Father and Mother and Harriet—I am rejoic'd to find from your letters that you were so often with my mother, on your account as well as hers. I fear there have been many and great calls upon her fortitude, in the events that have occur'd since I left home, particularly in regard to the Higginsons. . . . Tell Harriet both her letters are rec'd and that I have written her three in return—her letters, as indeed all she writes, are full of good sense and good feelings; I wish I knew how to prove to her the extreme gratification they afforded me, she would feel amply rewarded for the trouble they cost—as you are the best wife in the world, so is she the best sister and friend: I presume she will live with you, at least I hope so, but not unless she finds it more agreeable than any other place. . . .

Good by, my dear wife, God bless you, is the constant prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate friend and husband, H. L.

*Rec'd June 9, 1814.*



Calcutta, March 9th, 1813.

No. 12. Per *Bacchante* for Rio de Janeiro.

. . . Our accounts from Russia come down to October: we have the account of the battle of Borodino, fought on 7th September—we have also the 18th Bulletin from the French army, which is their official Statement—either Napoleon has grown modest or he has sustain'd something like a defeat according to his own relation of the battle. I have never before seen a French bulletin in so desponding and awkward a style—subsequent reports from the Russian army say, that the French are perishing by thousands with hunger and cold and that the Russians are cloth'd and well fed and reinforcing constantly. I am extremely impatient to hear further—in meantime I cannot help entertaining sanguine hopes.

March 10th, 1813.

. . . I read much of the time—am now upon Locke and Roman history—I make no acquaintances nor am I desirous of doing so, were it in my power, unless I could choose them—I am sadly in need of a companion or in other words my wife, without whom I can never be contented—yet on the whole I am more reconciled to my situation than you would expect, and if I only knew you and our infant were well and happy, I should be much more so. I hardly know what to say about your continuing to write me after this comes to hand; it is very uncertain whether I remain here or go to England—on the whole however I would have you write by way of London should the war continue: if I sh'd remain, the letters will be invaluable—at any rate they will afford me pleasure when they do reach me, let it be in what place it may. I should wish also that Frank and Pat would write me on business—should Andrew have been ruin'd by the war, it may be important I sh'd know it and have



directions in whose name to put the property of the owners. . . .

The war cannot last long and should Napoleon have been kill'd or defeated, commerce will revive and we shall all have a chance to re-establish our fortunes. The trade to this place offers certain profit and a very great one without much hazard—the knowledge I have acquir'd since my arrival here, will enable me to lay down a plan for the pursuit of it, which I *know* Pat will approve of and a very moderate capital will suffice. Tom, I am afraid, will also be a great sufferer by the war, and Frank too (in fact all engaged in trade must lose and there is no branch of the family that can escape great losses) : with economy and industry we shall get up again after the war ; I have plann'd out business enough for all of us—but I will reserve the communication of it 'till I arrive. No plan I could write, could stand the attacks of the *clan*—I must be present myself to defend and explain.

Should the *Reaper* happily arrive and escape our infamous Gov't afterwards, our friends will have some proofs of the advantages an experienc'd agent has over those who are less acquainted with this trade. . . . It would be very singular if, after having devoted 18 years to this trade, and during that time been the largest importer and one of the greatest dealers in Bengal goods of every description, I should not be confident in my abilities to carry it on with uncommon advantages—my long stay here this voyage has been extremely useful, to complete my information, and had not the war broke out I should have sent Andrew a very excellent investment.

March 15th, 1813, Monday.

. . . I apprehend the war will not end 'till the new Congress is chosen, unless Buonaparte is either kill'd or

meets with a signal defeat, so much so as to render his situation very critical—God grant the former may happen for the sake of our country and for the world.

The weather for six months past has been quite temperate—the mornings and evenings very pleasant, but there is not a day in the year when it is not uncomfortable and even dangerous to be exposed to the sun after it is one or two hours above the horizon. The Thermometer stands now at about  $86^{\circ}$  to  $88^{\circ}$  through the day—but that degree is not uncomfortable—I do very well while it does not go above  $90^{\circ}$  to  $92^{\circ}$ . I have told you in many of my letters, that I suffer'd from an oppression at the breast—I think at this time I have less than for some months and am likewise stronger. . . .

Good by, my ever belov'd wife—take all possible care of your health and make yourself contented and happy. I intreat you most earnestly not to be depress'd on my account; the war has made an exile of me, but that I ought to bear manfully when I reflect upon the losses our friends will suffer. Think of my good fortune in everything, but the separation from my dear M.—we cannot have all our wishes gratify'd—let us be thankful for such as are. Kiss our little infant for me—I pray she may continue to amuse and comfort you—God bless you both and in time make me participate in the happiness she affords. I remain always your truly affectionate and very faithful husband,

H. L.

No. 15. Calcutta, April 14th, 1813.

My dear and estimable wife,

I am fluctuating constantly between the hope of a settlement with Great Britain, and the fear of a continuance of the war. . . . The ill-success of our army, and I presume, too, of the navy (tho' as yet we have heard of the loss of only one public ship on the part of the

Americans, Capt. Crane's, and that was more than balanced by the destruction of the *Guerrière*, yet it is impossible our frigates should escape for any long time, unless they remain in port)—the failure of the attack on Canada, the loss of an immense property by the merchants, the disappointment and capture of our privateersmen, and probably of the public ships—the suspension of all business in the seaports—the fall in produce—the extinction of public and private credit—the fall in all kinds of stocks—the embarrassments and distress of individuals—and the discontents and apprehensions of such as are rich enough to bear all this—must create feelings which cannot fail of being formidable to Government and to discourage them in the prosecution of the war. Whether the faction have the audacity to go on, in spite of all these difficulties, God only knows, but if they do I shall consider it is their wish to produce a revolution and change the form of government. . . . I doubt much, however, of their ability to do this; we are too distant from France to receive the necessary aid, and the war they have engaged in to cover their designs is too destructive and inglorious to be for a long time borne, even by their most zealous partisans. I am afraid, however, it will last a sufficient time to ruin most of the merchants; after that I shall not be sorry to have it go on till the nation becomes heartily tired of the scoundrels who are now ruining the country. Such an event might lead to a state of things which would in some measure compensate us for the sufferings of the war.

I am anxious to hear from America down to October or November. I can then judge if the repeal of the Orders in Council made any change; if not I shall conclude the war will go on till the next Congress is chosen, or till Buonaparte meets with some great reverse in his fortunes. If Buonaparte succeeds in Russia he is without

doubt our Master, and yet I doubt if we shall bear the yoke very easy. I do not in any event believe the war will continue beyond the year 1815<sup>1</sup>, and I think it will terminate pretty soon after the commencement of the next Congress; though I am very confident Madison will be re-elected, yet he will not have a majority strong enough to carry on the war. These are my views today. I state them to you because they will serve as a clue to my conduct and intentions. I do not wholly despair of a peace on the opening of Congress, especially should the discontent of the Northern States increase and the ill-success of our armies and the bad credit of Government continue. . . .

We have now dates to October 15, only. They came via Cape of Good Hope. We learnt of General Hull's capture, but except that event and the sinking of the *Guerrière* we know nothing of affairs in America after the middle of August.<sup>2</sup>

My attention is very anxiously fixed upon the Russian war. We get our intelligence over land, principally from Mr. Liston, the English Ambassador in Turkey. It comes through Persia; thence to Bombay via the Persian Gulf: from Bombay, which is in the English Dominions, it comes by land to Calcutta. We have the [French] Bulletins as far as No. 20; that and the preceding one give us an account of the destruction of Moscow. The Russian and French accounts differ so materially it is impossible to know the state of affairs. I imagine, however, the French had the advantage in every battle but have suffered so much that their actual

<sup>1</sup>The news of peace was received in Boston in February, 1815.

<sup>2</sup>In July, 1812, General Hull attempted the invasion of Canada, but being met and defeated by Gen. Brock, recrossed the river and surrendered Detroit. In August his nephew, Captain Isaac Hull, in the *Constitution*, sunk the British frigate *Guerrière* in Boston Harbor.

progress in the conquest of Russia has not been great since they entered that country. It is true they have burnt two of the greatest cities in the Empire, but they have lost and disabled the strength of their armies, while those of Russia appear to be more numerous than ever and well enough provided with provisions, clothing and shelter. We had some reports 15 days since which discouraged me a good deal. Now I begin to indulge pretty sanguine hopes that Buonaparte will at least be compelled to abandon his plan of subduing Russia and perhaps be driven out of Germany. The Emperor Alexander has thus far held out well and been nobly supported by his people. If he remains firm in refusing Peace and adheres to his system of fighting and retreating, I do not see why he should not succeed. I think at least there are grounds for hopes and I am determined to enjoy the contemplation of them till I am undeceived.

We have besides the above accounts which come down only to September 18th, some letters from Sir Robert Wilson to October 20th, which speak in the most hopeful terms of the good state of the Russian armies, the patriotism of the nation, and the firmness of Alexander and his nobles. You will know the issue of this important war long before this reaches you, and wonder I should entertain you with my conjectures; I do it, my wife, because I consider the war we are engaged in with England as depending on the termination of the Russian campaign, and I wish you to be acquainted with such opinions as may influence my conduct in my business: you can then the better judge whether I act right or otherwise. If you approve of what I do, I shall feel a confidence which my own decisions, unsanctioned by yours, can never give me. I have experienced the soundness of your judgment in so many instances that I have more respect for it than for that of any other person.

. . . You will hardly believe that a person of my *easy manners* and *insinuating address* should have lived almost a year in this place without making a single acquaintance unless a few persons whom I meet on business. It is true, however, and I should be in the same solitude if I were to remain 10 years. I should enjoy extremely the society of a few families like Mr. Russell's, where I might visit on my own terms—but I doubt if I had access to every house in the place whether I could find one. There are two classes of people that make up the English societies—the one composed of Company's servants, as they are called, viz. persons in service of the India Company—military officers and a few merchants. These are the gentry of the place and have among them many respectable persons—live in great style and hold themselves altogether above the common citizens. The other class is made up of merchants, mechanics, shopkeepers, artists, ship masters, and adventurers of all sorts, who came out from England to seek what they seldom find—their fortunes. For the most part they are a low-bred and worthless set—their society is had on easy terms—you may be sure I have no inclination, and if I had w'd not indulge it, to partake of it. There is a small number among them, no doubt, of good educations and characters and, if one had the opportunity of selecting, very pleasant and useful acquaintances might be found among them. The respectable class it is impossible to become acquainted with, without a better introduction than any of our countrymen can obtain, and their habits are such that no man of business could mix with them if he had an opportunity. There are several gentlemen in business who have given me invitations to their houses, but I declin'd them—if I had made the most of their civility it is probable I might have become known through them to some others,



but it neither suited my business, inclination or my circumstances, and for that reason I declined. I have dined twice at a house where business introduced me, with two bachelors—and at no other time except occasionally with my countrymen when they were in port. I know about a dozen persons whom I meet at their different offices, all of whom are very civil in communicating such information as they receive from time to time, on the arrival of ships from Europe, and it is on these occasions I see them—they comprise some of the first merchants in the place, and of course it is pleasant and useful to be on these terms with them—it is all I want—accident more than anything else began our acquaintance.

April 21, 1813.

The long expected ship has arrived and brought dates from London to the 14th November; from United States to the 10th October. As yet I have only seen a few extracts from the American papers, but I perceive the faction had taken their orders from Serurier<sup>1</sup> to proceed with the war, in spite of the ill-success of our Generals and the complaints of our people.

I anticipated this, yet I had some little hope a negotiation might be opened. The repeal of the Orders in Council produced no effect. Did not Mr. C., Charles Jackson, John Lowell, and all our wisest men forewarn us long since that they were only a pretense with our Government to be on ill terms with England and that the repeal would not produce a settlement? I hope the Federalists are now convinced and all other honest men of the hypocrisy, baseness and treachery of Madison, and that we are sold to the Emperor of France.

I have seen General Hull's despatches: his proclamation held out a different result to his campaign. I am

<sup>1</sup> French minister at Washington.



not disappointed; I even predicted to all who made inquiries of me on the subject the failure of any attempts we should make to conquer and keep possession of Canada, unless the war should continue for several years.

I pity this poor devil, he did as well as could have been expected. No one who knew his character and the quality of his troops anticipated any other effects from this famous campaign.<sup>1</sup> Our Navy had done nothing besides the capture and destruction of the *Guerrière*. It is singular the British should have sent so small a force upon the coast, but they never tho't us in earnest, we have so long boasted and threatened. The certainty almost that the war will be continued through the year causes some very gloomy feelings: my prospects are destroyed and our friends must all be still greater sufferers than I am.

The *Reaper* has long since, I doubt not, been in the hands of England.<sup>2</sup> She was taken in the West Indian latitudes or off our coast. I hope Andrew will have been more fortunate in his Russian expedition. I am still at a loss to know how to act. If after having remained so long, I should now depart and in the meantime Peace be concluded, I should think my decision an unwise one

<sup>1</sup> "Unreasonable blame was laid upon Gen. Hull, who was tried for neglect of duty and condemned to death, but fortunately was pardoned by President Madison. It has since been made clear that Hull was blamed unjustly."—*History of the United States*, by John Fiske.

"The Government expected General Hull with a force not exceeding 2,000 effectives to march 200 miles, constructing a road as he went: to garrison Detroit: to guard at least 60 miles of road under the enemy's guns: to face a force in the field equal to his own, and another savage force of unknown number: to sweep the Canadian peninsula of British troops: to capture the fortresses at Malden and the British fleet on Lake Erie;—and to do all this without the aid of a man or a boat between Sandusky and Quebec."—*History of the United States*, by Henry Adams.

<sup>2</sup> The *Reaper* had arrived in Boston on March 20, 1813.

and regret not having remained some time longer: it is true, there is no great probability of a peace till the next Congress assemble, but Madison may possibly lose his election, or his party in Congress may be alarmed at the prospect before them of taxes and an unsuccessful and inglorious war. On the whole I have determined, at any rate, to continue till I hear what Congress did at the opening of the session. The probability of Clinton's election, and the effect produced upon the French faction by the reverse their master has met with in Russia, and upon the nation at large by the destruction of our commerce, the loss of our navy, and the defeat of our armies (for I anticipate the defeat of the second attempt on Canada), all this we shall know in three months, this being the season when ships are expected and when they make the fastest passage. . . . God knows I am anxious to be on my way home, but at the same time I am desirous, extremely so, of making the most of the property in my charge and especially when the loss occasioned by the war may make even a few thousand dollars of great importance. . . .

April 23, 1813.

I called upon Messrs. Alexander this morning; with their usual politeness they furnished me with the latest London papers and gave me all the information their letters contained relative to the war. There are not many extracts from American papers. I have seen enough, however, to convince me the strength of the peace party is great and that they are determined to do all that is possible to end the war. We can only conjecture as to the election. I have no idea Clinton can succeed. Another year would have brought him in. I do not think it very important he should be chosen. He might be worse than even Madison. I never under-

stood him to be possessed of great abilities; there is no doubt of his entire want of good principles. I am much pleased with Capt. Hull's modest letter to the Secretary of the Navy.<sup>1</sup> It does him as much credit as the skill and courage he displayed. . . . Our accounts from Spain are not so favorable. Lord Wellington had abandoned Burgos, and the French armies had formed a junction and were very formidable. The Spaniards behave worse and worse. I doubt whether any nation under the like circumstances ever conducted so ill or produced so few patriots and great men. Nothing but the success of the Russians could have prevented Buonaparte from expelling the English as soon as he was disengaged in the North, but I trust his power is drawing to a close, and if he is not driven from his throne that he will at any rate be compelled to give up most of his conquests.

The good news from Russia has induced me to extend my purchase of Indigo to \$12 or 13,000. I shall sell it again if I can, otherwise ship it to England, in case I leave the country before the war terminates. . . .

I feel in better spirits than usual. The success of the Russians is cheering. As to our war, I have expected its continuance and was prepared for the late accounts; but the Russians will give us Peace.

April 27, 1813.

It is a long time since I said anything about the American Missionaries—they were all compelled to leave the country in two or three months after they landed, tho' they made great efforts to remain.<sup>2</sup> Newhall and wife

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the sinking of the *Guerrière* by the *Constitution*.

<sup>2</sup> The missionaries came in Capt. Augustine Heard's ship *Caravan*. As the Government was unwilling they should stay in India, they appealed to be landed in the Isle of France on the return voyage. Captain Heard felt much compassion for the Newhalls: the young wife was but nineteen.

went to the Isle of France in a few weeks after they arrived. Mrs. Newhall, I hear, died there, tho' I am not certain this information is correct. Judson and Rice were converted to Baptism with an expectation, perhaps, of being allowed to remain with the English Missionaries who are all of that persuasion. They remained two or three months, but were finally ordered by Gov't to leave the country for England. That destination was changed at their entreaty for Ceylon, an island at the entrance of the Bay of Bengal, from whence the cinnamon comes. Judson is much of an invalid. Hall and Nott have gone to Isle of France: the Governor of that settlement, I am told, does not approve of their object and will probably compel them to leave the place—perhaps they may go from thence to Madagascar: they appeared to me to be mad. The Society must abandon their project of Christianizing India—this Government will admit no one, unless they come with the permission of the Court of Directors. There are thousands in England who stand ready to engage in this business, so that foreigners are not like to meet with support. As yet few or no converts have been made, perhaps not one respectable native, and it appears to me beyond the reach of human means to change their notions: certainly while they remain as at present in the grossest ignorance of everything but the particular profession they are engaged in. Judson, Capt. Heard told me, was a man of pretty good understanding, so was Mr. Rice. Mr. Newhall is the most worthy character among them all, and the least of a bigot. All of them seemed ignorant of the world, and extremely ill-informed of the country and the inhabitants which they came to convert. I pitied them most sincerely; they probably have good intentions, which is more than one could venture to say of some of their patrons and directors, who sent them upon this im-

practicable scheme. The English Missionary Society are making great efforts by preaching and the distribution of Bibles, but thus far I am told without much effect. They have funds to a considerable amount and their leading preachers are men of great learning; two of them hold high stations in the College for the instruction of the Company's servants in the Eastern languages.

I have finished the New Testament and find it more intelligible and interesting than the Old Testament. I mean to go through with it again in course of the year.

May 3, 1813.

I have had a tolerable good set of bearers and kept them till the head one became sick; now I have new ones and they plague me by their religious scruples—they will not touch the warm water or carry a light before the palanquin—the latter I can do without as I never leave the house after dark. The business of a house from their religious customs is subdivided into many branches, for each of which there must be a servant; this is a great expense and still greater inconvenience. . . . Capt. Chardon still continues with us and the Lieut. We spare no pains to keep our expenses at the most moderate rate, but house rent and servants, which comprise three-fourths of the whole amount, cannot be diminished. While we continue three (besides Charles) we live with great economy, but my expenses will be the same, or nearly so, when they leave me as now. The same servants are required for me as for half a dozen. I endeavored to find a boarding house, but it is impossible. I am tired of this dull and solitary life and long to be once more among civilized beings.

May 5, 1813.

We have some later dates from Russia. They come down to 11th December. The French still continued their retreat, and suffered immensely. Much as we are

compelled to detest Frenchmen for the miseries they have inflicted on mankind, and which we now begin to feel, one cannot read the account of their sufferings without feeling touched at their distressing situation. If Sir R. Wilson is correct in his letters there never were such horrible scenes of misery as have presented themselves in Russia among the soldiers of Buonaparte. I am afraid that the author of all this mischief will himself escape. . . . He will, I imagine, get back to France. His reception may not be to his liking. We hear the Senate refused him the last conscription called for. I am eager to know the result of these great and unexpected events. It appears to me they will affect the Councils of our Government, and incline the navy men to peace. I am sorry the news could not have reached early in the session of Congress. . . .

May 6—evening.

My dear wife:

I have had the greatest pleasure, next to that of seeing you, which the world can afford me. The schooner, *Alligator*, arrived a few hours since. I have seen Ozias.<sup>1</sup> You were in perfect health, and so was the child. This news came upon me most unexpectedly. I have had no expectation of seeing any American vessel, and twenty might have arrived without bringing any intelligence of you. . . .

I put a thousand interesting questions to Ozias, but my mind is so entirely occupied with you that I hardly know what answers he made. Mr. Lowell had been captured, but they were well treated, and arrived safe in Boston.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ozias Goodwin, much younger than Mr. Lee, and later his partner in business. The friendship between the families is continued in the second and third generations.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cabot Lowell and their children and Miss Harriet Jackson had arrived at home after a prolonged stay in England.



Mr. Lowell had been sick and recovered: Mrs. Lowell was as well as usual, Ozias thinks. Harriet he saw in church, and she appeared in good health. It gives me the most sensible pleasure to find them safe at home, and that Harriet had taken up her residence with you. Nothing could have happened more opportunely. You would have had another dull winter alone. Now it is impossible you should be otherwise than happy, saving the anxiety you feel on my account. I think you will agree with me that Harriet is more agreeable than ever. She has made a great addition to her stock of knowledge, and in her manners she has thrown off that reserve which kept at an uncomfortable distance her acquaintances and friends. Ozias could give me no particulars about other members of the family, only generally that they were all well.

May 7, 1813.

I have convers'd with Ozias again today; he confirms the account of your health in the most particular manner; says he saw you often,—you were in excellent health and always cheerful; that the child was vigorous and lively and could walk. What more could I wish, my precious wife, upon this score! I have not permitted myself to be anxious, but the precariousness of health and the uncertainty of life would sometimes make me tremble for what might happen.

Ozias has given me a pile of newspapers to the 5th of December. They are interesting, as you may imagine, after such a suspension in dates. I had none later than April 5 before. The war, as I feared, still continues, in spite of the repeal of the Orders in Council and Admiral Warren's overtures. It is easy to see from Madison's message that he seeks for pretences to keep up the war, but I cannot but hope and believe that the increasing discontent of the major part of the nation,



and the repulse of Buonaparte in Russia will compel the faction to really wish for peace, and then there will be no difficulty in adjusting the terms. I see nothing in the papers which indicates an immediate settlement. I conclude Madison was elected President, and as he has the majority in Congress, it will be in his power to keep on with the war for some time longer. I think, however, there will be an armistice during the last session of Congress, and at any rate, the Government will not be able to protract the war beyond an early period of the coming session of Congress.

I have hopes the majority will then be in favour of Coalition, or if this is not the case that the Government majority will be too small to venture upon a continuance of an unsuccessful, unpopular, unnecessary and inglorious war. . . .

The Calcutta vessels and others have almost all arrived safe and this gives me more hopes than I ever before dared entertain of the *Reaper's* getting in; she will be off New York in March—a stormy season—it would make me very happy to hear she had arrived: the new duties will operate very heavily upon her cargo, yet it will come to a good market.

Calcutta, May 19th, 1813.

My dear wife,

Having just heard of a ship about to sail from Madras for England I avail myself of it, to repeat again the delight I experienc'd, on learning by the *Alligator*, that you and our child were in perfect health. I had not been very anxious, yet my mind was not easy and requir'd something to cheer and enliven it—I am now much more reconciled to my banishment. . . .

. . . Ozias has given me a detail as far as he could have been acquainted, of everything that has occur'd among our friends—I am most agreeably disappointed

to find that the losses occasion'd by the war are much less than could have been expected. You will have remark'd what gloomy apprehensions I entertain'd for the fate of some of my nearest relatives and best friends—they are doing well, Ozias tells me, and are in a situation to bear the losses which they may yet possibly sustain. Patrick's situation he represents as very secure; he has not been able to inform me if his property in the *Calcutta* is insur'd: he thinks the *Reaper* is not fully cover'd, but as Andrew's Russian voyage is promising, he will be able to bear the loss. I have more hopes than I ever dared encourage, that the *Reaper* may arrive in safety; she will be on the coast at a stormy season and if the English do not reinforce their squadron she may escape.

. . . I have come to the resolution of remaining here for a year to come, sh'd the war not be finish'd any sooner: it is with the utmost reluctance I bring myself to this resolution, but I cannot do otherwise without a great sacrifice of my owner's interest and my own. I look with great hopes upon the consequences of the complete destruction of Buonaparte's army and perhaps his own—sh'd the latter have taken place, Europe will be again freed from the dominion of France and we I trust also. . . . Give my most unfeign'd regards to Harriet—she still continues to hold the second place in my affections—to my mother you will repeat the assurance of my constant and unchangeable attachment and veneration. . . . I have made some further purchases of Indigo—I expect to dispose of all I have in three months, or else ship it to London. . . . H. L.

(*Rec'd 3 Sept., 1814.*)

Calcutta, July 7th, 1813.

My dear wife:—

. . . The news received yesterday over land from

Russia, by which it appears that in January and February the Russians had taken possession of almost all Prussia, tends to strengthen my belief that our Government will begin to think seriously of the situation in which their corruption and stupidity have placed the country, and, as the only means of extricating us therefrom, they will make peace with G. Britain. I am in great hopes this event will have taken place by this time, and that at any rate it cannot be protracted beyond January first, even should Mr. Madison himself be inflexible in his opinions on the subject.

. . . We hear, too, that a Russian envoy had been sent to Vienna and that Lord Walpole, the English Ambassador, had been cordially received. This looks as if we might calculate at least upon the neutrality of Austria if not her co-operation in the war in favor of Russia. The prospect is most cheering and really makes some amends for the privations I am now sustaining, or rather *privation*, for I complain of nothing as a hardship but the loss of your society, and that is an evil which, notwithstanding what philosophers say about the force of habit, becomes more intolerable the longer it continues. . . .

We have no further news from America. The capture of two frigates has made us quite formidable, there have been rumours in circulation of the capture of two more, off the Island of St. Helena, by an American Squadron. I do not credit the account because I have no idea we have had any ships in that quarter. . . .

The trial of the *Schr. Alligator* takes place in 5 or 6 days. I shall not in all probability be allowed to put any letters on board, should she be released. Her passage will not be less than 5 months and probably she may stop or be detained by the English. I shall continue to write you by every fleet. . . .

I shall stay here during the war, and you must not

calculate upon my leaving here (let peace come when it will) earlier in the year than November. I shall avoid a winter's coast on account of my health. . . . I am well and do not suffer from the climate as I did last year. I have made no sale of indigo, but the accounts from Europe are favorable to a rise and the crop now in the ground unpromising. I shall certainly make something by the purchase. . . .

Farewell, my dear wife; if your health continues and that of our child I have no doubt you are happy, tho' I can easily imagine one circumstance which would make you more so. . . .

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

H. L.

(*Rec'd May, 1814.*)

Calcutta, July 10, 1813.

My dear Mary:

. . . This is merely to enclose a duplicate letter to my Father which you will seal and deliver to him if the original (by *Cambrian*) should not have arriv'd. This sending duplicates may give you an impression that I deem my letters of mighty importance. It is not the case, however, for except in your eyes I do not imagine they can be of any value in themselves, yet I know from what you have stated several times that my father was pleased with those I sent him from England, considering them, I suppose, as marks of my attention, and in that view they may be entitled praiseworthy, trifling as their effects may be.

You know I have but few subjects for a letter except on business, and especially to my father. This is the reason why I am solicitous what few I write may reach him. I have sent the letter open for you to read. You seem to have observed very particularly the effects produced on my father by my letters to him, and you gratified me by acquainting me with them. I should not have

imagined he would have felt or expressed so much satisfaction. You comprehend his character entirely and what you say is true—that he is so accustomed to concealing his most amiable feelings that many who think they know him would never remark that he possessed any. There is not one of his children, however, who can be otherwise than sensible of his affection, for I imagine there are few fathers who have made greater sacrifices to promote and advance the happiness of their sons.

I am glad to find you have so just an impression of the feelings he has towards us. I rejoice, too, to hear he is so open in communicating with you. He has always entertained for you the warmest affection and the highest esteem, and it is among the pleasantest reflections arising out of the contemplation of your character that he is now receiving in your affectionate and engaging attentions a part of the debt of gratitude which I owe to him for the generous sacrifices and efforts he has made for my welfare. . . .

Yours very affectionately,

H. L.

No. 20.

Calcutta, July 12, 1813.

Next to you, our Mother is the most frequent subject of my thoughts. I pray most devoutly she may have continued to enjoy as much health as when you last wrote. I often lament, among the many good things I am deprived of, the loss of her agreeable and instructive conversation, of which she has such an exhaustless fund. It is impossible to value sufficiently such a parent and friend. I know of no one to be compared with her for soundness of mind, judgment, knowledge and for the best feelings of the heart. She is really a Christian and a philosopher in the best sense of the word, and the wisest man that ever lived might profit from her society. Let me re-

mind you, my dear M., of the pleasure and advantage you enjoy in being so nearly connected and on such intimate terms with so inestimable a companion and friend, and one who esteems and loves you with the affection of a mother.

No. 21, *by Swallow*.

August 5, 1813.

. . . The last fleet brought us but little upon this subject [the war]. Madison is elected, we know this fact and I never expected any other result to the election nor do I regret much the ill-success of his opponent, only as indicating a more favorable opinion of Madison than I could wish. Madison will do his best to struggle on with the war, but I trust the nation will be of a different feeling and I think it will when the changes in the fortunes and hopes of France have become known among you. This, with the total loss of trade, threatened bombardments, taxes, disgraceful expeditions into Canada (for they will all end in that manner), want of revenue and credit, etc., etc., must I think compel our reluctant President to a peace, which nothing under heaven stands in the way of but the most unreasonable claims on our part. But I must not write treason, I forget that our Republican Gov't are to inspect my communications.

August 12, 1813.

The weather has been for some days past uncommonly pleasant, and there will be no more extreme heat till next May: the glass stands through the day at 82°–86°, and there is generally a good breeze. I am reading Gibbon's Roman History with great pleasure, which is somewhat diminished, however, by the reflection that I should have so long neglected a work which contains so much information and entertainment. I am also engaged in reading Butler, which will be an antidote to any bad effect the former might have a tendency to produce.



I am glad you remind me of your aversion to India shirts. I have been compelled to make some addition to the stock I brought from home of almost 9 or 10; they will suffice for a long time. I have us'd my linen ones very little because the mode of washing is so injurious to linen cloth that they w'd not last two months. You need not make me any shirts against my return; my linen, which are yet almost new, and the cotton ones, will serve me for some years.

Calcutta, October 1, 1813.

My dear wife:

I have given to Mr. Emerton a letter for you, which will come to hand with this, which I write, merely, to cover a letter to my father, that you may have the satisfaction, what little there may be, of reading it. I am sorry that I cannot make it more interesting, but you know I have only two subjects—commerce and politics. One ought, to such a father as ours, to have many subjects of a more entertaining and interesting nature, but I feel under a greater restraint in writing to him than to any other person in existence. I am afraid to express those feelings which are always present to me when I think of his character and the generous exertions he has made through life to contribute to my comfort and success. I think I am afraid because he is not accustomed to this kind of acknowledgments, and they might not exactly suit his humour, though I suppose in the main he would be gratified.

You have his confidence, and he is more open in his feelings, in his intercourse with you, than with any of his other children. If, at any moment, you conceive he would be gratified by knowing what I feel toward him, and the reasons I do not express my feelings, I would have you say something on the subject. I consider myself as one who made a very inadequate return to so good



a father, even less than has been in my power, for his care and attention, and for the uncommon sacrifice to bring forward his family. It is some comfort, however, as I have before told you, my dear Mary, that I have a wife who by her affectionate conduct will in some measure make up for my deficiencies, and it is a pleasure to reflect that this duty, which is so pleasing in its effects to those who are the objects of it, constitutes likewise one portion of the happiness of her who, with so much cheerfulness, performs it.

I wrote my gratitude for all the attentions bestowed upon my father and mother. . . .

I ever shall be your constant and affectionate friend and husband,

H. L.

No. 24.

October 11, 1813.

My affectionate wife:

. . . The time has been somewhat enlivened of late by the arrival of the new Governor General, Lord Moira,<sup>1</sup> and his wife, the Countess of Loudoun. They landed in state last Monday. Charles [Cabot] and myself, who had been on the watch to see the ceremony, had a very fair view of it. But a small portion of the inhabitants were present in consequence of the very early hour they reached town, so that we took a station within a few yards of the spot they landed on. His Excellency was rec'd by a deputation of civil and military and march'd to the Gov't house thro' two files of soldiers. The Countess and other ladies, her sisters, followed in carriages. Lord Moira was dressed in military uniform and decorated with his star and garter. He is a well-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Moira: Francis Rawdon, later Lord Hastings—Governor General of Bengal from 1813 to 1823. "As commander-in-chief of the British forces in India he was to prove a great Proconsul."—*Dictionary of National Biography*.

made, good looking man of about 60, has a countenance full of benevolence, and rather intelligent. Lord M. is one of the most virtuous and popular noblemen in England, but is not considered, I believe, in the first rank of statesmen. I sh'd imagine he was extremely well calculated for the situation he now occupies, which requires judgment and prudence rather than brilliant talents; he will support the dignity of Government in a way to command the respect of the natives, a circumstance in which his predecessor, Lord Minto, failed very much, tho' he was on the whole a very respectable magistrate. The present Governor is commander of the troops, thus uniting the civil and military commands. He began his career in America at the revolution, and distinguish'd himself very much under the title of Lord Rawdon. I was a little disappointed in the Countess; from having heard so much of her I had associated in my ideas of her, youth, beauty, nobleness and every other quality which we delight to behold in your sex. Full of these extravagant expectations, I thought of nothing less than a Goddess till my near approach to her Ladyship broke the charm and spoiled the pretty picture my imagination had created. She is about 45, of a tolerable figure, rather stout, which in my judgment is no defect, has a dignified and gracious expression, a good air, and is in every way suited to the idea we form of the wife of a man of rank. The Countess of Loudoun is of high family in Scotland, and was a countess in her own rank, previous to her marriage. She has two sisters with her, younger than herself and not very handsome: their rank and connections will accomplish the object they probably had in view in coming to this country. Hitherto the Governors of India have not been permitted to have their wives with them, but this man is so great a favorite that everything gives way to him, and I doubt

not he will perform his duties with as much fidelity as if she was on the other side of the world, and she will make his court more brilliant and more agreeable.

His Lordship has his first levée tomorrow and the Countess a drawing-room a few days after—or rather evenings—her hour is 9 in the ev'g. The milliners and tailors and jewellers are no doubt in high spirits; they are all in requisition, much to the disadvantage of many honest husbands who have too much vanity or too little courage to oppose the extravagance of their wives. Women here have little else to do but waste their time and money, and I am told they display in this way a wonderful deal of ingenuity and diligence.

I do not suppose you will be much interested in all this, but here, I assure you, it is a great affair and I am glad of any subject that will serve to fill a page. Harriet w'd make an entertaining letter of such an event, but she has imagination and humour and a talent at description which can make any subject, however trivial, instructive and entertaining. I would not have you repeat this because she would call it flattery, and I am not willing to impair in any degree the good opinion I am fond of believing she entertains for me. I may venture, however, to assure her of my affectionate attachment and the sincere respect I have for her understanding and character.

Calcutta, January 26, 1814.

My ever belov'd wife:

. . . We lead the dullest life here you can imagine. . . . I subscribe to a public library and get from thence many useful and entertaining works. I have lately read Garrick's Life; it is, however, considering the materials which so famous a character might be expected to afford, a very dull book. I have found the Memoirs of Lord Charlemont more entertaining. I am now employed

in the travels of Chateaubriand through Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. The author is a lively Frenchman, of great learning and taste, who has the art of omitting everything which is tedious to a reader or of representing it in such a way as to render it entertaining and of making you present with him in the various scenes he describes. I have scarcely ever been more highly interested in a book of travels. I think they are generally very dull. No one who is at all acquainted with the former history of the celebrated and interesting countries and places which he describes, can read his observations and reflections upon their present wretched state without being painfully affected with the contrast. . . . For my more serious hours I am engaged in Robinson's "Christian Characters," which I recommend to you if any of your acquaintance have it. I have gone thro' the Bible a second time and Paley's Sermons two or three times.

I have had no business for many months but the sale of the Indigo which I purchased last year. I have disposed of the largest portion and am in a fair way of getting rid of the remainder, but the gain upon it will be less than I expected, and what there is will be consumed in the deficiency of my banians, who have acted a very ungrateful part and a very foolish one. I shall not get rich this voyage, but that, I am sure, will not make you unhappy. You, my good wife, are too rational to allow the want of wealth, especially a super-abundance, to make you even anxious, and I have learnt from your example to think less of disappointments and ill-success, than I ever thought I should. I believe trials and misfortunes are necessary for the improvement of the greater part of mankind. . . .

Farewell, my dear wife and child. That you may continue to be virtuous and enjoy as much happiness as the world can afford is the constant and fervent prayer of

your ever faithful and affectionate friend and husband,  
H. L.

[After the letter of January, 1814, no letters remain until the following fragment.]

February 13 [1816].

You will not, I perceive by your letters, be sorry to resume our former mode of life, in exchange for the one necessity compell'd us to adopt. I am glad you are impatient for a home once more. I am wholly of your mind and detest a boarding-house in any form. I wish you w'd recommence housekeeping before my arrival. Engage some convenient house near our friends and have it furnished in the way you judge best. It w'd give me more pleasure to meet you so situated than at a public house or with our friends, and I imagine our feelings are alike. I shall make no stay at N. Y., but hasten on to meet you.

You will have a letter of an intermediate date by the *Pickering*, in which I expressed the lively satisfaction your Ellen Douglas letter afforded me—thanks a thousand times repeated for these pleasing instances of your affectionate attention and forethought. Nothing but the most devoted attachment could have prompted you to write when appearances were so much against my getting the letters. Is it not one of the surest tests of friendship, never to despair of contributing to the welfare of those we love, let the chance be ever so small?

The birth of a boy<sup>1</sup> to the Doctor is mentioned, and I enter into the joy such an important event must have spread through the *clan*, especially as there was some reason to fear the Jackson race would become extinct. However, it is a good stock and I hope it may not degenerate. The coming generation have much to do to maintain its present standing.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Henry Jackson (Cousin Frank).

I am much pleased at having, within a few weeks, met with a work which I think will gratify the Judge,—a translation and digest of the Hindu laws. It will at least be a curiosity. I sent it by the *R. Dulill Duy* in a box with your muslins. I make as much progress in my business as I expected. We shall leave town in 15 days, but our passage will be long; a tedious one to me if ever so much favoured.

It is midnight, and I must leave you,—not, however, without praying most fervently for your happiness and our child's.

Farewell. I embrace you with all the ardour and purity of a faithful husband, conscious and proud of the justice of those praises you bestow upon me, for my undeviating affection and loyalty.

H. L.



## VII

### JOURNAL OF MARY LEE, 1813-1816

The Journal of Mary Lee, from which the following passages are taken, was kept for her husband, Henry Lee, during his absence in India. The early part, and the portion from February, 1815, to October, 1815, are missing.

Boston, January, 1813.

Since my last date our mother has been ill, very ill. It made your father and all of us very anxious for some days, but she is once more restored to us and will live I hope to guide and assist us for many years on our journey: she has been today for the first time to Church and appeared to enjoy being there very much. It was wonderful to see what an effect her being absent from the parlour had upon them all: Tom and George felt it very much and your father was quite lost; her loss would indeed produce a dreadful blank.

Your last letter received the 11th Dec'r produced the accustomed feelings of gratitude—it was short, but you said what was most essential to me to know, that you were well and that you should be able to bear the extreme heat of the climate. It was a sore disappointment to find you would be so long detained, as it not only delays your return but exposes you so much longer to this heat, which I cannot but dread. . . . J. Bromfield is taken and carried into Gibraltar, at whh. all his friends rejoice, as they had apprehensions of the Algerines getting hold of him.<sup>1</sup> So far from the winter being more dull than usual it appears to me there was never more

<sup>1</sup> Letter from John Bromfield, Cadiz, January, 1813. "I have been captured and detained ten weeks in Gibraltar. The consequence is ruin to the business I had undertaken."



dissipation—quite a succession of parties—Harriet has joined some of them and has enjoyed them tolerably well.

Boston, 22 January, 1813.

On Tuesday nineteenth I received your letter by the *Tartar* and most grateful was it to my heart: I cannot express to you *how* much pleasure your letters have afforded me—if mine have only given you one half as much satisfaction I shd. bless the art of writing more than I ever before did and I have always had a high veneration for it; I have reason to hope I have been the source of some pleasure to you in this way for *you say so* and of all the sins you may be charged with insincerity cannot be one . . . you have given me a hard task, dear Hal, for I must now set about *acquiring* those qualities you imagine me already possessed of. I will work diligently, and as virtue is my pursuit I doubt not I shall be successful—It has indeed made me very uncomfortable, the idea of your return being so long delayed, for if you remain until the news of war reaches you, I fear many embarrassments will retard you and perhaps some personal inconveniences: yesterday and the day before I had felt almost *decided* that you would remain, but last night the thought occurred to me that news of the Embargo whh. will I think reach you early in Oct.<sup>r</sup> may make some favorable change in your determination—I mean favorable for *me*, for I know it must have an ill effect on your business, as it will lead you wholly to despair of the repeal of the Non-Intercourse Law. . . . I find we wrote on the 7th of April via England and Madeira giving you intelligence of the Embargo, and to calculate upon our usual good fortune I think the letter will reach you by October, about the time you are dispatching the *Reaper*, and induce you to remit to China the funds in your hands and return in the vessel—

when I reflect upon your being left I feel as if it was to be almost a final separation, for in these times of tumult when almost all the nations of the earth are at war it seems to be an adventurous thing for an individual to traverse such an immense extent of ocean, but I must reflect, and receive hope and consolation from the reflection that the Righteous Being who governs the world watches over and protects each individual in it and will ultimately make us happy if he finds us submissive and obedient while on our journey—and we ought, my dear husband, not to allow ourselves to dwell only on the dark spots in the picture: there have been many, many blessings mingled in our cup and we must gratefully acknowledge [them].

Sunday even'g, 24th January, 1813. I have been to church all day and read two sermons and I now feel as if I shd. do as well to write a little as to continue any longer reading. . . . Your friend McKean<sup>1</sup> recommended and brought to me the Sermons of Fawcett and I am now reading them; I am sorry to say I cannot altogether agree with him in the high praise he bestows upon the writer. . . . Porteous, which he also lent me by my request, I very much prefer—the style is perfectly clear and unaffected, at the same time the language is forcible and he speaks to the heart: he seems to have genuine piety and Christian Charity mingled with an independence of spirit which makes him fearlessly lash the prevailing vices of the times even though he must have known by so doing he in fact cast a censure that might have been (and probably was) applied to one of the greatest men in the kingdom: but I am convinced that he had real greatness of mind:—you have no doubt heard of the interview he had with the

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Joseph McKean, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard College, a warm friend of my grandfather's, and grandfather of Cousin Amy Folsom.

Prince Regent shortly before his death: it was said to have had a considerable effect even upon him and that the Bishop carried his point, which was to induce the Prince to give up his Saturday evening parties. I think the works of men who have lived in our own times and of whose characters we have known something interest us more than those of older men, but my interest in this book was greatly increased by the praise you gave it—I have as yet read only the 2nd vol. and anticipate with pleasure the perusal of the first.

We have had a feast today from the President.<sup>1</sup> I wish you, my dear husband, could have partaken of it with us—I was enabled to by the kind attention of the Cabots, who called for me to ride with them for it was too bad weather for me to walk. In the morning he took for his text the parable of the Householder who hired labourers at different hours but paid them all equally. As usual, he spoke to the heart of his audience; for however wanting he may be himself in sensibility, he knows better than almost any one how to awaken others—I regretted extremely that the weather prevented your mother going out, she likes so much to hear the President; we have had him twice lately when she has not been there. . . .

Frank says he knows you will receive the news of the Embargo. I cannot possibly tell how it will influence you—God grant that your decision may prove right! I cannot conceive what had become of our letters written by the *Union* or rather what had become of the vessel—she had been out nearly 6 months when Hinckley left Calcutta—We have hitherto been remarkably fortunate about letters, I think.

Yesterday we had great news from Russia: I cannot

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Thornton Kirkland, President of Harvard College, whose wife, Elizabeth Cabot, was spoken of in the family as Cousin Betsey Kirkland.

state the amount of it because I never know, unless you are by my side to tell me: the newspaper details are quite unintelligible to me. I do know, however, and this is enough for me to know, that the career of the great Napoleon is most effectually checked in Russia: for many weeks the news has been favourable from there, and from circumstances many people have thought Bonaparte was either sick or dead; there is nothing to strengthen this opinion, I believe; but that he has been conquered is sufficient for us. Unfortunately at the same time we hear this the accounts from Spain are unfavourable—they are losing ground and there seem to be dissensions among them—or rather between them and the English, of whom they feel a jealousy. I hope if you are detained you will hear all this cheering news.

Sunday evening, 31st January, 1813. I did most earnestly hope that this day would not arrive before I had the inexpressible delight of welcoming you—but now I dare not fix any period for your absence and can only try not to allow myself to think of your coming in the Brig—indeed my *habitual* feeling is that you will *not* come—this is sometimes shaken a little by some one differing from me; for instance Tom seems fully to expect you, and I think Patrick does. I do not wish to have my hope of it again excited,—it makes me more uncomfortable to be in suspense upon a subject so important to my happiness than to come even to such a decision—that you may continue to be governed in all you do by your sense of duty is all I *ought* to desire, and I will believe while you are so that everything will ultimately prove for our happiness. . . .

This afternoon Mr. Thacher touched me still more upon a subject that always interests me extremely—Prayer. It is one of the duties that no one can doubt the efficacy of and every one who has any reflection

must consider it a *positive* duty, and yet how ill is it performed by most of us. He warmly urged us to participate with those we loved in this most interesting duty—this is what I have always strongly desired but there is an awkwardness in it which prevents us, and indeed one feels a degree of embarrassment if surprised by another performing any act of devotion, even tho' we know that other would not only approve, but respect us for it—it is a feeling I never could trace to its source.

I drank tea at Charles's two days since—they are well and we had a pleasant eve'ng—all the family but the Doctor's were there. Charles and wife are going to the Theatre and urged Harriet and myself to go—Harriet goes, but I knew the best acting in the world could not make me enjoy an eve'ng there and therefore I declined—I have not for some years been without you. Charles is busy now with the Legislature and much interested in the appointment of a judge in the place of Sedgwick,<sup>1</sup> who died a few weeks since. He is earnest that Prescott should have the office, but his living here is considered an objection and I believe he is himself rather averse to it, either on a pecuniary account or because he thinks it more laborious: Charles says the work would be of a better kind for him.

10th February, evening. I am quite alone and the temptation to write is too strong to be resisted: the day has been passed rather more to my satisfaction than usual and yet now I review it I cannot tell exactly why I feel better satisfied. . . . The first hours of the morning we passed quietly in our chamber: Molly was amusing us by her tricks without requiring scarce any attention. Betsey Cabot and Miss Dwight of Springfield came in

<sup>1</sup> Judge Theodore Sedgwick, 1740-1813, jurist and legislator. Member of the Continental Congress in 1785-86. Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, 1802-1813.

and sat half an hour. . . . After the ladies left us we went out, called at Becca Gardner's to excuse ourselves for not going there yesterday afternoon as we partly engaged to do. . . . I then went to Hannah Jackson's where I met Miss Peabody, then to see Betsey Jackson, who is sick, and dined at our mother's . . . since dinner I have looked in at Charles's and Hannah Lowell's—the latter was dressing for a party at Mr. J. Lowell's. I have given you this detail to give you some idea of one of my visiting days—they are not usually as pleasantly passed as the more quiet ones in my own chamber, but today my friends all seemed to smile upon me, and I thought I cheered our father and mother a little, and this belief of course cheers me—indeed, all your family receive me as one of them, and though we sometimes differ a little in our opinions (or at least in our expressions, for I fancy it is more in words than anything), yet I believe on the whole they think well of me and feel interested for me. Tom passed last eve'ng here and was more than usually agreeable—it is not often of late he has taken the trouble to be so, and of course we value such an effort the more. . . .

You may be assured, dear H., I count the days now with impatience—if the *Reaper* sailed by the 10th or 15th Oct'r she *may* be here in ten days, and probably will be in twenty unless she is taken—but I shall not give her up until the last of March, particularly unless I hear positively about her sailing, for it is impossible to calculate within 20 days when that would be from our present information, and the *Caravan* has not yet arrived and I begin to despair of her almost. I am obliged to take myself severely to task sometimes because I am so inclined to dictate as to future events—but I try to be submissive and hope I shall be so. . . . I hear from others more than you have told me of the



sickness in Calcutta. I pray God to preserve you, my husband, in the midst of danger. . . .

Thursday eve'ng, 18th Feb'y. Yesterday I passed the day at Hannah Lowell's and enjoyed a great deal from seeing your friends, Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Davis<sup>1</sup>—they walked in to pass the afternoon, and Eliza's good humour and apparent content was enough to cheer any one whose social affections were not entirely benumbed; even torpid as I now am I was by no means insensible to the calls of sympathy, and found myself so often laughing heartily and joining in her frolic that I began almost to doubt my own identity.

Nancy Cabot<sup>2</sup> happened by accident to be with us; Susan Gorham, too, was there. Chas. Jackson having received the appointment of Judge was one source of amusement to us: we were expressing some of the feelings we knew Fanny would have upon the occasion and were greatly amused at the different ones Eliza Dutton expressed, who, in a laughing way, was wishing her husband could arrive at a like honour and she could roll in her carriage through the different Counties: they told her she must pass a long day first, for Gorham would take his turn when Charles was advanced to the Chief Justiceship: she pretended to be greatly disappointed, and Susan as much elated.

You will naturally conclude, dear H., that my pride, and perhaps some better feelings, are much gratified at the appointment of Charles, and at his willingness to relinquish his present pecuniary advantages to accept the office. Fanny I have not yet seen, but find she says that it is no great gratification of her pride, as she does not think it any *new proof* of his talents: or rather

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Isaac P. Davis (Miss Susan Henry of Philadelphia). She and her sister, the mother of Mrs. Frederick O. Prince, were known as the "Pocket Venuses."

<sup>2</sup> Sister of Mrs. James Jackson.



it amounts to this, that she was before sufficiently satisfied on that subject. I cannot agree with her exactly because, altho' we all know him, I do not think the world have done justice to him and this will be a convincing proof to all.

Feb'y 21st, 1813. I have been indulging myself the last week in reading your journal from Madeira to Calcutta, and it has excited a new desire in me to pursue with more vigilance and spirit this dull memorandum of passing events and feelings—this very journal of which you made such complaints and for which you had to draw entirely upon your own brain, not having any incidents to enliven it, this very journal has not only afforded me the most heartfelt delight and completely satisfied all my affectionate feelings, but it has highly gratified my pride, and were it not for your injunctions (which have been and will continue to be a law with me) I shd. delight to read some parts of it to a number of our friends such as Mother, Harriet, and a few others—those passages most interesting to me of course I could not read to any one—indeed, I scarcely dare read them to myself lest they should excite vanity or too high an opinion of myself—I deduct considerable, dear Hal, for your partiality and am willing to hope your praise will be a stimulant to future exertion.

I do not yet find the leisure I have thro' life sighed for and expected to find for reading—I am now free enough from occupation to indulge myself in this way, having no important work—but Miss Molly, who is very *literary*, will not allow me to hold a book in her presence, and indeed, if I held it, I fear I should not be much benefited by its contents while she was at my side, for altho' she does not *require* attention she *engages* it almost to the exclusion of everything else. The darling does not yet prattle; this is rather a disappointment to me, not-

withstanding Aunt Cabot (who, you know, *knows everything*) says it is unusual for them to till the 20th or 22d month. I feel it probably more because Patrick's child [Cousin Anna Lowell] is forward in this way. I have been amused with the remarks upon this subject—Becca Gardner said I need feel no apprehension respecting her understanding, for certainly the child in her family of the most intellect was the one who talked latest. I do not imagine there is any general rule of this kind, but you will readily believe that I feel no apprehensions on this subject. Miss Molly discovers sufficient intelligence in various ways to put me quite at ease, and this very inability to talk makes a call upon her ingenuity to find signs to express her wants, and she discovers quite as much as if she could in the common way ask for things. She has an excellent disposition, and I hope I shall govern it well: it is a solemn duty we owe our children to teach them early to control their passions—this little creature cannot yet be taught that, for reason has hardly begun its operation, but obedience may now be learn't, and I am taking great pains to establish it, I am sorry to say without much success, for she yet dares to do the things I tell her not. I shall never have sufficient firmness, and fear I shall attend to trifles and let the weightier matters go. When you come you will aid, you will assist me, but when shall I have this happiness? We hear not a word from your quarter; three vessels beside your own missing. . . .

I wish you could hear the political news now; some of it would serve to revive you—that something has happened to the person of the great Destroyer of Nations, Napoleon, there seems little doubt, and this hope cheers us, tho' all else is adverse: the defeat of his Army in Russia the Paris papers and his own bulletins acknowledge, and Tom, who was here last night, said that even he had become a believer in the report of Bonaparte's

death. . . . It is impossible but that his death must produce an immediate change in the state of the world, and altho' it will take a very long time for some countries to recover from the miserable state in which he will leave them, others will, I should judge, immediately feel the good effect of such an event: ours will, I trust, be of this number: many people think that an immediate peace with Great Britain would take place if, indeed, she will allow it. . . .

I have been at Church today: Mr. Thacher returned fervent thanks for the hope we had given us that the progress of unprincipled ambition was at an end: he did not positively return thanks for Napoleon's death, but it came very near it. . . . Good night, my dear, I have devoted too much time to you and must do something better now. . . . The wind strong at the Eastward.

28th Feb'y, Sunday evening. Harriet has a headache tonight, whh. she is too often troubled with; and I have banished Miss Molly into the other chamber and cannot resist the desire to say a few words to you, my dear H., before I sleep—that you are continually in my mind you will readily believe, because you must know it cannot be otherwise at this moment of anxious expectation. . . . I thank God that you are not exposed to the power of the French! if you were, I think I should not enjoy one moment of quiet, as it is I occupy myself as much as I possibly can; I go out a great deal (in our family, I mean), and do not appear to any one depressed or anxious, and I do most earnestly pray to be submissive to the will of Heaven. Tom was in, the early part of the eve'ng and the Doctor [her brother, Dr. James Jackson]—both of them talked of you till it has made me almost sick: it is very difficult to suit me in this way, for if they say nothing upon the subject I feel as if they thought it too bad to talk about (and for that reason I often intro-

duce it myself), and yet I cannot bear to hear the conjectures about your probable detention, being taken, etc. I shall not give up all hope till the middle of March, certainly, and am not sure that I shall even then. The only way in which your situation is better than mine is that you are exempted from all these anxieties respecting me—you can see me seated in my chamber, and know exactly in what corner to place me, or surrounded by a circle of friends at the Doctor's or Charles's, while I cannot possibly conjecture where you are at any moment. Oh, my dear, dear husband, when we do meet I believe I shall hold you fast—for it appears to me that almost any labour, if together, would not be too hard for us. One great source of trouble to me now is that I am living a life of such corporeal ease. I think I should be better satisfied if I were obliged daily to make some efforts, either to gain or to avoid spending money—but my friends all think that I am spending as little as I can, and I suppose the pride of some of them would be sadly wounded if I were to do anything to gain—this is a pride I cannot conceive of. I know not why the wife should not work *a little* as well as the husband *labour so hard*, and did I feel a certainty that you would agree with me upon the subject, I should most certainly act upon the principle.

Wednesday evening, 3rd March, 1813. I am so much oppressed tonight with anxiety as to be almost unfit for any society, and must indulge myself a few minutes in writing. There is a N. E. storm raging without, attended with a thick snow and no moon—if your vessel is near the coast she must be in danger, but I am lost in such a variety of conjectures when I think of you that I know not what to fear the most, and endeavour not to be anxious about any particular thing—it will, however, sometimes force itself upon me. I have been employed,

and very happily so, with the child all day, but now I cannot drive off unpleasant thoughts—I must try to, however, and will go down and endeavour to talk—this indulgence will not do; you would, I know, disapprove it . . . good night, I must commit you to the care of a good Providence, and pray that you may be preserved. . . .

I am afraid you will think me foolish if I tell you that, without having finished Sully, I have begun Goldsmith's Roman History; I did not quite like to do this, but Harriet was going to read it to herself and I thought it a great pity to lose the chance of hearing it—I find it almost impossible to fix my attention, but some of the most prominent facts I may perhaps recollect, and this is better than nothing—the history is not minute enough to satisfy one, nor is the language good, but still I think I shall not regret reading it, as all I do glean interests me very much, and will afford me information of things of which I was deplorably ignorant.

Sunday eve'ng, 14th March. The time has arrived when I thought I shd. quite despair of seeing you, my dear H., if you were not here—but I find myself still willing to protract the hope that you may yet be here; having heard today of the arrival of a ship in N. Carolina from the East Indies seems to give some colour to this hope, because if she is, as we conjecture, either the *Monticello* or *Calcutta*, I shall feel as if it was as possible you might have as tedious a voyage as they: the account is a very blind one. I hope tomorrow's mail may bring something more, that Patrick, Uncle Higginson, and every one interested may no longer be in suspense. I am daily more convinced of the truth of your mother's observation (and I ought never to have doubted what so nice an observer of human nature remarked) that as we advance we become more and more insensible to pain or pleasure. I cannot tell if it is the natural course,

merely from the increase of age [Grandmother was now twenty-nine years old], or if it is occasioned by the continual vicissitude in our lives. It is no doubt a wise provision or it would not be so, and there is one very obvious advantage arising from it that the old are more capable of judging for and counselling the young after the feelings (or in other words, passions) are in a degree subdued—if we were to continue as warm and fervent in our feelings through life as at the beginning we shd. lose one-half our usefulness—but I must acknowledge I am not yet *quite willing* to relinquish all my warmth—I have a great aversion to the oyster state, to which I sometimes fear I am fast approaching. I hope we shall hear tomorrow—I shall feel great impatience.

March 20th, Saturday. I had made this date this morning, but was interrupted, and since then I have had my feelings so strongly excited by the arrival of the *Reaper* that I do not know if I am fit to write. You alone can sympathize with me, however, my beloved husband, and while I am expressing to you some of the disappointment I feel I may imagine you nearer to me, and gain some consolation and support from you. I *cannot* tell you what a disappointment I felt when Frank told me you had not come: when I first rec'd your letters by *Tartar* I gave up all hope of seeing you, but this feeling has been gradually wearing off, and I found today that I *fully* expected you. The vessel I did not think would get in besure, and on that account had felt great anxiety—I cannot tell what has led to this change of feelings—the young men have often said they thought you would come, but they talk so loosely it does not have much effect on me. It has been the influence of my hopes over my cooler judgment—how little my reason—judgment—principle (call it what you will)—influence me when strong feelings



come in opposition to them I dare not tell you. . . . The knowledge that you are making a great sacrifice of feeling to duty is the only alleviation I yet have, for by some unfortunate accident I have not yet got your letters.

Sunday, March 21st, half past eleven. I am more oppressed and disturbed than I almost ever felt myself—I have not yet got your letters, and the pilot has this moment been with a packet from the mate whh. I had no doubt was the very one I so much wanted, but I could not persuade the honest fellow to leave it because his directions were to give it into Frank's own hand—I could not blame him, but you can conceive of my impatience. . . . I was interrupted this morning by your mother who walked here from Church, tho' the weather was bad, to see how I felt and to sympathize with me in whatever I did feel—how much do these attentions endear us to each other and serve to strengthen our attachment. Never was any one so blessed as I am in my friends—your letters were brought while mother was here, and she left me that I might read them. My dear, dear husband, you can know only by comparing my feelings with your own how much delight your letters have afforded me—it is impossible by language to express it. Our feelings are reciprocal upon this subject. We have been wonderfully fortunate so often to hear of each other.—Monday ev'ng. . . . The satisfaction and pleasure that the arrival of the *Reaper* has occasioned but ill accords with my present state of feelings, for altho' I truly rejoice that she is in on your account, and indeed for others, the disappointment is yet too fresh in my memory for me to be able to sympathize in others' joy—it has indeed acted as electricity upon every one. George was laughing about the bows and congratulations he had rec'd from people by whom he had thought himself wholly unknown, but who, at a moment of good fortune



for the family (for the general impression is that they are all greatly enriched), took pains to recognize him. . . .

Monday, 26th April, 1813. I have just been reading your letter by the *Harmony*. I have been so much interested since I rec'd it in writing you, via Madeira, that I have not allowed myself time to read it but twice: it is (as all you have written are) a treasure to me. . . . You beg of me to write—if I followed my inclination be assured not one day would pass without my doing so, for if there are not *events* there are always *feelings* to note down, and as I really want you to know *all I feel* I could write volumes, but I felt as if it were a mere indulgence of my own weakness and have resisted the inclination. I shall do so no more—it will gratify you, you desire it, and that is sufficient. Strange as it may appear, however, I do not always find time. I cannot write when Molly is with me, and that is much of the time when I am at home, and visitors often (*I think*) *intrude* just at the moment I am seated. Good night, my dear, my beloved Hal. May the God of Heaven watch over and protect you.

11th May. I have just closed a letter to you that I shall send to Remsen, but with very little hope of his finding any opportunity to send it. I had the mortification last night to hear that two vessels had just cleared from N. York for Madeira: I shall be too late for them, and the port will soon be Blockaded, as all the Southern ports already are, and then there will be no chance, for there are no vessels go from here; you cannot imagine the difficulty of finding opportunities; all the voyages undertaken are so secret, and vessels clear for one port and go to another.

Saturday night, 15th May, 1813. . . . I have been making visits the whole week; some of them have been

long talked of, and it is a relief to have them over—this is a good lesson to me (tho' the subject is comparatively a trifling one), not to make resolutions without deliberation, and when I do make them, steadily to adhere to them. We had one of the President's finest sermons on this subject a few weeks since: I wanted and attempted immediately to give you the impressions I had rec'd, but I was interrupted, and you know, my dear husband, how frail my memory is.

I admire, and am at the time deeply impressed with what I hear, but even the general impression soon wears off, and I do not find myself improved, and certainly cannot improve others.

18th May. I have a letter partly written in case any chance of sending should offer, but it is what I so little expect, and the probability of its ever reaching you is so very small that I write in a very spiritless way: added to this I have to repeat details which I have given twice before, and some of them thrice, and write with the constant dread of my letter being exposed, and my doing mischief should I even allude to any political events. . . . I have, within two months, sent two long letters to you and a postscript to one of Frank's: the latter went to Eng'd, one of the others to China, and the other is still in Remsen's compting room. I do not think any of them will ever reach you, but it is the only way in whh. I can appease my conscience for not having written before, and this does me no good—I never shall forgive myself.

[Grandmother had not written letters while expecting Grandfather's return in the *Reaper* (which had arrived, without him, in late March) but had kept up this home Journal.]

Friday, 21st May. Our spring is even more backward than last year; east winds have prevailed for many

weeks, with less variation than I ever recollect, and have been colder so that vegetation is very late; it is only within 10 days that the trees have put forth their Blossoms—now the Country begins to look beautifully. I walked out to H. Lowell's [at Roxbury] last week and spent a very pleasant day: Harriet went with me—we had no interruptions, and I had more conversation with Hannah than I have had before since her return. When we returned it was very cold walking over the Neck<sup>1</sup>—I shall, I believe, try the experiment again: it is quite the fashion this Spring to walk, and I do not chuse to be out-done by others. The Cabots walk in and out 3 times a week to attend some Botanical Lectures delivered by Professor Peck<sup>2</sup> and Dr. Bigelow<sup>2</sup>; they are all the rage just now as you recollect the Chemical Lectures were some years since. . . . The embarrassments attending any mercantile transactions are now so great and so perplexing that I sometimes think with Frank that we had better go upon a farm when you return and raise Merino sheep; he persuades himself that a man might make money in this way: we will find the wool for Mr. Lowell's manufactory, for I believe they contemplate extending it to woollen and linen if the cotton succeeds.<sup>3</sup> I have at times thought we might enjoy as much *real* pleasure in this as in any other sort of life, but when again I reflect upon the deprivation of society (and of such society as we have), I shd. hardly dare to venture the experiment unless there was a decided necessity; that is, unless you thought you could with more ease and certainty secure a competency in this than any other way—this would, of course you know, make it for our happiness. . . .

<sup>1</sup> The narrow neck of land connecting the peninsula of Boston with the mainland of Roxbury, now Washington Street.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Dandridge Peck and Dr. Jacob Bigelow.

<sup>3</sup> The cotton mill at Waltham, built in 1813-1814.

Sunday, 23rd. I have just been reading a sermon on the formation of the minds of children and feel as I usually do when I think upon the subject of education, that I have so much to do for myself before I can do anything for my children that it makes me almost despond. No, my beloved H., my mind is not under such regulation as you think, nor is it so well furnished with information on the vast variety of subjects that excite the curiosity and interest of a child—nor have I the power of communicating any little knowledge I may have in intelligible language: this you must have often remarked yourself. I have certainly thought you remarked, and were mortified at it, tho' your affection led you to pass over it as a trifle. My early education was very faulty in some ways: my father's situation was depressed, we had a large family, were subject to much company, my mother was an invalid and there was an irregularity in our family arrangements that rendered it impossible for a child to acquire the habits of attention, industry, etc., that are so important. In all the most essential points of Education my dear and revered father was very attentive; he took infinite pains to instill into our minds the purest and best principles, and to give us girls a refinement in feeling and manners; in this he was peculiarly successful in Mrs. Lowell, but at the time I was entering life his whole talents and time were occupied to gain a maintenance for his family, and he could not pay attention to any but these *essential* points. Of my mother you have seldom heard me speak; and, altho' I was a girl of thirteen when she died, I have a very imperfect knowledge of her character. I do recollect that she was very indulgent to me, whom she considered as quite a pet, being the youngest, and I imagine she was considerably so to all of the children. I believe she was a woman of strong sense, but having suffered

herself from being very much restrained early in life, I suppose she thought this the safest side to err upon. I by no means, however, attribute entirely to these errors of education all the faults of my character: I have neglected many advantages, and I think I have naturally a versatility of mind that would prevent steady application, unless I was constantly drilled to it. I shall endeavour to improve our child's memory (whh. now promises to be very good: six months ago she went thro' the whole story of Mother Hubbard in pantomime) by exercising it, and I shall constantly strive to improve her habits of attention: these are two points in whh. I feel myself so miserably defective that I shall take every pains with her. . . .

I went out yesterday to F. Lowell's with Sally Lowell in Mr. Dutton's chaise; thus you see I am ready to avail myself of all the pleasant things that are passing: we stopped and passed an hour or two with Eliza Dutton, and then carried her to F. Lowell's to pass the day. Hannah was not very bright, but Mr. Lowell was unusually so, and on the whole I enjoyed the day very much. Pat was there in the afternoon fixing their famous Loom. I have told you of their plan in my letters. [Her letters were sent to Calcutta: this Journal is a sort of corollary to them, kept for my Grandfather at home.] Oh, my dear Hal, would that you, too, were here engaged in any business that would yield us a scanty support. I am *sure I could, I would* live with the strictest economy if I only had you to encourage, to advise me. . . .

28th May, 1813. Your embarrassment when you hear of the war [declared on June 18, 1812] must be extreme, and I cannot imagine what will be your decision. I sometimes ardently hope you will be ordered home, because this would take from you all *responsibility*, but then the idea of the property being entirely sacrificed

(whh. in such case it must be, I suppose) is a dreadful one, and I fear that you will not (unless obliged) quit Calcutta unless you have some prospect of profit. Frank is, on the whole, glad you have no letters, for he says he could not have written without expressing *opinions*, and he would very likely have misled you. The hope excited that the Repeal of the Orders in Council would *oblige* our Government to pacific measures, will, I fear, continue; it is most natural it shd. be so, for even many of the wise ones among us thought it must produce a peace, but nothing I believe is further from the intentions of our wicked *Rulers* than peace: they have sent ambassadors to Russia to ask the Emperor to mediate for us when the admiral on our coast<sup>1</sup> has full power to negotiate—in fact they will never sue for peace, or even consent to it, until they are certain the British are so incensed as to deny it us. It is very wonderful to me that they are not yet roused—I should think the successes of our little navy *must* make them [the British] very angry, and excite a degree of resentment that would lead them to retaliate; but thus far it has not been so; they have been as tame as lambs, and do not even take the measures to support the dignity of their Navy; you will find a number of their public, as well as private, vessels have been taken by us, and they still suffer it: they have be-sure Blockaded some of our ports, but they do not seem to do us much mischief. I do not know that I should feel so greatly interested in the war if it had not such a bearing upon all your movements, but while this is the case I shall, I believe, have my resentment toward our own Government all alive. . . .

I have thought rather too much of you lately for my bodily or mental comfort, and will, I believe, make one of your famous resolutions to *forget* you; as it is washing-

<sup>1</sup>The British Admiral, Sir John Borlase Warren.



day tomorrow it is a good time to begin. Miss Molly claims more of my attention. We drank tea at Mother's yesterday—I had not been out of an evening for the week before—it was quite pleasant—Tom talked a good deal and Father seemed happy and pleasant.

1st June, 1813. I think whatever virtues we may possess, that of firm adherence to our resolutions cannot be of the number: altho' I did allow yesterday to pass without *writing*, my beloved husband, you were not absent from my thought, and had not a dull headache overpowered me with stupidity, I should even then have taken the pen. I hope in more important matters we should have more firmness. I thought when I sat down that I had little to write but my own feelings, but upon reflection I find there is a number of *important* events, such as receiving and making visits, etc.; immediately after breakfast Stephen Higginson,<sup>1</sup> with his two youngest children, came in; the youngest, tho' excessively heavy, he carries in his arms. I am always delighted to see him, you know. We then took Miss Molly for a walk and to buy her a pair of shoes; on our return, stopped at the Doctor's and engaged to pass the evening there. Mr. Thacher called in the forenoon to see me; he was very pleasant, as he is always inclined to be. . . . Dr. Griffin has lately published a course of lectures—Mr. Thacher gave us a sort of summary of the contents of the volume; he did all this without any bitter invective against the writer, though he plainly discovered how opposed his own sentiments were to his. I think I shall read them and then perhaps I shall entertain you with some metaphysics. It seems he has thrown out one of the five great points of Calvinism, but he has kept enough to make one shudder—the doctrine of Election itself is sufficient to render the whole community corrupt, for what is to influence our conduct if we believe that

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Higginson, 1770-1834.



we have no power of ourselves, and (what is still worse) even if we had power it matters not how we use it, since after we once feel ourselves to be of the Elect it is no consequence what is our conduct.

8th of June, 1813. The public feeling has been greatly excited in the past week by an engagement between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* in our Bay. Lawrence,<sup>1</sup> who commanded the *Chesapeake*, was challenged by Commodore Broke, the commander of the *Shannon*—this is a mode of warfare that appears to me altogether unjustifiable; it strikes me very much the same as private duelling, and I could never reconcile that to my conscience upon any principle whatever—the event in this case was very different from the *expectations* of any one, and the *hopes* of many. The British Flag was successful, and although Bromfield abuses me for want of patriotism, I could not find it in my heart to be sorry—I cannot feel sorry at anything that has a tendency to make the war unpopular, and if this does not have much effect in this way the other would have had a strong counter influence: we do not yet know the circumstances, and I earnestly hope they will not be such as to disgrace our Flag or produce very great private suffering.

Friday, 11th June. Yesterday morning I added five pages to the two I had before written you, my dear husband, and have put them on board a vessel that has cleared for Madeira. I have also sent some newspapers, and Frank has written; Joseph intends to write. It makes me almost sick to think of your being in Calcutta six months hence, but I have acted as if you certainly would be, and my heart feels lighter now that one letter has gone that will reach you if anything can—this is the fourth time I have written since the *Reaper* ar-

<sup>1</sup> It was Capt. Lawrence who exclaimed as he was carried below, mortally wounded, "Don't give up the ship!"

rived—we do not hear of vessels till we see the clearance, and of course it is then too late to send letters unless it is from here, which is rarely the case. . . . I think in three or four weeks I may hear from you. I know you will take every pains I should hear, and I hope you may be successful—had we been as vigilant as you would have been in the same case, you would have had letters from us before this time—I have been this morning to your mother's with Mrs. Searle—they did not get into much conversation, but what little they had was pleasant and instructive—I was interrupted the other morning by Pat who for the first time since we have been at board came home to dine with Frank. I was glad to find he had written you—should our hard fate be to have you detained, this package will be a cordial to you.

Yesterday was one of the finest days I ever recollect, and you know *how* delightful a fine day in this month is. I walked out to Eliza Dutton's to pass the day. . . . I had a quiet and pleasant day; it was so long since Eliza and I have been alone that we had some things to talk of that must awaken sensibility, but on the whole we were cheerful: the Doctor came out to bring me in, and as I was returning I met Joseph going for me; thus you see, my dear husband, I am likely to be spoiled by attention. Pat and Lydia want me to pass some days with them, and I think I shall some weeks hence. Harriet talks of going to Newbury, and while she is absent I shall go to Pat's, I think.

Tuesday, 15th June. Last evening I was alone and I took your file of letters from the drawer. I was deeply engaged in reading the close of your Sea journal from England when Harriet returned from Mr. Parsons', where she had passed the evening, and brought with her Fanny Searle and George Dwight and E. Eliot.

I want to go through your letters in course—I have read them all enough to have them quite familiar to me, but I want to find some reason why I should re-peruse them. I know I shall receive new pleasure every time. I have lately been reading a new poem of Walter Scott's called *Rokeby*—it is interesting, and he discovers his usual discrimination in drawing the characters which are extremely well supported, but it is not as pleasant a poem as *The Lady of the Lake*: Beside these little things, which are but the pastime of a moment, I have lately read, or rather attended to the reading of, Goldsmith's *History of Rome*—this interested me very much from the *matter*; the manner of it is very bad, so inferior to Hume, Voltaire or Roberts that I could not relish it as I should have done. We intend to take up Gillies' *Greece*—you recommended this to me some years since, and I have always intended to read it.

Monday, 21st June. I shall know something of you in six weeks, I think; perhaps I am calculating too fast, for I think only to hear of you via England; but I will try, dear H., not to calculate upon anything in this world. I have, thank Heaven, a natural propensity to cherish Hope till the last moment, and it will not now desert me—it ought not to. I know you are supported and upheld by an all merciful Creator, and this ought to make me easy.

22d June. I do love to scribble to you just before bedtime, my dear H., and I love to go to sleep with a lively recollection of you on my mind—there are not many moments in the day that you are not present with me, but while writing I *seem* to be nearer to you. I have passed this afternoon happily. Fanny Searle has been with me, and we have been deciding that two people can be much more agreeable when alone than with a third person, however familiar—she goes home tomorrow and

Harriet goes with her to pass a few weeks; I shall really feel solitary, for Frank is now absent; I do not know that I have ever before been quite alone. Solitude is sometimes good for us—perhaps you could not at this moment accord in this opinion—would that I could break in upon yours; I should be certain of a welcome reception, however you might be engaged. . . . I was very much pleased yesterday by a visit from my old acquaintance, Eliza Devereaux. I have not seen her before since her marriage; she has always been rather a favorite with me and I was glad to find the interest was reciprocal—she was very cordial—she has named her little girl for Marianne Blanchard—poor Blanchard still lingers; he has been very low for some weeks, but the vital principle seems very strong—good night, my dear husband, I must go to bed, for Harriet threatens to call me very early in the morning: good night: our darling is finely.

Yesterday I carried little Molly out to Pat's in a chaise—she has been once before and enjoys it highly—the ride is a little too long—children of her age become impatient from the restraint imposed by being long held in the same posture. She is very backward of Nanny<sup>1</sup> in talking. . . . From living with old and rather *sober* folks she has acquired a great habit of thoughtfulness, but this would be dissipated by one week's intercourse with children—her attachment to you increases daily—these two last mornings she has called for you immediately upon waking, and insisted upon kissing your profile, and she *writes* you even more constantly than I do. . . . Now I have taken the pen, I do not find that it runs very glibly, and shall, I believe, lay it aside till evening when I am always more inspired. Harriet has gone to Newburyport and little Miss is out: being at leisure I could

<sup>1</sup> Anna Cabot Jackson, oldest daughter of Uncle Patrick: later the wife of Charles Russell Lowell (our Cousin Anna Lowell).

not resist devoting a few moments to you, but as I am doing it to no purpose, I may as well desist. I am going to spend the day at mother's, and must do some shopping for Joseph first.

29th June. . . . I have just returned from Wenham, where I have been with my Father to pay the last duties to poor Blanchard.<sup>1</sup> . . . I sometimes tremble for John Lee—a boy of the sort of disposition I conceive him to be, with considerable talent and money withal, wants some one who can exercise parental authority over him during his early life and retain a strong influence over him in his more advanced years: our Father seems to have taken him under his more immediate care now—but still he will see him only twice a year.

Monday, 5th July. I have been occupied with and for Molly all the morning, and this afternoon have been with Chas. and wife to F. Lowell's: they have just returned from Ballston—the water did not suit Mr. Lowell and he seems to me as sick as before he left home; he is indeed a very sick man, and will, I fear, not continue long with us unless there is a great change produced: his loss would be a very great one to us all—a man of such sound judgment, good sense, and friendly feelings must be a prodigious loss to the circle in which he moves.

No one who knows him can feel insensible to his merits, which are as of sterling pure gold. It *seems* to me Hannah could not support such an event, but that with the trial is also sent the ability to sustain. I pray that she may not be called to it—for her as for myself I should hope (for I dare not pray) that the termina-

<sup>1</sup>Mr. Blanchard died 26 June, 1813. He was the stepfather of Cousin John Lee, whose mother, Marianne (Cabot) Lee Blanchard, had died July, 1809, two months after the birth of her daughter, Eliza Cabot Blanchard, who married, in 1832, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

tion of their lives might be at the same moment. . . . Good night, my dear H., good night.

July 9th, 1813. . . . Night before the last I wrote a sheet to send by a Portuguese vessel to Madeira—I was at my father's when I heard that the vessel was going and they all advised me not to write, saying that it was impossible you should be in Calcutta 7 months hence—so I think too, and at one time I determined not to write any more, but I could not, on the whole, make up my mind to let a vessel go directly from here without writing when there was one chance in a million of letters reaching you . . . there is one very important thing, not even mentioned in this [letter] I believe, and that is the celebration we had in consequence of the Russian victories—I happened to be writing to you at that time and gave you a most *interesting and eloquent* account of it in two letters and could not repeat it. I believe I must now refer you to Uncle Cabot on your return, for I heard him the other day describing it to Dr. Barnard with all the eloquence and elegance he could command, and with the enthusiasm of youth. How infinitely superior to almost every one is his language, how polished, and at the same time perfectly unaffected and natural—it is a gift which excites my envy always. I heard him converse very agreeably at James's with, or rather to Dr. Barnard, for no one spoke except to answer him in monosyllables. I have not had such a treat since you went away before. . . .

A few days ago S. Cabot took a carriage and carried little James, Lydia, Mary, and myself out to pass the day at Patrick's: the children were all in fine spirits and as little trouble as possible, and I found to my great satisfaction that, although ours was not as forward as Nanny or Lydia for her age, she understood playing very well and stood her ground when attacked as



well as any of them: she has a *great deal* of character; most earnestly do I pray that it may be well directed: since then she has been in better humour, I think, because she has felt better—this morning she has been somewhat fretful and I sent her out to avoid the necessity of punishing her—the day is very fine and it must, I think, be of use to be out in such invigorating air. I have not mentioned the birth of another daughter at the Doctor's, though it took place nearly a fortnight since. I was a little disappointed it was not a boy—he is so good a manager I should like he would have a number of the troublesome sex to train—they call her for Harriet.<sup>1</sup>

July 17th. I rejoice now that I taught the child to say Papa, for she talks of you continually and seems to anticipate the pleasure she shall have in seeing you: be-sure her ideas are for the present rather of sensual than intellectual pleasure, for she dwells upon the cake and plums she expects you to bring with more delight than what she is to enjoy from your society—it is very wonderful to me that she can have any idea that you are a *thing* she must love. I would give a great deal for a peep into the interior that I might know what is the course of reasoning upon this subject. She has often lately called your father papa, because she could not pronounce grandpapa, but she by no means confounds the idea she has of you with him. I do wish you could be with me to watch her intellectual improvement: it is one of the most interesting periods of her life. Indeed, what do I not wish you for—how much heightened will every pleasure be when you can participate in them. . . . I think, my dear, dear Hal, that this separation will work one good if no other—in future we shall be contented with every allotment if we can be but together. Fred [Cousin Frederick Cabot, father of Cousin Frank Cabot] has just arrived from England; he can, of course,

<sup>1</sup> Cousin Harriet (Jackson) Minot.



bring us nothing later than we have from you. I am hoping to have by the same vessel your *Prince Regent* letter as the India Fleet had arrived—every line is precious, you know, to us, and although I do sigh for late dates from you I shall rejoice to have old ones, as I cannot get them.

Thursday, 22 July. Yesterday and the day before I derived some pleasure from being with our father. He has been confined for some days with rheumatism in his shoulder, and Mother seems to feel as if I might amuse him a little and make the hours of pain pass a little more swiftly. I saw Mr. Sargent and Uncle Cabot there: neither of them talked as much as usual, but it is some treat to *see* such men. I was not aware how handsome Mr. Sargent was till yesterday. I am always struck with the animation of these old folks when I see them: they certainly make greater efforts to be agreeable, and more successful ones than we young folks. The Doctor has more the manners of the old school than any of us.

. . . Harriet has not yet returned. I hope she will the last of this week. Next week I think a little of going out to Pat's to pass some days—they have been urging it all summer, but circumstances have prevented it.

27th July—Roxbury. I came here today. Lydia received me with her accustomed placidity, and Pat seems pleased to see me here.

Sunday, 1st of August, 1813. Miss Molly has fairly imposed upon me this morning, or rather to tell the simple truth, I have been weak enough to indulge her whims so much that I have scarce done anything but attend upon her: now she is asleep and I shall indulge myself in scribbling a little to you. I regret that you did not feel greater pleasure from reading the Bible than you appear to have felt. I must acknowledge, as you have often before heard me, that I have never ex-

perienced the pleasure I hear others say they have (and I doubt not truly)—through my whole life I have been in the habit of reading it rather as a duty than [anything] else; I have constantly hoped I should be more enlightened, but I do not find it so. In the New Testament there is a great deal of consolation to be found for such weak beings as we are, and there is every moral and religious virtue inculcated—the prophetic parts of scripture have always been wholly unintelligible to me. I have often thought of reading some of the various explanations of them, but the only one I ever looked into appeared to me as hard to be understood as the work itself—perhaps we might read such a thing with advantage together *when you come home*—to this much wished for period everything is deferred—all pleasure, all improvement, all everything; when will it arrive! Had I thought two years since that this time would arrive before your return I fear I should have tried all my persuasive powers to prevent your going, my husband, but we must submit and ought to with cheerfulness.

Wednesday night, 4th August, 1813—you will be surprised to find that I am still at Roxbury, but the fact is I enjoy the quiet and ease of this Country life so much that I could not resist their solicitations to remain some days more than I ever thought of before—we have been theorising and making some experiments with the children, but I must leave the detail to another time, for I am overpowered with fatigue and heat—it is past eleven and Pat will rouse me at five in the morning.

Roxbury, 15 August. . . . I am aware you will say, “but my dear, the child must be taught obedience long before its reason has much influence.” True, my beloved husband, I am now labouring hard to teach little Molly what I mean when I tell her she *must mind*.

Tuesday, 17th Aug., 1813. It really makes me feel

depressed to see Pat so entirely engrossed in business as he is—he is not as sanguine as he once was, but it seems almost to exclude all other things—even his wife and child do not draw him from it. I most sincerely hope this manufactory in which he is engaged may prove lucrative—they have now completed their Company<sup>1</sup> and are beginning to think of fixing upon a stream and commencing their establishment, and I found, much to my surprise, that they really intended to live at the place—certainly Pat and perhaps Mr. Lowell. I had no idea that it was a thing that would decide their future destination.

Boston, 21st August. . . . Oh, my dear husband, I have to rejoice with Peggy Searle that she has at length a prospect of some news from Curson: she has heard from a son of Colonel May's, who is on a passage from Cadiz, I believe, that he (May) has a letter from Curson and some for his friends in this country . . . she has all of my sympathy in her happiness as she has in her sufferings, which have been extreme. I venerate, I almost adore her: there never was a woman conducted so nobly; I am left far in the shade when compared with her—she will have her reward, I firmly believe, even in this world. . . . J. Bromfield and Frank have been on a jaunt to Rhode Island and have returned Merino-mad: all the gentlemen are talking of raising sheep as the most profitable business now to be done—Joe is very earnest about it, and is interesting Charles in it. I do not rely much on the judgment of either of them, and fear they may not do so well as they think they shall. I believe they are contemplating buying Hogg Island for the purpose.

24th August. I have had a very *pleasant* ride with Joseph this afternoon to Patrick's, and it is worthy of note. I ride with him often, but do not generally find

<sup>1</sup> The Boston Manufacturing Company.

him in a temper of mind that I can venture to talk much—he is so irritable, and there are so many tender points with him that I feel continual fear of wounding him. He is disappointed in getting the Island—I cannot say I am sorry, for I shall feel as if it was better for him to mature his plan a little more before he begins the business—he does not agree with me and feels great impatience. He by no means relinquishes the plan. I find through Charles that he has made two or three thousand dollars, which is a great relief to my mind: he will never be a rich man, but that is not necessary to his happiness, and if he could get enough to clear his expenses as he goes along and give him some little occupation I shall be thankful—I do love Joseph when he will suffer me to—he has a noble heart. . . . Our darling continues well, and though she sometimes gives me a little alarm by fretting more than she ought to (which I am apt to consider a symptom of sickness), yet I do think her a most wonderfully healthy child. . . . I expect Peggy Searle to pass the day with me tomorrow; thus, you see, each day brings with it something to occupy and often to interest me—the vessel by which her letters were to come has arrived, and I trust she will have a feast before I see her; I fully sympathize with her. This month is about closing without my having the delight I calculated upon; two months since I thought I should be excessively anxious if I did not hear from my beloved husband ere this—Tom thinks I shall see before I hear from you—I dare not listen to him, he hurries me so he makes me breathless with impatience; indeed, I do not think he exercises his usual good judgment upon the subject if he knows what I have never chosen to tell him, that you would probably have goods on your hands—Patrick goes as far the other way and thinks you will wait in hopes of a peace. . . . My dear, dear Hal, goodnight, goodnight.

27th August, 1813. . . . On Wednesday Peggy Searle was with me, and Harriet came home. I was greatly disappointed to find she had only a short letter from Curson; she had expected and hoped for long details, both new and old, but he refers to letters sent every month by the mail, none of which have ever come to hand. This letter has, in a degree, relieved her suspense and produced cheerfulness; but his movements appear still very uncertain. Peggy and I seem powerfully drawn together by having similar troubles. I enjoy very much from seeing her on this as well as on many other accounts, but I believe the sympathy excited for each by our peculiar circumstances renders us particularly interesting to each other. I hope nothing will ever diminish this interest. You, too, admire her, my dear husband—this may be another reason for my attachment, daily increasing. We had a very quiet, pleasant day; she was obliged to leave us early as she had no beau. Harriet, too, was obliged to go home to the Doctor's [Uncle James Jackson.] I went with her. Tom, and Charles and his wife [Grandfather's brother, Thomas Lee, and Judge Charles Jackson and Aunt Fanny, Grandmother's brother and sister] were there, they were all more than usually agreeable; in the early part of the evening Tom and the Doctor were discussing the merits of some of the rising geniuses, such as young Everett,<sup>1</sup> etc. [Edward Everett]. I was quite entertained and glad I went out tho' it was quite against my inclination. This young man seems to be considered as the first on the stage; he is very young to have acquired so great a reputation. There is but little doubt that he will be the successor of Buckminster. There is one other, his classmate, Frothingham,<sup>2</sup> who is con-

<sup>1</sup> Edward Everett, 1794-1864: Unitarian Clergyman; Member of Congress; Governor of Massachusetts; Minister to England; President of Harvard College; Secretary of State, succeeding Daniel Webster; United States Senator.

<sup>2</sup> Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, 1793-1870: clergyman and author; pastor of First Church of Boston, 1815-1850.

sidered a sort of rival, but from what I hear I conceive there can be no doubt of Everett's superiority.

I yesterday attended the Phi Beta Kappa exercises at Cambridge, where I heard a poem from Frothingham, or rather I did not hear it; I was distant from him and he has a feeble voice; from what I caught I should give him credit for great purity of mind and elevation—the strain of moral sentiment was quite exalted. I was at McKean's in the afternoon and found him greatly interested in the young poet, both as a man and a genius, and I was told today that he ventured to patronize him in opposition to Everett, who is the President's *protégé* [President Kirkland].

Monday, 31st August. It ought to and it does make me feel quite serious when I reflect how often I say—tomorrow I will do so and so, and find when the appointed time arrives I still procrastinate; if I do it in a case in which I feel so strong an interest as in this of writing you, I ought certainly to suspect that I am more liable to it in others which are more important. . . . I have had a most fatiguing day, therefore shall say only a few words, just by way of restorative before I go to bed. The Doctor [Uncle James Jackson] is actually alone (Harriet is at Milton with Betsey): and he came last night to beg of me to go with the child and stay with him that he might not be driven to despair. I consented, for I find it indifferent, or nearly so to me, where I am; I am rather more *comfortable* at home, but on the whole more amused abroad and feel as if I was learning something, the more my intercourse with others is increased.

Wednesday evening, September 1st, 1813. I was obliged to leave you last night to compose poor nurse who had sprained her ankle, and was in such a state of suffering she could not sleep until I had rubbed it for a long time; this accident brought me home at night from James's.



I think you will notice throughout these pages an air of importance given to trifles which will amuse you, my dear husband: let it not render me insignificant in your eyes, my beloved Hal—if it does I am sure I shall deeply regret having solaced myself by writing them: the fact is, when one is placed in a situation removed from care and responsibility, trifles gain importance, and I so much desire to feel as if I was of *consequence* to someone that if the child has the finger-ache, or nurse looks pale, I immediately think I cannot possibly leave them and thus gain my point. I shall soon have to give up even this ideal importance, for Molly is getting to an age that will suffer from too much attention. The darling has been quite unwell for four days. I have had some moments of apprehension but they were wholly unnecessary, I believe—when I see an appearance of disease without anything very positive I shall always in future be alarmed—this was so much the case with our other darling. I had not an idea of her danger till very late and then it was excited by the appearance of those around me rather than observation of the child. I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I have James to guide me. You can scarcely conceive how much she talks of you. I have lately hit upon a method to make her feel her dependence upon you, and am very much pleased with the success of it. I had noticed that she understood the use of money, and one day when she wanted some for cracker, or cakey as she calls it, I gave it to her and then asked if she knew who gave it to her. She, of course, answered—mama—I told her “yes, but who do you think gives it to mama?” This puzzled her and I told her “papa”—then enumerated the clothes, etc., purchased for her and me—she was highly delighted, and now never mentions buying anything without recollecting, and saying “papa buy.”



6th September, 1813. I have this day received two letters from you via Rio de Janeiro, one of 10th February, and one written in December. . . . I cannot fail, my beloved Hal, enjoying a vast deal from all your letters, tho' I blush to find how far you over-rate all my good qualities—you do not draw me as I know myself. You think my chief suffering will be for your disappointment: I do most keenly feel for you, shut out as you are from all that you hold dear, but my own regrets I always find come first.

I am too weary in body and mind to say more. I have had a day of constant excitement and that of the most painful kind. Our child is still sick, and from the tone of my feelings today I have had apprehensions respecting her that are, I trust, groundless. . . .

10th September. . . . Two more letters, written in November, have come to hand today, and excited in my heart the most delightful sensations of pleasure and thankfulness. . . . They were peculiarly grateful to me at this moment, for with the exception of one day, I have had constant apprehensions since the last date for our child, who still continues quite sick. Yesterday I was extremely alarmed for a few hours, but all day today she has been progressing.

11th. Molly had a very quiet night; slept for twelve hours without any interruption. . . . She is astonishingly better today, and I think James is easy about her, which I am sure he has not been before.

Monday, 13th September. I have had a day of fatigue, but I cannot close it without expressing to my dear Hal the delight he has afforded me—think, my dear husband, of my wonderful good fortune. I have received your No. 10, written in March, and it has operated like electricity. It is not only wonderful that I should get so late a letter, but its contents are of a kind to raise

my spirits; your health is better, although the warm weather has commenced, and the whole tenour of the letter is better than the last. . . . This page of my journal, dear husband, will not occasion your displeasure, for as I have much to rejoice at, I am cheerful. I will not answer for all the others. I am not what you think me, but as the deception produces pleasure to us both, I shall never try to enlighten you.

Saturday, 18th September. Molly has been better today, tho' my heart sinks within me when I see her appearing at all more sick. I asked James tonight what he thought of her. He said at first he could not tell; and then added, "She will get well one of these days, if that is what you mean." This was a great relief to have him speak so decidedly, for I have at moments been apprehensive even for her life. God grant that his opinion may be well founded. I doubted for some time whether to mention her sickness to you or not, but finally decided to adhere to my general principle and tell you. . . . Good night, my dear Hal. I must retire, for I am fatigued and often feel mortified to find how little of the spiritual I have about me; there is rather more of the oyster than I like, tho' it is a comfortable quality. Adieu—adieu.

Sunday, the 26th Sept., 1813. . . . Since my last date I have been occupied about something or nothing, so that I have not found a moment to add to this Journal; it has not meant any want of inclination, as you will readily believe; on the contrary, I long so constantly to be communing with you in this way that I always am obliged to interrogate myself strictly, if I have a right to devote even as much time as I do to it. You desire it, however, and this may quiet my guilty conscience, and if the pages served only for the pastry-cook, I should not regret having written, it has afforded

me so much pleasure. Could I transmit the pages to you as I write them I should not think for a moment that it was time ill spent. Our darling is now quite well; she has not quite recovered her strength, but in everything else she appears as strong as ever.

28th October, 1813. I have just got a short letter dated 14th February, sent via England. God only knows, my husband, how much I prize these constant proofs of your affectionate solicitude to lessen my anxiety, and to afford the best consolation I can have. . . . The fears you had excited for our political friends were altogether groundless in this part of the country; we have had no alarming commotions and the accounts of those in Baltimore were much exaggerated. No, my husband, notwithstanding we are engaged in this iniquitous, this long-dreaded war, nothing around us bears the marks of suffering. I am told, and I have no doubt, that a great many do suffer a great deal, but most certainly among us it does not exist. My greatest complaint is that I am living so easy and comfortable a life, while you are not only deprived of all the pleasures that surround me, but are exposed to hardships. . . . I wish I could flatter myself that if you are still detained in India, you have any letters. . . . I trust to the papers giving you news of the safety of your property. In this way you have been most wonderfully fortunate. The Indigo consigned to Patrick has sold at a very handsome advance; he was rallying about it last night, and said that one speculation had afforded you more than all he had done for ever so long. . . . As for the property consigned *to me*, I cannot give a very good account of my stewardship: it must be acknowledged we women are not capable of such accurate calculations as you mercantile men. I have sold all my goods but the handkerchiefs, and I fear they will sell so badly as to make my sales

average very badly. They are in Tuckerman's shop.

Sunday evg., 12th December, 1813. On Thursday, 9th inst., I received your No. 12, my dear husband. You but too well know the value even of so old a letter; its date was down to 15th March, 9 days later than I had before received. You say, my dear (and I have always felt perfect confidence in what you say upon this and all other subjects), that your health is better than it has been; the most trying season, I know, had not come, but I will endeavor to believe that you were preserved from great indisposition. . . .

Sunday evg., 10th January, 1814. Last evening I felt as I often do, a hope which almost amounted to an expectation that every ring at the door would bring me some communication, if not announce your arrival—the impression that you were actually in England now, or on your way home, has been very constant with me of late. Stephen Higginson came in the other morning with his head full of the peace. I had been a little indisposed, and his first address was, "Well, my dear, you will be well now, for your husband will be home in twelve months, with a great cargo, and make his fortune." "Indeed I hope not," I answered, "for I would rather he would be here in two months without any cargo than to wait so long for the wealth of India," and this is my habitual feeling—I have no romantic notions, I think, about the unimportance of wealth, and Heaven knows how delighted I should be at the prospect of your attaining that Independence once more which you so well know how to estimate, but still the desire to be once more united to you is so strong as to overpower all others.

I thought if this news shd. prove true you wd. probably remain in England till you could hear from this country, . . . but everything is so uncertain that I cannot form

any probable conjectures concerning your movements. . . . Peace may grow out of the fallen state of Bonaparte, but our most judicious men think it will be procrastinated till the last moment.<sup>1</sup>

You know how great an effect political rumours have upon the public mind, but you would scarcely believe it could be so very great upon the commercial part of it.

Within the last week coffee fell in one day 9 dollars, and sugar in the same proportion. Mr. Lowell and Pat who had bought a large quantity of Indigo, presuming upon a continuance of the war and were making an immense profit upon it, could not help looking a little sober, and I could not myself help wishing the peace had kept off a little longer, that Pat might have realized the little property which would have made him very independent. I want him to be rewarded for his cheerful submission to such frequent disappointments as he has experienced. . . .

Notwithstanding all these speculations, which one cannot help feeling a degree of interest in at the moment, all our hearts were gladdened by the prospect of peace, more or less according to our belief in the Rumours; each doubtless thought of his private interest, and mine was that you would not only return to me, but that you would have occupation. I think so much of the happiness we *are to have* that sometimes I am a little superstitious about it.

9th February, 1814. . . . Dear, dear husband, do not, I beseech, I intreat of you, do not set up an ideal image in your heart, and when you return to the plain,

<sup>1</sup> In October, 1813, the final overthrow of Napoleon at Leipsic forced the French army to fall back in rout across the Rhine. . . . In the same month Wellington succeeded in winning a triumph on the Bidassoa, which enabled him to enter France, soon followed by the Allies. Peace, however, was not declared till a year later.

homespun woman you left, feel a disappointment. This is my only fear, and all that in any measure diminishes my satisfaction when reading those praises which are expressed with so much warmth and go directly to my heart. If I am spoiled by *vanity* the sin is on your shoulders, husband, and you must bear it with patience.

H. and I fancy now that we should get along much better if we had more time to ourselves, which we could devote to reading, and this keeps me continually fretting; the fact is the child is with us nearly all day and the young men, one or both generally at home in the evening. They will not read to us and we cannot well read to ourselves, and I am still more unwilling to excite their observation by writing before them, which they think ridiculous: from never having been situated as we are they know not the heartfelt delight and satisfaction to be derived even from such communication with a beloved object, and I do not like to subject myself to their observation—tho' they are perfectly good humoured. . . .

Harriet and the young men have gone to the theatre with a detachment from the *clan*. This gives me the solitude I so often sigh for to communicate with you. . . . I do return my thanks again and again that I am united to a man who unites all the qualities of heart and head which I can desire and in whom I place the most entire confidence. You have, my husband, unfolded to me some new and delightful traits of character in your letters, of which perhaps I might have forever continued in ignorance had not our peculiar situation brought them to light. You have repeatedly said what is perhaps true, that this situation has shown me to you in a new light and you have added, my respected, my beloved husband, that this has reconciled you to the events which have taken place or would but for the reflection of the trouble brought on others by our misfortunes. When you are



once restored to me, I *fear* I shall have no further regrets upon the subject. I say *fear* because altho' we have less to feel, I firmly believe than any people under like circumstances ever before had, (owing to your highly honourable conduct at the moment when most men sink and are distracted and have not courage to meet the evil;) yet I shd. not want to feel *perfectly contented* while there were debts still remaining. I do not mean to say by this, dear H., that I think you ought to feel this like a millstone always hung about your neck, but that it is a thing I shd. always wish to keep in view, and if through the blessing of God you sh'd meet with success in future, that we should, as opportunity offered, pay the whole or part of your portion of the debts—it would be folly to attempt to do this for Joseph as well as yourself, but I fully go along with you in your waking dreams upon this subject. I have never been able since you left me perfectly to understand the state of your affairs, but as far as I have learned I believe you have paid 16/ in the £—if you never pay another cent we have nothing to reproach ourselves with—all that could be done we did, and I believe even those who were sufferers thought so.

Sunday evg., 20th February, 1814. I have been reading part of No. 8 and the whole of No. 9 this evening, and I have been twice or thrice most provokingly interrupted when engaged in this way, for as you tell me not to let people know how much you write, I feel bound to keep your letters out of sight. . . . I am sure I can never express half the delight your letters have afforded me. . . . A vessel arrived from Pernambuco a week or two since, and we hear there were two Portuguese vessels from Calcutta going in as they came out. I waited with the greatest impatience, as you will believe, for the Vineyard mail which comes only once a week, and when it



came I was disappointed. . . . Some vessel must soon be in from England, and if you were still in Calcutta I must hear from you by the Governor's frigate, which we are told was to sail in August. . . . Oh these dreadful long voyages! they are not fit for married men; this must be your last if we live upon Bean Porridge at home!

Monday, 21st March, 1814. There is a raging N. E. storm without, which I think cannot fail to blow some vessels in from England. . . . It appears to me I should be overflowing with gratitude if I could but have a late letter from you and know what were your determination, what your health, and the thousand questions which crowd upon my mind when I think of you. It wants only ten days of a year since your last dates. . . .

April 1st. Should I know for a certainty when to expect you, I think, if my father approves, I should take a house as soon as I could get one at a proper rent and go to housekeeping. I am very tired of this boarding plan, though I ought not to be, for I have every accommodation that it is possible I should have at board, and many more than others of our friends who have pursued the same plan. My principal objection to my present situation is that I never feel at home. I was interrupted the other day by Hannah Lowell, who came to propose my driving her Susan down to Beverly with their horse. I hesitated about it, thinking it might serve to shake me up a little and perhaps make me feel better, but on the whole, my courage was not equal to it, and I could not bear to leave town for two days lest there should be an arrival that would bring me letters. I was very glad, on the whole, that I decided thus, for Sally Gardner was here yesterday, and our child has such a cold that I should not be quite willing to leave her. We had a great alarm this week from the Doctor's youngest child,

little Harriet, being very suddenly seized with the Quincy or Croup. . . . After 48 hours of extreme anxiety she was restored to them nearly well, and has now quite recovered. She is an uncommonly vigorous, strong child, has never before been the least sick.

Sunday ev'g, 3rd April, 1814. . . . Yesterday was a day of dissipation for me; in the morning I went with Harriet to pay a wedding visit on Mrs. Harry Cabot;<sup>1</sup> from thence to Eliza Dutton's, who is now in Stephen Higginson's house, boarding with Mrs. Carter. We had a good croaking, for which I trust she felt better. I certainly did. Dutton is poor, and for the last 20 months they have been trying experiments to save money. . . .

We dined at father's and I went to Cambridge with him and my mother in the afternoon. I found Uncle Wendell quite alone: Mrs. Holmes was out. [Sarah (Wendell) Holmes, daughter of Uncle Wendell, mother of Oliver Wendell Holmes.] I really enjoyed sitting with him because it was evident I gave so much pleasure. He feels that his glass is almost run out and talks with the most perfect tranquillity of the expected change. This is delightful to me, to see any one who I think is *really* prepared waiting without any fear for the summons. . . . There has been a strong east wind all day and I most earnestly hope there are some good tidings of you near.

Wednesday evg., April 13th. Most earnestly do I rejoice that I have an hour which I hope I shall be able to devote to you, my dearest best friend. Harriet has gone to Mrs. J. Lowell's to meet Mrs. H. Cabot, and some good genius has suggested to the young men to go out. Frank asked me to go with him to Patrick's, but I said I hated to walk in the evening, and thus secured to myself the moment I have sighed for these ten days.

<sup>1</sup> Anna Blake, recently married to Mr. Henry Cabot—grandparents of Henry Cabot Lodge.

I have had the child with me all day and she has been more than usually troublesome, and I fear I must acknowledge what I thought I never should, that she is more fretful with me than with any one—and yet I am the only one who ever has inflicted any punishment upon her, and I think I do not spare her. There must be some radical defect in my management or this would not be so. My mother says, and I begin to fear I must believe her, that the fault is in allowing her to see the power she has over me (she argues from human nature), and when that is too much discovered it is almost impossible to exercise authority with any effect. Our mother is an acute observer of the human character, and it seems almost like presumption to venture to differ from her, but dear H., I think you will agree with me in the opinion that her ideas upon the subject of education are less sound than upon almost anything else—circumstances have (perhaps insensibly) influenced it—she always speaks in a way to discourage me, instead of which I want in this as in everything to have the hope of success held up as a stimulus to exertion. I do not know that even you to whom I am willing to expose all my weaknesses; you for whom I would desire to exert all the powers with which heaven has blessed me; I fear you do not know how necessary an encouraging word is to me now and then—if I think my friends approve, it animates me to new exertion; whereas if I have the slightest cause to think otherwise it depresses me and palsies all my faculties, and thus of necessity produces self-disapprobation, and its attendant discontent. Harriet is either not aware of my feelings upon this subject or does not chuse to indulge them, I cannot say which. I fancy she considers the feeling to arise from vanity entirely, and considers it a dangerous passion to indulge. If this is her opinion I think she is wrong. If I know myself

it is not the desire to have this passion fed and flattered, but from a sense of my own inability to do *much*. I have a constant jealousy of myself, and such a doubt on my mind with regard to the propriety of any of the important acts of my life as to render me unhappy until I know how they are estimated by those who watch over me with the most solicitude. The approbation you have hitherto expressed for my past conduct has been a source of inconceivable satisfaction to me, and what you say of my ability to educate or rather to direct the infant mind of our child would afford me delight and encouragement had you ever seen me tried; but, my husband, every step in the way is new to me, and I do assure you I act as a novice. One of my greatest mortifications is that as our child advances she is more and more difficult to govern, and if I do not soon acquire more firmness, both of body and mind, I shall have to fly from her to conceal my weakness.

Friday, 27th May, 1814. Since my last date I have had as great an excitement of feeling as anything but your return could produce. I have received 8 letters from you—all by the same vessel. Six came in one day, and it was almost too much for me. They embraced a long period from April to September! . . .

On Sunday last, Joseph came and asked me if I would take a little ride with him. Dutton and wife were to be of the party. I at first felt it impossible to make up my mind to leave the child for four days, but as it was only a matter of feeling, not of real anxiety (for Harriet and Nurse surely might be confided in most perfectly), I determined to overcome it, and take the opportunity of increasing my strength and health, and therefore, after premissing with Joseph that he would have a very dull companion (for my mind was more than usually with you) I consented to go. We had a

pleasant ride; I accomplished the object of going to Newburyport for a few hours and we passed part of a day and night with Aunt Bromfield at Andover. The weather was very fine, and I have gained strength from the exercise in the open air, riding 30 miles a day. On my return I was cheered by your No. 24. You refer to other letters which I do trust contain a more detailed account of your health, but your mother and I think that you certainly did not feel more sick on the 12th of October.

12th August, 1814. . . . I only visit in our *clan*, very seldom beyond it except in the morning. I will give you an account of the last few days. Monday and Tuesday were passed very quietly at home, except Tuesday afternoon at Charles's; Wednesday I drank tea with the Searles, passed the evening at home alone; Thursday spent the day at my mother's [Mrs. Joseph Lee's], the evening at home. The Doctor was here for an hour, and I had a good deal of pleasant conversation with him about you and our child, etc. . . . I have just got home a good deal wearied and find a note from Ann Storrow,<sup>1</sup> saying Stephen Higginson and wife are going to Andover tomorrow and have a vacant seat which they wish me to occupy. Though there is everything pleasant to anticipate from such a ride, I can hardly persuade myself to say "yes," yet as I have had no way of sending to them, I shall, I believe, go, as I presume they will call. I believe it is because I have nothing to *prevent* my going that I feel so unpleasantly about it always, for I have no apprehension about leaving Molly—Do, my beloved husband, return to me and give me the delightful occupation of attending to you, and feeling my presence *at home* of some importance.

Oh when shall I have this happiness!

<sup>1</sup> "Aunt Nancy Storrow," sister of Mrs. Stephen Higginson.

Adieu, my husband. I pray God to protect you and return you in safety to your wife, M. Lee.

Monday evening, 21st August, 1814. The Doctor came early in the evening to ask us to go up to Charles's—Harriet had gone to Waltham to pass a day or two, and I told him I wanted to stay at home, I had been running about so much lately. I had a secret hope, dearest husband, that I should have an hour to devote to you after reading one of Paley's sermons which I am doing for a second time from your recommendation of them, but Joseph has been in and in part defeated my object, for I am determined to go to bed early. I have at length despatched my letter to you; I kept it open till last Friday, and after all I fear have not said one-half what you will want to know.

Sept. 1st, 1814. I have received a letter from you, my husband, today, dated 26th January. It has been long expected and most earnestly desired, and now it has come it has overwhelmed me with anxiety. Your kind, your heart-touching precaution has been useless, my beloved husband; you say to me simply that your health is not as good as six months since, but in your letter to Patrick you speak in a manner the most discouraging. . . . It has made me wretched for this day, my dearest Hal, but hope, which scarcely ever fails me, whispers that your state of spirits, which everything concurred to depress, caused you to feel depressed as you did about your health. God grant that it may be so. . . . If you can be restored to me in tolerable health, I shall never feel any other evil. I should be much strengthened in the belief you would embark in March did you not place so much confidence in the events of Europe operating upon our Government. I shall, I think, have more letters in a day or two, and they will, I trust,



afford me some relief. There is a Cartel<sup>1</sup> expected daily. . . . If you were once at home I should feel great confidence that your health would be reinstated in a short time.

Sept. 2nd. The dreadful anxiety which will rest upon my mind is in some degree diminished, as I think more of the state of your mind and the effect that has on the body, and also the influence it would have in your manner of speaking of yourself. My friends have sought for every alleviation of this kind that could be imagined.

My Mother with your Father<sup>2</sup> passed last evening here; also Charles and wife, Hannah Jackson [Aunt Hannah, Mrs. Henry Jackson, mother of Dr. J. B. S. Jackson], Betsey Jackson, and J. Bromfield.

My Mother says, "My dear, people may be made sick by anxiety and excessively uncomfortable, but it never proves fatal." And she also thinks that all you say of your health is so much affected by your state of spirits that I ought hardly to think of it as a fair statement. Hannah Lowell makes use of nearly the same arguments, applying them in a little different way. . . . How thankful ought we to be, my husband, that I am surrounded by so many friends who participate in all my troubles and all my joys. Hannah Lowell insisted upon my sending forward my hopes a little, and dwelling upon the *many happy* years yet in store for us.

3rd Sept. The Cartel is below, has been detained at the Castle for some hours; we shall have the letters in the morning, I presume, and I know I shall have some that will cheer me, tho' probably not one so late as that I have. If I should get one acknowledging any of mine it would make my heart glad indeed, for I am sure that

<sup>1</sup> Cartel—a ship commissioned to exchange prisoners between nations at war.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lee.



such an event would have a great influence over your spirits. Adieu, my dear H.—

4th Sept. I did not get my letters till evening, and have not now all which are to come. You can best tell how my heart beat with impatience thro' the day, and how grateful I was to heaven for once more affording me the delight and satisfaction of seeing a cheerful letter from you, my beloved husband. Such was your No. 25, written in October and November, and I have read it over and over again that I might enjoy the full satisfaction of it. You at that time gave credit to the account of the safety of the *Reaper*, and also of the *Harmony*. The Russian Celebration, too, you had seen an account of, and this cheered you,—in short, altho' you express the keenest disappointment (and I am happy to see some degree of resentment mingled with it), that you have no letters from home, there is a freedom and ease about your letter which I cannot recognize in those of later date.

You say very little about your health, and this leads us to hope, my husband, that during those two months you felt better. . . .

I must meet you in England if you come before winter, for you must not come here on a winter coast. May you be decided by what Frank has said, to leave Calcutta in March or April. All my friends bid me to hope this. How could you *think* of remaining till 1816! I most fervently pray that no consideration will induce you to do it.

Thursday, 22d September, 1814. . . . I am now reading Trimmers' *Sacred History*, which is the Bible with some few omissions to adapt it to children. I took it to see if I should like it better than the simple Bible for our child. As far as I have read I think not, but I shall be totally at a loss when she begins to read, whether

to put the Sacred volume in her hands or not. My mother thinks it would impress the mind much more if read at a later period of life—that the words becoming familiar before any idea can be attached to them prevents the effect which might be produced in after life if it was presented to her anew. I have always rather leaned to this opinion, and yet our earliest are our strongest impressions, and this is in favour of an early perusal of this most important volume.

I have been reading with Harriet a modern novel—I see you scowl and say ‘why will you, my dear, waste your time on these silly things?’ but before you pronounce sentence against it you must read Miss Edgeworth’s *Patronage*—if you do not gain one new idea from it you will be grateful for the entertainment one cannot but receive from such a book; there are perhaps faults; the characters too numerous, etc., but they are so justly delineated that we must receive pleasure, as we do from the conversation of enlightened society, and I think you cannot read the book without forming a high idea of the talents of the author. She must have a keen, penetrating mind and lively imagination, aided and governed always by that plain good sense which alone enables us to draw right conclusions. . . . By this time you are, I trust, once more in a Christian country, and though you may feel the coldness of the English chilling, you will enjoy a great deal, I think, from the reflection that they are a civilized set of beings. I think it possible Frederick Cabot may go to England soon. He is now in New York; the night before he left here I gave him a great many directions what to do in case he found you sick there, which he said he should forget all of, but to ensure remembrance, I told him I should write them down if I found he was going—the principal thing I wanted was that he should understand that I was ready at a moment’s

warning to come to you, if he found that it would be pleasant to you. I hope you will not over-rate the inconveniences of such an expedition, for they would be as nothing to me compared to the pleasure of being united to you a few months sooner.

30th September, 1814. When shall I have some more and more cheerful letters from you? I dare not hope very soon. Our coast is Blockaded so that nothing but Cartels can reach our shores in safety, and these are very infrequent.

6th October. Yesterday morning the boy who is in Patrick's Compting-Room came to tell me a vessel would sail in an hour or two for England (a Dutch armed vessel—the *Ajax*). I immediately seated myself, and as rapidly as possible scribbled three pages to you, my dear Husband. I always feel a little fearful when I write in such haste, that I may say something I ought not, or omit to say what is very important; indeed I feel this sort of jealousy of myself continually. I know in some views my letters must be a comfort to you, my only fear is that the desire I have to give you information may mislead you. I hope not, I am sure, most earnestly, but I confess I sometimes tremble when the young men say they cannot write you from this fear. I really believe this has influenced them sometimes when you have attributed it to indolence. I do not think any of them would suffer that feeling to prevent their writing you, knowing your feeling upon the subject.

Theodore Lyman has arrived direct from London, which he left on the 6th August, and has brought no letter for me. I confess I am disappointed. I think, had there been any, S. Williams<sup>1</sup> could hardly fail to send them, for tho' he [Theodore Lyman] came via Halifax, it is so much better at this time to send them by a private hand that I cannot conceive that Williams should have

<sup>1</sup> United States Consul in London, 51 Finsbury Square.

doubted—perhaps the same good fortune which has hitherto attended your letters may prevail, and from South America or some other quarter I may soon have news. I have been alone for the last week, or rather Harriet is absent. I cannot feel *alone* while our child is with me. I really feel that I was peculiarly blessed to have the little creature sent at the moment she was—the attentions almost necessary for the preservation of an infant's life were exactly the best thing for me during the first months of your absence, and as she advances she necessarily leads me to more intellectual exertion than I should otherwise be called to, and I am often, I assure you, in so torpid a state, that nothing but necessity could arouse me to exertion of any kind. I hope she will keep me from actual stagnation till you return.

She has for two weeks advanced pretty rapidly in her reading, but I find as the novelty wears off, so does the zeal, and I shall, I fear, find it difficult to keep up sufficient emulation, as she is alone, to have her progress very rapidly. [Aunt Mary was at this time three years and one month old.]

I fear I gain no ground with regard to the regulation of the heart and disposition, dear H. I cannot succeed in getting the *ready* obedience which I think so important. I can by severity or finesse always succeed, but this is not what I want—I have of late felt irritation myself, which was a thing I always considered impossible, but I find my patience sometimes exhausted by those very whims I have been perhaps the means of producing, either by inheritance, example, or indulgence—Adieu. May I soon hear of your welfare, dearest H.

13th October, 1814. Five days have passed since I received a most delightful, heart-cheering letter from you, my faithful husband, and I have not written one word of acknowledgment; my heart has continually

thanked you for your unremitting attentions, for your never-ending solicitude to remove as far as possible all anxiety from my mind—I cannot describe to you the delightful sensations which have been excited by this letter, and indeed I can scarcely conceive why I do thus feel, for after all there is nothing very positive said about your health which is favourable; the whole tenour of your letter to me and to Pat is much better than the last, and I flatter myself (as the Doctor bids me), that the change was produced by the certainty you felt with regard to the *Reaper*. James thinks this a very important fact, because it tends to prove, what we have all along hoped, that your health was affected by your circumstances, and of course when your anxiety was relieved you would be much better. God grant that you were soon after cheered by our letters.

The *Fingal* sailed on Monday, 28th of Sept., and another vessel for Europe on the same day. I suppose Remsen sent some of my letters by one, and some by the other vessel. On Wednesday there was an arrival at Newport from Canton, by which we learn that young Paine had arrived there from Calcutta. I have a strong hope, my dear husband, that you may have written by him. . . . We have to wait for our letters as they were taken on board on condition they should be delivered when the owners pleased, and from some cause they choose to delay them. I shall be disappointed if I have no letter, and yet I ought not to expect it. I should not if you had not *spoiled* me by indulgence. . . . I look back with infinite regret and self-reproach that I let so long a period elapse without writing—I should regret it still more if I did not think it would impress you more strongly with the expectation I had you would return, and thus influence your decision—thus good may come out of evil. . . .

October 30, 1814. I am now engaged on a little work of Locke's on Education. I am much pleased with it, but must leave to a future period my observations.

December 28, 1814. . . . We have just returned from your father's, where we have passed a pleasant afternoon. I asked him if there was any news from the delegates [to the Hartford Convention]. He said, "No." He was sorry I had mentioned the Convention at all, or said anything more than that the war would never end, and you must come home *immediately*. Mother says if she ever wrote she w'd certainly have added a postscript to my letter to this purpose, and to say that it was the opinion of all your friends. I do hope, my husband, my former letters have reached you, and have had an effect to bring you to this decision.

Once more adieu. May you be guided entirely by that Being who cannot err. To Him I commend you, and to Him I pray for you. Adieu, my ever dear husband.

Your M. Lee.

[There is a gap in the Journal from February, 1815, till October, 1815, apparently accidental, as Grandfather, who took the Journal with him to India in 1821, says that he hopes to find the missing sheets on his return. During this period occurred the death of Grandmother's sister Hannah (Mrs. Francis Cabot Lowell).]

October 18, 1815. I lament that you should have received the impression that your former letters were lost or interrupted—not one of them has ever been opened by our government, and I have been most remarkably fortunate in getting them. My file from January, 1814, to 1815 is only wanting two numbers. . . . I have received six letters since the above date—the two latest dated March 2d, April 11th, the last very short but a



great comfort to me, as it gave so late information of your health, etc., which appears to have been improving almost constantly since January, 1814.

October 25, 1815. Sunday evening has again arrived: on Friday I got your letter, via *Bourbon*, of 27th May, saying that you had heard of the peace and, notwithstanding, you were troubling yourself about the probable interdiction of trade; this news has afforded you a satisfaction which nothing else could have done, and as I feel a certainty that this anxiety would soon be so happily relieved, it does not distress me. I can say now that I feel a lightness of heart and security which I had long been a stranger to.

[Grandmother had an especially deep affection for her sister Hannah (Mrs. F. C. Lowell), and great tenderness for her motherless children<sup>1</sup>—spoken of in the following letter.

<sup>1</sup> The children of Francis Cabot and Hannah (Jackson) Lowell were:

I, John, 1799-1836. Still young, he was very successful in business, "by nature a statesman whom the caprice of fortune had made a merchant." He was repeatedly elected to the Common Council and Legislature. He married in 1825 Georgina Mary Amory, who died in 1830. Having lost his wife and two little daughters in 1830-31, in November, 1832, he sailed for Europe and India, where he died at Bombay in 1836.

By his will he left half his fortune, \$250,000, "to found and sustain free lectures for the promotion of the moral and intellectual and physical instruction or education of the citizens of Boston."

II, Susan, who became the first wife of Mr. John Amory Lowell, and the mother of Cousin Susan (Mrs. William Sohier), and of Cousin John Lowell.

III, Francis Cabot Lowell, 1803-1874. Still most affectionately remembered. Cousin Frank married Mary Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Gardner. Their children were Mary (Mrs. Algernon Coolidge); Georgina (Aunt Nina to a wide circle); George Gardner, who married Mary Ellen Parker; Edward Jackson, who married (1) Mary Goodrich, (2) Elizabeth Gilbert Jones.

IV, Edward, 1805-1830. Harvard College 1822, Law School 1825, a young lawyer of unusual promise.



Sally Gardner is the daughter of another of Grandmother's sisters, and John Lee is the son of Grandfather Lee's brother Nathaniel.]

Tuesday, 11 o'clock at night, 5 December, 1815. . . . We have had a very noisy evening—Susan and John Lowell, Sally Gardner, and John Lee have been here, and been in a great frolic; it really has been a delight to me, to see the latter entering into all the fun with the greatest good humour and spirit; he came in by accident, and I at first rather regretted it, as I thought he would not get on well with the girls, but he has been extremely pleasant and quite at his ease. They had a play of forfeits, and he as judge made so much laugh that I think it will serve me for exercise for a long time. His Uncle Frank, who was also here, helped him along a little,—he discovers affectionate good feeling, and is a boy of good understanding, and, I think, promises to afford us much pleasure, but I am not sanguine about him or any other boy but Frank Lowell, who is still the delight of my heart, and of all his friends. His character seems already formed and it is composed of such qualities that I think we may feel some degree of confidence in it. His health is feeble and I sometimes think the very sweetness we so much love is but a premature preparation for another country, and yet he seems fitted to live in this world to be an ornament and blessing to society.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Francis Cabot Lowell. "He was born a counsellor, never so happy as when aiding by advice or assistance, but his benevolence was guided by tact, he knew when and how to give and to withhold with equal delicacy. He had the high, unerring wisdom vouchsafed only to the pure in heart; his eye was single and his whole body full of light. He had an uncompromising love of truth, a sincerity which limited his speech on occasion to yea, yea—nay, nay, or bound him to silence when a weaker man must have spoken. To come into his presence was to be summoned before an august tribunal, a merciful but just judge; he was

He and Edward have lately been at home. They have been here a good deal and the warm interest they expressed in you and your return, bound them nearer to me than ever. I have given them my promise I would let them know what were your plans as soon as I heard from you.

April 22d, 1816. I confess that it is a source of very great satisfaction to hear in the various ways I do of the respect and interest you excite in those who have met you abroad. Scarce a man has returned from Calcutta but I have heard your praise, either directly or indirectly—even Stark told the Doctor that you were pre-eminent as a man of business—that even the established English merchants and all others came to you for information—this was not said with a design to reach me, nor did the Doctor tell me, I only heard him telling some one else. All the *clan*, of course, take a *little* pride in this. We ought, I think, to participate in the good as well as evil of each other, and no family ever did the latter more entirely than ours. . . .

[Grandfather returned in July, 1816.]

Long afterward, when Henry Lee again made the voyage to India, he took with him these many pages of the Journal, and across the last sheet he wrote the following lines:

formidable without intention; his tranquil mind abashed the noisy and vulgar, . . . his dignified silence or brief words of truth foiled the flatterer, the current coin of society did not ring clear on the table of this assay-master. . . . But he neither censured nor looked down on his fellow men, he judged as he would be judged, the smile which lighted up his face, and the gentle courtesy of his address were outward signs of a charity which characterized his thoughts and words and acts, taking every form but that of publicity.

‘The wisdom that is from above is first true, then peaceable, then gentle, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy’.”—From an obituary article by Col. Henry Lee.

"I have read these sheets with the most unfeign'd delight, not unmixed, however, with regret, that I should have been the cause of so much anxiety and painful apprehension to the most interesting, faithful and affectionate wife man was ever blessed with. That every wish and feeling express'd in this Journal is sincere, I have the fullest confidence, and I receive them as evidences of that attachment and esteem I so much desire to excite. Let the recollection of the sufferings this Journal evinces, as well as the tenour of a whole life devoted to my welfare, impress deeply on my mind and heart a constant conviction of the claims, which she who has been so active and instrumental in promoting my happiness, has upon my most zealous efforts for the advancement of hers. April 21, 1822, at sea on board *Palmer*."

## VIII

LETTERS, 1817-1829

*Henry Lee to his Wife*

Philadelphia, 23rd May, 1817.

My dear wife:

I am afraid the seven weeks will not end our separation, but I am as tired of it, at least, as you, and shall do all I can to prevent its exceeding eight. I am as much out of patience as if the time had been five years instead of as many weeks, but the moment is at hand when we shall feel the happier for this interruption to our intercourse. There is much satisfaction in the conviction that our dependence on each other is mutually felt, and these partings bring it home with additional force.

. . . My journey through Lancaster was very pleasant, part of the country under high state of cultivation & a great deal of fine scenery, pleasant views &c.

I was glad to find the country had not suffer'd so much by drought as I had understood. It is now raining, & if continued all will be repaired which has been lost. I could not but remark upon the want of towns in a fertile rich country; for 135 miles we only passed thro' five; two of them contained 3000 & 6000 inhabitants, the others scarce 1500. This is a great defect in appearance of the country & diminishes very much the pleasure in travelling thro' it.

I can't fix the day of my departure from hence nor how long I may remain in N. York. You need not fear my too great enterprise. I have plan'd my year's work & shall do nothing more. My journey to the South has tended to make me more cautious, tho' I was sufficiently so before. I am afraid I shall not be in time for the

great election; Molly must engage another Beau, but I hope to be in time for the Artillery Election. She still has her whims. She must have inherited all yours & a portion of mine. Well, it will be an excellent exercise & amusement for you to cure them. . . .

Good-night, my dear M. I hope to have a letter to-morrow before I close this.

Your ever affectionate & faithful husband

H. L.

*Mary Lee to Henry Lee in Baltimore*

Tuesday, Boston, 23rd May, 1820.

My dear H.,

I was excessively disappointed on getting yr. letter Sunday, to find you still decided to remain some time longer in Baltimore. . . . I am thankful to be confirmed in the assurance that you are well and I sincerely wish, with you, that your mind was in a more tranquil state. As I am convinced the only way to render it so is to have your present concerns brought to a close, my earnest desire is to have this done in the shortest possible time, and therefore I would again intreat of you to put away from you all anxiety for the future, and not suffer plans of various kinds to be floating continually in your imagination. Frank feels as if there was still a great deal to be done before the old concerns can be brought to a close, and you surely must feel that you owe it to him and to yourself to make every exertion to assist him in this arduous task. You cannot, and I am sure you ought not to desire to enter upon anything new until everything is either entirely settled or you see the way clear for the satisfactory adjustment of everything. I feel authorized to say as much as I do upon this subject, because I think that much of your anxiety on this

point is on my account, and I am apprehensive that your aversion to the detail of business (particularly when it is of so unpleasant a nature) added to this desire to be again in the way of providing for us, may induce you to run away from it, whereas I should think you ought to *persist* in the performance of this duty and not suffer your feelings to have the least influence upon your conduct. You will say I am asking more of you than mortal man can perform, but believe me, dearest H., it is not more than *you* can perform if you are firmly resolved to do it. I have a great opinion of your willingness to work and only desire to have your industry exercised upon the right object. I wish I did not and perhaps I ought not to write so much upon this subject, but it is so continually in my thoughts I cannot help it. I see (indeed I hear from them continually) that T. and F. [Tom and Frank] consider this the proper and only course you ought to pursue, and feeling the obligation I do to them, I cannot help considering their opinion as very important. You can find excuses for me if I do weary you by reflecting that it is my constant desire to have you do what will make you at peace with yourself and others, that renders me so constant in imposing upon you my advice. . . .

[In 1821 Grandfather again made the voyage to India, and when he returned in 1822, the house in Bedford Place, which had been building under Great-Grandfather Lee's supervision of carpenters and masons, was ready for them, and became their home. Later, when the posts and chains which divided Bedford Place from Chauncy Place were taken down, it became 28 Chauncy Street.]

*Mary Lee to Henry Lee on his second voyage to  
India in 1821*

Boston, 10th April, 1821.

It seems almost foolish to write you, my dear H., when you have been only six days absent from me, but as my thoughts are ever with you, why should I not put them on paper? Why should I not express to you the heartfelt satisfaction whh. your letter afforded me? I did not need it, my dear H., tho' you seemed to think I did, to convince me that you had no intention of remaining in Calcutta. . . . Your promise not to form engagements of any nature to induce your return there, I shall confide in entirely, and if you should again feel it necessary to leave me, I *must submit*, and will try to do it as well as I can, but I cannot promise much heroism on this point; it is the one that touches my happiness so essentially I dare not promise. . . . I shall communicate what you say to Frank—to Pat I have already shown your letter, but as some one came in while he was reading it, he made no remark upon it. Our children continue as you left them very well—they have thought of you as much as we could expect them to—Betty<sup>1</sup> has repeatedly called for “Papa to play more, run Beppa”—and when we told her you were gone, called for “papa come again, play Beppa.” She and Hal<sup>2</sup> have got a notion of kissing your picture, but Mr. Hal is not inclined to use it as Mary used to do for a father-confessor. I have proposed it to him but he constantly says no—I suppose he does not like to have his sins brought thus before him. I shall continue as far as possible to hold up your good opinion as a stimulus to him, and was very glad this morning, to find that the fear of my writing you word he breakfasted in the closet influenced him to

<sup>1</sup> Aunt Lizzie Ware, born April 2, 1819.

<sup>2</sup> Uncle Harry Lee, born September 2, 1817.



stop crying. Betty says I must tell you she did not "get up arms"—she means this morn'g I walked with her quite to the bottom of Beacon St. and home without taking her up. We had Mary and Hal and half a dozen more to amuse her or I should not have got on so well. You will be glad to find I make so good a beginning. Wed'y mg. 11th—I was interrupted yesterday by Mr. Channing (William), who had picked up a little boy in the street that had lost his way, and came in here with him to see if I could help him to find it—while he was sitting here, whh. he did some time, he asked me whether during your stay in India, you paid any attention to the progress of the missionaries, and what your opinion was of their usefulness. I gave it to him and found that his was much the same. He says civilization and elevation of mind is the only thing from whh. any hope can be derived. He then gave me some account of the late improvement in the Sandwich Islands, which he attributes entirely to the influence of the Chief or King, who was a man of very wonderful powers of mind. He says the account given by the missionaries leaves one to suppose that this effect was produced by a miraculous interposition of Providence, tho' he does not mean to say that they *intended* to do so. . . . If I am incoherent, my dear H., you must set it down to Miss Betty's account, for she is full of talk upon every subject that comes under her observation, and continually calling my attention. We have had another walk this morning. I hope I shall persevere, but do not much expect to. Mary was quite affected and much delighted with your letter to her. . . . This is the 8th day since you left me—it seems much longer. I have behaved very well, any one would tell you who was just to my merit. I hope you have held up as well as you promised—only do not let your business engross *every* thought, and I shall be content, nay

grateful, that you have something which can draw you off from unpleasant reflections. But your family, and still more your God, have claims to some of your thoughts and you will give them I doubt not. I mean to drink tea with Father this afternoon, have not been in since you went away—indeed I have not yet been out of an eve'ng. Frank and Fred<sup>1</sup> were here Sunday, which prevented our attending the summons on that eve'ng. We have had one or two visits from the Judge and the Doctor, Joe, Tom, Pat—you must rejoice that I am thus surrounded by such thoughtful friends. What weather you have had, my husband—we have rejoiced in it I assure you most heartily—and tho' we cannot tell exactly what you have had by what we have, it has some influence upon one's feelings to see such a bright sky. Harriet and Sally [Gardner] join in love to you and good wishes. Joseph says I must look for you 10th April, 1822—I like to have people *fix a day* on such occasions. He seemed to think you had gone off in *famous* order as he said, and with the best crew that ever sailed out of the port, I hope it may prove so. Adieu, as ever y'r M. Lee.

Boston, 27th April, 1821.

. . . Tom has been passing two or three hours with us this evening, and has been very agreeable. I have only to lament on such occasions my own want of resource, which obliges me often to discussion of individual character for want of conversation of a more elevated nature.

We expected the *clan*, but there seemed to be quite an indisposition for a meeting, and they did not come. I lamented this the less, as Charles is absent on a Circuit, and if we could have our Sunday evening quiet,

<sup>1</sup> Our Great-Uncle Frank Lee, and Cousin Frederick Cabot, who were then in business together as merchants.

I should be in favor of breaking up the habit of meeting on that evening, but this seems out of the question. Of the four Sunday evenings since you left, two have been devoted to company, and once we went out and carried our company with us. By company, I mean Frank, Tom, Fred, and so on. We have, however, had some other visitors since you left me, such as D. L. Pickman, Mr. Curson, George Searle, S. Swett, and others not immediately attached to the *clan*.

. . . 1st May. I have been again obliged to lay aside my pen, but could not regret the interruption. The visitor was Mr. J. Lowell, and the only thing that prevented the full enjoyment of his visit was Harriet being stretched on the bed with a most severe headache, and thus being deprived of what she would have so much liked. However, I was so good a listener that I detained him nearly two hours, and most of the time engrossed in very interesting conversation, but I must not suffer myself to detail it now, for, being May Day, we were all roused by five this morning, and as it has been very hot, I feel somewhat exhausted, and ought to go to bed. Therefore, I must say to you, Good Night, wishing most earnestly, as the children do when kissing your picture, that *real* Papa was here. I will just say one word more. Betty, this morning at breakfast, from some circumstance which recalled you to her at the moment, said, "Papa away, Papa sea, Pa come again, walk Beppa." And Hal immediately said, "Pa is naughty to go away." I told him "No, you were not naughty, you went to get money to buy us bread and meat," which satisfied him, and he determined when you returned that he would go to market. . . . Now all this looks very silly in detail, but it passed very quickly and discovered great quickness of apprehension, I assure you, in them.

Thursday Evening.

Dear H.,

You will have a most uninteresting, stupid letter, I fear, if I cannot get a little more animation, wisdom, or something else into my brain. I thought, while talking with Mr. Lowell the other evening, that I should have an unexhausted fund for you, but upon retrospection, I do not find much, and so it must always be when the conversation is, as in this case, an expression of feeling and sentiments which do honor to our nature, but which lose half their charm when repeated; and, indeed, the effect is quite different when one witnesses the animation which, as you know, never forsakes Mr. Lowell. We had some discussion of character, for even with him I insensibly fall into it, but we discussed with a charitable spirit, and in most cases without censure.

The Doctor and wife, Pat and wife, Harriet, and all the world have gone to pay their respects to the two brides at Mrs. Boott's tonight. Harriet has not returned, for she had a card for this evening from the Miss Inches, and as one dressing would answer for both visits, she accepted it.

Molly had her long-talked-of party yesterday, and she really behaved extremely well; indeed, so did they all. There were thirteen in all, and we got through the afternoon very pleasantly.

I have been this morning with Harriet to Mr. John Lowell's,<sup>1</sup> for besides the delightful visit I mentioned above, he, the next day, sent us an immense Bouquet of flowers and two very valuable plants in pots. He had never before known that we cared anything about them. They move into the Country tomorrow, and I was not willing they should go without some acknowledgment

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lowell was the first person in the United States to build extensive green-houses on a scientific plan.

from me of the obligation. To such a man as he, I love to feel under an obligation, particularly as I know the interest he feels in us is in some sort an inheritance from our father [Jonathan Jackson] whom he loved most tenderly. It is one month today since you left me, dearest H., and it certainly appears six. Thus it is always with me, and I can only account for it by supposing that it is because I dwell so much upon it and date everything from it.

I shall send you a letter from James and I have challenged John Lee to write you, for I want to have something in my packet that may excite a smile, and I am sure my own letters will not have that tendency.

. . . You will be thankful to hear that your father is entirely engrossed with the finishing of our house [in Bedford Place]. On Friday it rained all day, and I was every moment expecting him in, as he has been in the habit of coming of late in dull weather, but I found upon inquiry that he passed the whole day in our *cellar* directing about the flagging, etc., etc. Our paint may be a little darker than the precise shade we desire in consequence of his superintendence, but of what importance is this compared to the benefit it has been to him at this time. [Mrs. Joseph Lee had died 4 December, 1820.]

. . . The *clan* are as usual—some planning journeys—and others adhering with the greatest tenacity to their own firesides. Charles's wife has been a little indisposed the last few days, but excepting her, all, even to the youngest child, have been well since you left home, I believe. Charles himself is talking of a little excursion to New Bedford, etc. Harriet was to have gone, but, from a variety of causes, the ladies have all fallen off, and she, of course, does not want to go alone with a party of gentlemen.

We are beginning to have fine weather now, excepting the east wind, which will come up every day to chill us. I walk often with the children. Hal has once or twice troubled me by running off, and Betty wants to get up in my arms, but on the whole, they behave pretty well, and sometimes I have the hope that they may overcome the Orne or Jackson, or whatever other name we may choose to give to their irritability, by the time they are twenty-one, should they live so long. You said I should not feel your loss on their account, but I do, I can assure you, both for correction and amusement. They pined for the latter the first few days. Little Betty has just come down from her nap. I ask her what I shall say to Papa. She says, "Kiss Beppa."

My father has saved you a file of the *Daily Advertiser*. Frank is to inquire about the *North American [Review]*, for I do not know whether you finally got the whole of the numbers. I shall send *Kenilworth* over, so that Mr. Stark may read it on the voyage, if he likes. You must not attempt to read *Kenilworth* while you are busy. It would interest even you too much for that. I think the author's knowledge of the human character is as powerfully displayed in this last effort of his genius, as in any he has ever given to the public. Some of the characters have, to be sure, rather too dark shades for us to be willing to consider them true to nature, but the wise people say we must acknowledge even Varney's as not too highly coloured. Such men have been, they say.

The day has been a long and fatiguing one. Frederick has been in this evening, and my eyes will not suffer me to say anything more, dear H., but Good Night. Adieu. I am to be employed tomorrow making Hal's new clothes. He is much pleased with the idea of being made a *big boy*, which he fully expects his boy's dress will make him.



Thursday Evening.

Yesterday I had not one moment for you. I was employed, as I hinted I should be, a part of the day. Had a great many visitors, such as Catherine Eliot, who made us her last visit before her marriage [to the Rev. Andrews Norton], Fanny Searle, Margaret Curson, Mr. Higginson, Martha, Mrs. Sam Appleton, and Mrs. Prescott with her sister, Mrs. Webster.

I wasted an hour or two of yesterday deciding upon a paper for our rooms, for my father came up quite in a hurry at noon, and told me the painter said they could not be painted to look well because they were not properly smoothed. Father was quite delighted with this, as he has never wanted them painted, and rather pushed me into a decision at once. Of course, I went about the business immediately, but it was trouble for nothing, for the Judge has seen Gray today, who says if they are not properly done, they shall be, cost what it will. We are drawing to a close pretty fast, and shall be in in four weeks from now, I think.

Catherine Eliot is to be married on Monday, and goes off immediately on a journey. Ticknor and Anna, [Mr. and Mrs. George Ticknor, sister and brother-in-law of Catherine Eliot], Lucy Searle, and Elizabeth Higginson are to accompany them, and Lake George is their object. A pleasant prospect, you will say, and so it most certainly is. I hope her life may prove as peaceful and happy as it now promises, and as she (if any mortal can be said to) *deserves* it should. I can see no cloud in her horizon, except the apprehension of her health being delicate.

. . . Frank has undertaken to see about the *North American Review*, and I fear may not remember it. I shall send to him tomorrow, if I do not see him. I shall send *Kenilworth* and the little pamphlet which I



mentioned (the sermon), and that is all I can collect. I think you had the *Edinburgh* before you went away, and if not, you will get it in Calcutta sooner than I can send it to you. I hope you will like the sermon. I think it one of his best, but do not expect you to rank it with the one you so much liked and wished for, about the "easily besetting sin."

I was at Patrick's last night, the first time since you went away. The Doctor and wife were there. Father has been in here two or three times today. He came in the morning to bring the papers for you which you will see bear marks of his folding. He is very well. I am going to dine with him tomorrow. He has asked me so often I thought I would go, though I should rather it were any other day. I enclose a piece of paper which Hal has scribbled all over, folded, sealed, and directed for a letter to you. He says he has told you that he is sometimes good, and sometimes naughty, and this is a pretty fair statement of the case. Adieu, dearest H., may Heaven bless you and all your wishes.

Your M. Lee.

P.S. Theodore Lyman is married. Catherine Eliot is to be married Monday night.

Boston, Sunday, 20th May, 1821.

I despatched one packet of letters to Stark last night—but Frank tells me he shall be sending by another conveyance, and I must give him one sheet for you, dearest, or you will think there is quite a desertion from my loyalty to my liege. . . . As this may reach you before the other let me commence with telling you that we all remain much as you left us. Our children are well and as to behavior much as when you were with them, except that they feel the want of your frolic and exer-

cise with them, for no one can take your place in that way, and I fear Mr. Hal sometimes suffers for want of your prompt correction—I always am inclined to the lenient system till he provokes me and then perhaps I am too quick. He has appeared today for the first time in his boy's dress, and much strutting we have had, I assure you—I thought it had a good effect in keeping him still at church, but for the rest of the day I cannot say much. I hope his own *reason*, aided by my *judicious* correction, will enable him to gain some control over his *selfwill* before your return. M. has written you a long account of her progress at school whh. you will be pleased with, I think. She has really made great efforts and successful ones of late. Little "Beppa," as she calls herself, constantly answers, "kiss Papa," when I ask her what I shall tell you for her. She has not gained much since you left us—I intend to keep her out even more than I now do as the weather becomes more settled, and preserve a pretty strict régime in her diet. I hope to give her more vigor, and as there is no appearance of positive ill health, have no doubt by attention to confirm her in strength. She becomes more interesting every day, undertakes to talk sometimes now, I assure you, and is as angry as any of them if we do not understand her. . . . Frank begs me to tell you the *news*, but he could not have given the commission to any one less capable of it. To repeat Theodore Lyman's marriage is pretty dry—Joseph Lee, Mary Lyman, and Nancy Pratt have gone on to Providence to meet the bride. . . . We have heard the Pres't all day—in the morn'g a beautiful sermon on the seasons. This afternoon one of a different, and as I should say, higher cast. I enjoyed it the more I thought for having *read* it, just before I went to church. It was one of a number which Ann Storrow has lately loaned us. I have copied

one of them for you whh. is the one I allude to above—I think I shall not send it till Newton goes, when perhaps I shall add another—I feel some twinges of conscience at sending anything so precious so far off, but trust you will give such directions that should they arrive after you left, they would be returned in safety to us. The Pres't dwelt at rather more length than I thought judicious in his prayer upon the death of Mr. B., which you will see announced in the paper of yesterday. It was somewhat sudden and so far ought to have been noticed, . . . but he could hardly have said more had he been such a man as Uncle Cabot. Uncle has had one of the extreme tedious colds that have prevailed very much this spring, and he finds it hard to get over it—this is the third Sunday he has been absent from church. Uncle John is much as he has been. Our father continues firm as possible, much engrossed in the houses—ours is going on rapidly now, will be ready for us in about four weeks, I think, when I shall very gladly move. We have had a *clan* meeting tonight, and more agreeable than usual—Tom and Frank both there, and they serve to rouse the gentlemen to a little more animated conversation. Patrick was not very bright; he has had a cold attended with Rheumatism of late and really looked quite grave, so unusual a thing with him of late that it excites remark. Good night, I suppose I shall be silly enough to add a little more in the morning; till then adieu, dear H.

. . . Monday, 21st May. Harriet (who has been disappointed of a little ride to New Bedford, etc., with the Judge last week) goes tomorrow to Cambridge for a few days, and next week to Newbury to make her long-talked-of visit. As S. J. Gardner is at Beverly, I have engaged Fanny Searle to pass the nights with me. In the day I am so occupied I should hardly feel solitary,

but want a companion after the children have gone to bed. You must always think of me as well and cheerful, indeed I have no doubt you do, as this is your habit. I do not and would not feel insensible to the loss of your society—that is a degree of stoicism I never wish to arrive at, but I must acknowledge that I am more cheerful under it than I could possibly have expected to be. The difference in my cares, amusements, and occupations, owing to the situation and size of my family, is very great between now and the former period of your absence. You must not take an ungenerous advantage of this acknowledgment, dear H., and let it make you feel easier to leave me again—for I never can think of it but as a great evil, and have only cause to be thankful that I do not suffer as keenly as before. This is in part I have no doubt owing to the sensibility becoming less poignant after frequent trials, and I wish I could believe a little more self control being acquired, but of this I cannot flatter myself. I dined yesterday at your father's with J. H. Cabot and Frank. He has seemed to desire me to fill your place at the table ever since your absence, but I do not much like to go out on Sunday and have hitherto resisted—I shall do it, however, if he makes much point of it. . . . Return to the circle, dear H., as soon as possible and receive and yield your due portion of enjoyment to the common Stock—Adieu once more, yr. M. Lee.

Boston, 23rd May, 1821.

. . . I am quite alone for a few days. Harriet is at Cambridge and Sally Gardner at Beverly. I have Fanny Searle to pass the evenings and nights, which is a very great pleasure, it is so long since I have been with her in this quiet way. I have written so much at length before, this will be quite enough. The *clan* are all well. I do long for the time to arrive when I shall

see under your own hand and seal that you are well and doing well. Adieu, dearest, make all the haste you can to get through your business and return to your impatient M. Lee.

Boston, 10th June, 1821.

Now, my dear husband, the opportunities all come together and a little earlier than I could wish. Goodwin and Newton both calculate to be off in a week from to-day, or earlier. As Goodwin will be with you first, I shall by him write the longest letter and everything I can collect for you. It will be just too early for the *North American*, and I fear I shall not even get another of Scott's volumes, and do not know anything there is worth sending. Betsy Cabot, who has been drinking tea with me, says the last *Quarterly* is quite entertaining, but you will undoubtedly have that as early as I could send it to you. I do not feel as if you would want anything or would attend to anything while engaged in your business on shore, for I too well know the overpowering influence that has, but when on your passage, you will feel the want of some interesting books.

. . . But I am wasting a deal of paper before I have told you that our children and friends are well, the thing most important to your happiness to know, and with which I ought always to commence my letters, lest I should get engrossed by something else and keep you in a state of uncertainty. However, you may generally feel easy if I do not say immediately that I have some cause of anxiety. As I choose to adhere to my old principle of telling you all, I shall mention an incident that occurred to Hal, which I had half a mind not to.—By this, I mean, Hal has had a half needle in his leg, and I had the pleasure of seeing Warren<sup>1</sup> cut it out: this was, to be sure, rather formidable, but I had fortunately

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Collins Warren.

not a moment to think about it, and as there was no doubt of the necessity of the case, I sat down without hesitation and behaved, I assure you, with great firmness. James was for sending me off, but I told him "No, if the thing must be done, I must see it," and I assure you it was not half as bad as I expected. Hal screamed pretty loud, to be sure, but he made no resistance. James took him in his lap, I held his hands, which he did not even attempt to get away. This occurred on Sunday, and Tuesday he went to school again, so that you will see it was nothing very serious except the cutting. I was rather glad Harriet and Sally were both absent, so that I had no one to rest upon. I like to know what I can do, and I am sure I was most happy that you, my dearest, were not present: your feelings are quicker than mine, and you would have suffered more.

I have been at home a great deal of evenings since you went away, but very seldom alone. Your father comes in very often, for which I am very thankful, on his account, as well as my own. The time does and must hang heavily upon him in these long days. He employs himself as much as he can about the houses, but with all his hurry, we shall not get in until the very last of this, or the very first of next month. He seems to try to interest himself in me and the children as much as he can, but the little curmudgeons resist him with the most determined coldness unless he brings a passport to their favor of apples or cake. I cannot tell what this arises from in our children, and sometimes fear that it is a real want of affectionate feeling: I hope not, I am sure. Joseph, in some of his late visits, seems to have gained some ascendancy over Mr. Hal, but it requires a great deal of coaxing, and more than any of them but Frank are willing to practice. Frank is almost always welcomed by them, and Hal frequently proposes



putting a saddle on his legs as you sometimes let him, and riding him. He has been somewhat wilful of late, and I am obliged to contend for my authority. Be assured, however, I will not *wholly* relinquish it, and will keep the reins in my hands, at least until you return. Elizabeth is beginning the same troublesome course, but does, I think, yield quicker. She is a dear little thing.

Mary begged me to leave the account of Hal's needle to her, but I was afraid she might not give so clear a statement, and therefore told her I must just mention it myself. She has got the first prize for good conduct this month, and I hope some others.

Hal has just come in from school. I told him I was writing you and that Elizabeth would send you nothing but a kiss, and asked if he had nothing more. He looked up with one of his most pleasant smiles and said, "I love Papa." Betty immediately echoed him and said, "I love Papa." The little creatures will not think quite so much about you as I want them to, but as much as I ought to expect, perhaps. Sometimes they speak of you, when nothing particularly leads to the recollection of you, and this pleases me.

I never saw so little of my own family as this summer. We none of us visit much in the day, you know, and I have not joined their evening parties much. Last week I went into Pat's one evening, and we accidentally assembled quite a party. It was very pleasant.

What an infinite variety of character there is in this world! I have been extremely amused at remarking the difference between Nancy Bromfield and Harriet, as exhibited in Harriet's late visit there.—Perhaps there are no two individuals who more remarkably differ than these two, Harriet ever having kept in check all symptoms of enthusiasm and, I may almost say, tenderness of feeling, while Nancy has cultivated it to the extent

it would go. Each, I think, is wrong: a medium in this as in everything is better. There is much pleasure to be derived from the encouragement (I will not say cultivation) of our tender affections, and no harm comes of it, when it is united with good principle.

I have had more than half a mind to send you something nice by Goodwin, as I have so good a chance, but I can think of nothing that would do. Preserves of any kind would not keep, put up at this season, neither would butter, and I think gingerbread would become soft. Plum Pudding is the only thing that would keep tolerably, and that would only make you sick, I am sure.

You have now accomplished more than half your voyage, I think. How much I should like to know if you find everything you want at the top of your trunk. I hope you will keep something of a journal, else I shall never know how all these things are.

Mrs. Lyman has made less noise in the great world than you would expect, partly from the season, partly that, either from decorum or really good feeling, she has chosen to refuse all invitations on account of the family being in black at this time. Joseph acted as groomsman. He seems to like her, but is not fascinated, as he is wont to be with a fine woman, who is something new withal. I have heard but little of her lately, but that is more proof of my obscurity than her want of celebrity.

. . . You will find some odd papers tucked into your file. In one of them, the *Western Messenger*, there are some remarks about the theatre and Kean, which we attribute to Mr. Lowell. I thought you would like to read it. The *Antiquary* I leave open for Goodwin. Adieu. We are all well and tranquil at this time. Return well and happy, and thus restore the happiness of your

M. Lee.

*To Henry Lee from his daughter, Mary Cabot Lee*

Boston, June 13th, 1821.

My Dear Papa,

How do you do? I hope you are well. As Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Newton are so kind as to take letters, I take this opportunity to write you by Mr. Goodwin, as Mr. Newton is going first to Madras. We have had a vacation, and I have had a very pleasant one indeed. I have been to Newton, Neponset, and Billings; I went out with Uncle Charles and his family. Harry fell down and broke part of a needle into his leg, but it has got well now, for we had Dr. Warren to take it out; he behaved very well indeed at the time, but he cried a great deal afterwards. Aunt Harriet has been to Newburyport to stay a fortnight, and she came home last night with Mrs. Eliot. Cousin Sally has been gone, too, almost ever since you went away, but we expect her next week.

Mr. Coleman has got a new sort of certificate, which he likes much better than he did the other kind. I have got the premium for good conduct, but I do not know about my studies, but if I can find out I will, and let you know. I asked Mr. Coleman about the premiums and he said that I had got the first in studies, too. He gave me Miss Aikin's Poetry. Your most affectionate and dutiful daughter

Mary C. Lee.

This is what Mr. Coleman put in my book:

Mary C. Lee. One of the first premiums for excellence in conduct and attention to her studies. H. C.

*From Mary Lee*

Boston, Wednesday, 20th June, 1821.

I was interrupted yesterday by Frank, who came to ask us to go down and see the new road.<sup>1</sup>

. . . Mary thinks she has nothing to say, and therefore will not write you. I think if the vessel is detained, she will. She lost some numbers yesterday in Latin, which makes her more indifferent about writing. Mrs. Newton will tell you that Harry said in answer to her question of what she should tell you for him, "Tell him I want him to come home. He must come home." Little Beppa was asleep, which I was sorry for, but I can tell you she is very well indeed now, much better than a few weeks since, when I mentioned her to you. She has astonishingly improved in talking the last few weeks. Harriet was very much struck with it after being absent from her some time. She is a dear little creature.

I was very much pleased with Ozias Goodwin's calling here on his way down to the vessel, that he might give you the latest account of me he could.

Father has not seemed quite so well lately, I mean in spirits. The occupation about the houses begins to tire, and he seems indeed to have very little to interest him pleasantly. George has gone to Sandwich, and I do feel Father's solitude very much. I shall go in tonight if I can.

Thursday, 21st.

Mr. Cleveland, who just called here for Martha Higginson, tells me Newton intends to go tomorrow. I shall send a regular file of the *Daily Advertiser* and a bundle of *Palladiums*, etc., that I think will afford you quite as much pleasure, some of quite late dates.

<sup>1</sup> The Mill Dam, which was completed in June, 1821. On July 4th, 1821, Gen. Sumner, with a cavalcade of a hundred persons, rode over it.

That all the *clan* are in usual health, you will be most glad to know. And now, my dear H., if I could make you present with our children in one of their happiest moments, take, for instance, that when Hal has just got in from school, and they are eating their apples, I should be most happy to do it, but as I am not good at animated description you must imagine their happy faces and little Betty calling for " 'ittle piece more, Mama, 'ittle piece more," until she sees that it is a hopeless case. I am going to take them up to Sally Lowell's this afternoon to see her little bird, a promise of long standing.

Boston, 22d June, 1821.

I have just returned from Patrick's, where, through the exertions of Harriet, we have had a full meeting. She has some apprehension that the *clan* intend dissolving their connection, and now and then goes around to drum them up to a little exertion in this way. I might as well have been alone with Tom, for he has kept my attention exclusively to himself. He is full of wonder at this connection of —'s, which he fails not to testify in his usual satirical way. All he says is just, but I have got a sad trick of opposing him.—I always feel as if he thought his own opinion was so much wiser, better, and more just than others, that I like to let him know that others do reflect. But it is not worth while to fill my last letter to you, my dear husband, with cavils against a character, that in all essentials I know to be so excellent, and which, in the main, I so well like. It is well you and I understand each other, dear H., else you might take offence at my speaking so freely, as I constantly do, of your immediate family, but I find the habit grows upon me of talking to you of whatever interests me at the moment, or rather what fills my mind, and one thing often thrusts out another of more consequence.

. . . I regretted very much being out today when Mrs. Theodore Lyman returned Harriet's visit. You will wonder at this, but I always have a curiosity to see any one so much talked of.

Once more, Good Night. May Heaven preserve your health and prosper your undertakings. Rest in the assurance that all those most important to you are well.

The spirit will not move Molly to write and I will not force it. Hal is on the other side of the table writing you. He says, "Dear Papa, I want you to come home. I am going to write you little funny letters. Have you kept your figs and apples? I want you to come home and that's all I've got to say—and I love you dearly. I want you to come home and play with me and Betty. And bring your figs and apples." I give it to you exactly as he says, and to please him I shall put the letter in. The other piece of paper is Betty's letter—she won't tell me anything she says except "kiss Papa—I love Papa"—Once more adieu, dear husband, yr.

M. Lee.

*Copy of letter from Henry Lee to the Rt. Hon.  
William Huskisson<sup>1</sup>, Secretary of State for the  
Colonies, London*

Sir:

Boston, 21st December, 1827.

I take the liberty to forward to Mr. James Mackillop a copy of a Report drawn up by me in behalf of a

<sup>1</sup> William Huskisson (1770-1830), English statesman and financier. Interested from boyhood in politics from the liberal point of view, he was also master of the principles of finance. He was Secretary of the Treasury from 1804-1806. In 1810 his pamphlet on the currency system confirmed his reputation as the ablest financier of his time, but his free trade principles did not accord with those of his party. He took a prominent part in the corn-law debates of 1814-1815. In 1823 he was returned by Liverpool as successor to Canning, and as the only man who could reconcile the Tory merchants to a free trade policy.



Committee, on a question which has for some years been a source of contention in this country as well as in yours.

It will no doubt strike you with some surprise, to see a nation which has long flourished under a system of free trade now adopting one of restrictions and prohibitions and at a moment, too, when the only nation to whom we ought to look for instruction and example, is abandoning such a policy, after having experienced its evils; but such is the ignorance and prejudice of the community on this point, that a class of men few in number, but wealthy, active & intelligent, have been able to delude the Government and nation into a course of measures, extremely burdensome to the nation & entirely opposed to the spirit of our institutions. In this quarter the manufacturing policy is upheld entirely upon a principle of pecuniary & sectional benefit & the most intelligent supporters of it do not pretend to have any better reasons to offer in its favor; still there is a large party, including some of the most enlightened manufacturers, who take a more just and liberal view of the question, and are making a strenuous resistance to it.

The inhabitants of the South, on the other hand, who would not participate in the benefits of this system of prohibition & monopoly, are unanimously opposed to it & with what aid they may derive from the free trade party in the Northern and Eastern States, may, I hope, succeed in defeating it, but as yet the result is quite uncertain.

The object of the report is to examine & to refute the leading arguments & assertions on which the restrictive party rely to sustain their cause.

The principles on which my arguments rest are familiar to you, but the report contains many facts & statements relative to the Commerce of this country that may perhaps be of some interest to you, which offers my only

inducement in calling your attention to it. There is, however, one other object I have in view, which is to show the sentiments entertained by the most liberal & intelligent portion of this nation of your character & conduct as a statesman, in the very important parts you have acted for a long course of years.

You will, I have no doubt, be glad to see your name and authority used in any section of the world, in aiding to resist those principles which you have been contending against all your life. I hope the day is not far distant when most of the civilized nations of the world will see from the successful results of your experiments how much is to be gained by mutually acting on the just & liberal principles which you have always advocated.

I have the honor to be

Your ob't servant, H. Lee.

*Acknowledged Feb. 25, 1828.*

*Mrs. Lee to Mrs. Thomas Tracy [Ann Bromfield]  
at Newburyport*

[At this date the children's ages were: Mary, 18; Harry, 12; Elizabeth, 10; Frank, 5; Harriet, 3. Aunt Harriet Jackson and Cousin Sally Gardner were then part of the household.]

Boston, 21st June, 1829.

Many times before your mention of it, my dear friend, I have thought of saying a word to remind you that although so long neglected, you were by no means forgotten by me. But as Harriet has told you, I do contrive to busy myself about many things and am rarely idle, although from some unfortunate physical or mental deficiency I effect but little by my constant exertions. This afternoon I feel more than usually quiet. I decided to remain at home, as I wanted to attend to Elizabeth, who has been slightly indisposed and just languid enough

to want amusement without feeling able to seek it for herself, but she has fallen into a quiet sleep, and Harry and I are left quite to ourselves, the two younger ones having gone to Church with their respective nurses. I dare say you will feel some surprise at this, as you probably have not kept an exact account of their ages, but the youngest is past three, an age when children behave better usually than when a year or two further on, and when one feels no apprehensions of any injury arising to them from producing a disgust at going to Church; therefore, I have no objection to her going. The other, Frank, I am more doubtful about, and am sensible that I am taking some risque of injury to him, while I am indulging myself with an hour of quiet. If he would incline to reading, hearing reading, studying little hymns, looking at pictures, drawing on his slate, or any other quiet amusement, I should take delight in passing Sunday afternoon with him, but I dare say Harriet has told you that he has rather a turbulent spirit, and unless managed with great address, it is but seldom that he inclines to sitting still long enough to engage in any of these things, and I must add to this a want of controul, which renders him often troublesome. With all this, we call him a *nice boy*, and I earnestly hope we may so regulate him as to render the strong traits of character he discovers, useful to him as a man.

. . . I do not hesitate to say, in answer to your many kind suggestions upon the subject, that I cannot think of visiting you probably for many years, for as my children are some of them the children of *my old age*, I have still some time to look forward before the younger ones will be out of leading-strings; but to tell you the truth (though it perhaps ought to be a secret) I feel it quite as great an evil to leave the elder ones

who are apt to assume controul, as those who are under the more immediate care and discipline of nurses.

I do feel as if you must be compelled to visit the City soon, and most heartily do I wish you would. When I said something about it the other day, our little Betty said, "I do wish Mrs. Tracy would come. Do, Ma', write and ask her to." But I was obliged to remind her, that although at this moment we had a *whole* chamber to offer you (Harriet and Sally and Mary all being absent) we had not often such a chance. Should it occur again, I wish it might be, my dear Nancy, that you and Mr. Tracy would come on for a few days. . . .

You cannot tell how often you have been present with me during the three past months, when I have frequently been seated in Mr. Greenwood's room and suffering under his most ungentle hand. He has *sliced* off my gums, filled my teeth, etc., etc., to his heart's delight. But I had the pleasure of having him assure me that it was on the whole *as pretty a piece of work* as he ever did, and as this was assented to at home, it was some compensation for the suffering. But had I known *all* I do not think I should have attempted to renew my youth in this way. I have, to be sure, been greatly complimented on the improvement, and am told by those who speak the truth no doubt that if I would only give up the glasses, no one would suspect me of being an old lady. I think you might, perhaps, espy some wrinkles, even if you did not see the glasses to confirm your belief that I was turned of forty. As my husband now mounts the glasses, I do not so much mind my own advance in that way. You will be glad to hear this good gentleman is very well just at this time. Perhaps Harriet mentioned to you his walk from Tewksbury to Charlestown the other day, and I think he has shown the good effect of that week in the country ever since.

I hope you have seen *Our Village*, by Miss Mitford. Peggy Curson speaks of having it, and although I make the same objection that she does, that its character is not quite elevated enough for these days of enlightened piety, still there is great beauty in style, and I found myself frequently saying in the few stories I heard from it, "That would please my friend, Nancy Tracy. I wish she could read this, etc." But I must say good night, dear Nancy, after begging you to receive the united regards of Mr. L. and myself for your husband, and kindest love to yourself.

From your friend,

M. Lee.

Mary is at Brookline with her Aunt, Mrs. T. Lee, or she would desire to be remembered.

## IX

### WALTHAM DAYS *Letters—1832-1842*

—Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the landscape round it measures—

There is no consecutive story of the different decades at hand to be consulted. Uncle Harry Lee most truly said to Bessie and me one day, "When I'm gone you'll none of you know anything!" This was when we had shown some signal ignorance about our forbears—possibly about the pastel portrait of our great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Cabot (Elizabeth Higginson), which hung on his staircase at Brookline, known in the family as *the common grandmother* of Cabots, Lees, Higginsons, and Jacksons, but it is just as true of our ignorance of the sequence of quiet events which made up the daily lives of our families as it was of the individuals who made up the families. In the twenties, thirties and forties most of the family life centred in Boston in winter, in Waltham and Brookline in summer, with kinsfolk and friends still in Newburyport, Salem, and Roxbury. In Bedford Place, Chauncy Place, Summer Street, and Hamilton Place were the Boston homes of forty or more years.

It may have been during the late twenties or the early thirties that Grandfather and Grandmother began to go to Waltham for some months of each summer, though not owning a house there.

Grandmother's brothers already made Waltham their summer home.

Uncle Harry Lee many years later writes, "You know that my uncles Lowell and Jackson developed Waltham, and my Uncle Patrick's presence there drew the good



Doctor who created a lovely place, and we were also attracted thither for some years. After Mrs. Christopher Gore's death the wise and good Judge Jackson leased her place for two or three years."<sup>1</sup>

Thus the three Jackson brothers and their families, and my Grandfather and Grandmother, with their children, were in neighboring homes in Waltham for a period of very happy years.

Waltham represented to my Mother in her girlhood a true earthly paradise. The Mall at Uncle James's, Mr. Lyman's woods where all wild flowers grew, Prospect Hill, the Trapelo Road, were all familiar names to us in our childhood, as Mother told us about them. The many young cousins were constant companions, and from that companionship sprang life-long friendships. There were many delightful and interesting people then living in Waltham, and from letters and traditions we know that among them was friendship and good company.

My Mother often spoke of Mrs. Samuel Ripley's warm friendship for my Grandfather and Grandmother.<sup>2</sup> With my Grandfather Mrs. Ripley discussed public af-

<sup>1</sup> It was at this place, which had belonged to their great-uncle, Governor Christopher Gore, that my Father and his brothers had played as little boys, where they remembered Aunt Gore as a dignified little old lady in a black silk gown, walking in the sunny garden. Her portrait by Trumbull hangs in our dining-room.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Samuel Ripley and his wife, Sarah Alden (Bradford) Ripley, were living at the parsonage at Waltham at this time. "Mrs. Ripley combined rare and living knowledge of literature and science with the household skill and habits of personal labor needful to New England women of limited means, and with tenderest care for the young brothers and sisters left to her charge, and for her own seven children. To these duties were added those of assisting her husband in the cares of a boys' boarding-school, both in housekeeping and teaching, while at times she fitted pupils for college, or gave special instruction to suspended students. With all the activity of her busy life, the love and habit of acquiring knowledge kept even pace."

fairs and questions of social and intellectual interest, and on summer evenings as he walked home with her they would often be so interested in their talk that she would turn back with him, and only would she be left at her own door at the end of the discussion.

Uncle Harry, in an obituary notice of Mrs. Ripley, said, with evident reference to the pleasant Waltham evenings, "A mind alive to all the beauties of art and science and nature, a heart which warmed to the most unpromising pupil and kindled at the faintest ray of hope, naturally craved the company of kindred men and women of learning and thought, as they delighted in hers,—this was Mrs. Ripley's true recreation after the toil and trouble of the day.

"And what pleasant parties used to gather around her hospitable fireside! What ambrosial nights, fondly remembered by the privileged persons who enjoyed them as actors or spectators! There were, probably, books she had not read, languages and sciences she had not learned, but she seemed to have explored every region and to have intuitive ideas on every subject of interest.

"And over all these gifts and acquirements was thrown a veil of modesty, so close that only by an impulse of sympathy or enthusiasm was it ever withdrawn; with simplicity equally amusing and touching, she impressed you so little with her own wonderful powers, and referred so much to your sayings and doings, that you really went away wondering at your own brilliancy and doubting how much you had given, how much received."

Uncle Frank Lee, preparing for college, was one of Mrs. Ripley's pupils in 1837-8, and some years later Mother was going to her for daily afternoon lessons, reading with her Shakespeare's Historical Plays, and Tacitus.

Uncle Harry went to Harvard College in 1832 and

was of the Class of 1836. Grandmother's letters to him as a student, carefully preserved, betoken a very close tie between her and her children. They seem like the threads and tendrils which bind life together, and show in how many quiet ways she guided their behaviour and tried to make them good, well and happy. If the letters were quoted in full they would also show with what confidence in mutual understanding she fearlessly spoke out when she disapproved of word or behaviour.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, student of Harvard University*

Boston, 3rd Aug., 1832.

My dear Son,

Supposing you to be on your way to Gardiner today, I write thinking it will be the last time I shall know where to direct to you, and altho' I know letters from home are not so important to *men*, as *women*, still I thought you would not dislike to hear what a nice quiet time we have at home, with our two eldest and one youngest hope absent. You cannot imagine how droll it seems. We sit down to a small table at breakfast and tea with only five around it, and Frank being left as it were to himself is so quiet and calm as hardly to remind us he is here. Today we are going on an excursion to Uncle Charles's and James's, and shall look out on the way to see if we can secure any lodgings in case of the approaching enemy [the cholera]. The report from Providence of four persons having died there hastens us to this movement, that we may be spared any unnecessary inconvenience, and we decided that going to your Uncle James's farmhouse would be attended with very great trouble.

. . . Betty has no message, Frank only gave some boasting one about his swimming which I have forgotten.

I have no news and therefore can only say I am your affectionate mother,

M. Lee.

I shall really expect to hear from you either direct from yourself or through Cambridge occasionally.

My dear Hal,

Your Mother certainly *grows forgetful*. I intended you should have had your fire apparatus yesterday but it escaped me. You must pin a memorandum on the top of some of your clothes if you want anything more than usual. Mary sends you some peaches which arrived last night from New York; part of them got here in fine order, but part were almost entirely spoiled—however, she would have sent more to you if I had not been afraid and I do beg of you to eat with the *greatest caution, not in the evening*, I think. Of course you will eat the ripest first. Let me see you tomorrow if the weather is good enough. Mary is pretty well.

Yr. afft. Mother.

Oct. 7, 1832.

I hope you will find all you want, my dear Hal. I send a small pitcher that you may be accommodated with water for drinking in a vessel according to your taste. Shall you come in on Saturday? If you do not, pass me a line by any opportunity to say how the world goes with you, what you want, etc. I shd. be very glad to see you, but the time is so short for Waltham I did not know but you would prefer going there or to Uncle Charles or Uncle George. Your Father wishes you to send or carry the letter to Mr. Newell. We are all well. Frank says Tell him to come home to mend my truck. Hat. says she has *nothing* to say, and Betty don't know of anything.

Your afft. Mother, M. Lee.

My dear H.,

I cannot yet tell you the *precise hour*, but you will probably know before night; at any rate I think you had better take your name out at as early an hour as you can with propriety, and come in for the day. Do come, my dear son, with a determination to be pleased and to please others.

Yr. afft. Mother.

Wedy. morning, 31 Octr. The hour is half past ten.

Nov. 17, 1832.

My dear H.,

I enclose you two notes of invitation which you will of course feel it expedient to decline, as it is only upon *extraordinary* occasions you would think of going to parties, I presume. I shall endeavor to get them out to you today, that you may have an opportunity of answering them in season, but if I cannot, will let E. decline Miss Dorsey's for you, and the other you can apologize if you chuse for the detention. Yr. afft. Mother,

M. Lee.

Dec., 1832.

Dear Hal,

I send the cloth for your table without hemming, because if it does not suit I can return it. I should not consider that it did not suit because a little longer than necessary, as that is a good fault, and I was tempted to take it even thinking it was so, because a great deal handsomer than any other I could get at the price. If this does not suit, however, either your table or your taste, as well as one of the checked, or a blue, I wish you would send me by the first chance the measure exactly of the table and I will get another. I cannot recollect that you desired to have your flute put in the bundle, but as

I think it will go very safely, shall venture to send it. You will also find wrapped in one of your towels a Bible. I intended you should have taken one with you when you went to Cambridge, and have been rather troubled that I did not get it then. I believe I was a little influenced by the apprehension that if I did give it you, it would remain a dead letter to you, and that you would think it was a matter *of course* for me as a mother to give it in parting from you for the first time, and as much a matter of course for you to let it lay neglected on your shelf.

[Here part of the letter is torn off, leaving only half sentences about reading the Bible.] Do not say and do not feel that Mother is always preaching—but I do think, my boy, that from the apprehension of making Sunday a tedious day to you all, and also from an inability to do for you *all* that I wished in the way of religious instruction, I have been too inattentive to it, and that you must yourself supply the deficiency, and I would give you all the facilities I can to help you on in the good work. I feel the same for Mary and Elizabeth; the former is of course now beyond any controul of mine, except the influence of my opinion, but for you and E. I still may have it in my power to do something, and if I can find you cultivating the kind and benevolent affections, and gaining a controul over the passions which are so apt to controul us, I shall feel that you have begun a good work in which you must improve.

I think we certainly shall not go to your Uncle George's until Saturday. I do not see why you should not come in as early as you can Saturday morning and dine with us and we will take you out—only do not bring any of your friends on that day. If you do not come in, we shall call for you soon after three o'clock.

Good bye, my boy,

Mother.



[From the time of Aunt Mary's marriage to Uncle George Higginson on 1 November, 1832, they lived in New York at 67 Amity Street, for a number of years, and there their three older sons were born (George, 6 August, 1833; Henry Lee, 18 November, 1834; James Jackson, 19 June, 1836). There are many letters of Grandmother's to Aunt Mary remaining, lovingly kept and reread by Cousin Molly Blake: a few only are given here. They are delightful narrative letters of family doings: in various passages they show that the domestic service question was one to be as delicately handled as today.]

*Mrs. Lee to Mrs. George Higginson*

Boston, March 22, 1836.

Dear M.,

I have thought your husband's letters would be all-sufficient and have not, therefore, made the effort to write you the past week—and an effort I am sorry to say it is to me of late. I often see things and often do things whh. I wish to tell you, but when I take the pen everything but cooks, etc., etc., vanishes from my mind, and I am at the end of my paper before I think of it.

This morning I was at Colonel Perkins, and for a rare chance was admitted. We found Mrs. Perkins surrounded by all the elegancies of the East, and the more refined ones of Europe: two most beautiful paintings (copies by modern artists) are among the most attractive; some pieces of sculpture are exceedingly delicate and beautiful; and above all, Mr. Cabot's dear little baby, fair and lovely as possible [Sarah, later Mrs. Andrew C. Wheelwright]. She is a handsome likeness of her sister Lizzie<sup>1</sup>, who is one of the most ladylike and

<sup>1</sup> This was my Grandmother's future daughter-in-law, Mrs. Henry Lee, Jr.

attractive creatures I know of: she (Lizzie) was here the other evening at a little party of Hatty's, and I distinguished her far above the rest for agreeable manners and address.

I was also at Mrs. Guild's this morning, where I found her with her own girls, Anna Dwight, and one of the Nortons,<sup>1</sup> attending to drawing and music under her eye. She is educating her two very pleasing daughters most judiciously, I suspect, at home. You know I usually think it best to send them to school, but she obviates the usual objection, whh. is the fear of their becoming exclusive in their feelings, by the *free* intercourse she has with society, receiving company at her own house on the most easy and familiar terms, and freely going to others. Your friend, George Bradford,<sup>2</sup> is their private tutor this winter, and they like him very much. . . .

I find your Aunt Harriet and Sally are thinking a good deal of making you the long-talked-of visit. I have not before thought it likely they would go and therefore have said nothing about it, but now your aunt speaks of it as a thing she really wishes to do, and she is so well that there is no objection on her account.

<sup>1</sup> Dwights, Nortons, Guilds, and Ticknors were all cousins in the large Eliot family.

<sup>2</sup> George Partridge Bradford. "A living portrait" of this scholar, philosopher, and friend is among Uncle Harry Lee's beautiful prose elegies. But a few words are given here. "He was as much more refreshing than other men as is the living water gushing from the rock than the same liquid conveyed in a conduit of men's devising.

"Like Emerson he was so filled with the Holy Ghost, with love to God and man, that he diffused happiness wherever he might go."—H. L.

Boston, Tuesday, March 29, 1836.

[After some home details:] I am very glad Susan [Higginson] is with you. I have been grievously disappointed, I acknowledge, to find you and —— have so little free communication and sympathy with each other: I had hoped and expected otherwise when you went there, but we do not know how these things will be, and can do nothing to regulate them for others, whatever we may for ourselves.

I have myself been so dependent on the friends of my youth, that I would gladly see my children cultivating the same source of happiness for themselves.

We are and must be *dependent creatures* while we remain here, and we must cherish *love* as the bond of union. . . .

Well, my dear M., I have at length secured Abby Hanson to you, and she has discovered very good principles in holding to her engagement, even after the time had elapsed which she had agreed to wait your decision. The fact was that she had an offer from Elizabeth Lowell [Mrs. John Amory Lowell] to take charge of her house in town while she was passing the summer at Nahant; to have two dollars per week, and a comparatively light duty. She felt strongly impelled to do this, as she was under obligations to Elizabeth, and had once before disappointed her; but I left her to her own decision, only saying that I felt sure I could promise her the same wages: this responsibility I ventured to take from what your husband had said to me when he was here, and also from your father's advice to secure a *good* woman on any terms, and a good one, I believe, she is, though her manners are not exactly what you would like—but this I consider a trifle. She is not pleased with the idea of any uncertainty in her work. . . . She now thinks she should prefer taking the cham-

ber work wholly than to have the arrangement you speak of, as she says she should never know when her work was done. . . . The *knives and tending* we settled about the other day, and she made no objection to either, except you had *parties*.

[Aunt Harriet and Cousin went safely to New York to make their visit. Uncle Frank Lee was now twelve years old, and then as always had a deep, adoring affection for his eldest sister, Aunt Mary.]

Boston, 7th April, 1836.

Frank desires me to tell you that he has great hopes of gaining his rank at school, and thus being entitled to a visit to you. You understand that he will be with his father at The Clinton, and he seems to feel quite sure that he should be able to do very well in finding his way to and from your house, with the assistance of the omnibus.

I do not expect to feel *quite* at my ease about him, I confess, but still shall trust him, I suppose, if he gains the privilege, as he now expects to. . . . He is so intelligent and accustomed to taking care of himself, that I really think no great harm will come to him.

18th April, 1836.

You could not but have participated in Frank's delightful anticipations had you been here when he first realized that by his diligence and application he had gained the reward. The little rascal, after having passed the whole winter in comparative idleness—that is, getting very low numbers—worked so assiduously, that he got high numbers, and a much higher rank than for a very long time before.

I hope Aunt will not think me very indiscreet to let him go. I feel great confidence in his own care of himself, and think he will have plenty of amusement.

Tell Frank we certainly miss him a little, whether for good or evil he can judge. Lizzie sends him *a kiss*, and his Mother would like to see him with his little nephews.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr., who had sailed for  
Rio de Janeiro as supercargo*

Boston, 20th September, 1838.

Just one week has elapsed since you left us, my dear Son, and we all agree that it seems not less than a month,—you may put what construction you please upon this, but at all events must believe that you are not forgotten. On Monday, Father announced that he must *begin* to write, for a vessel would sail in a day or two,—accordingly warning was given to some of your correspondents, and I trust you will have news, sentiment, and all that you desire from the various writers.

Sunday p.m. I was interrupted, as often happens, you know, when writing the other day, and now resume my pen with the two little boys (Georgie and Henry Higginson) on one side, building block-houses, and Frank [Uncle Frank Lee] on the other, getting his Greek Testament. I mention these facts to excuse any incoherence or inaccuracy that may occur in my Epistle. This is the day fixed on to hear of the arrival of the *Great Western*—Pat was in to hear if we had heard, saying there was a report that the Stonington boat saw her going in.

I think they will be disappointed if she arrives without Charles, certainly his Mother will. [Cousin Charles Jackson, son of Uncle Charles and Aunt Fanny.] You young men become very important when you absent yourselves, I assure you, but perhaps it may be a useful experience to all parties, and we shall learn to value each other's society better for a temporary separation, and

I will take this opportunity to say (what I intended fully to say in writing to you, my dear son, before you left me) that there are so many exciting causes continually operating in our intercourse with each other at home that I sometimes fear the irritation produced by this may lead to a doubt in your mind whether your *real* good qualities are justly appreciated, and I am sorry I allowed you to part from me without the assurance whh. I can truly give you of my entire confidence in your firmness of principle, and high sense of character,—and in saying this I have a pleasure whh. you can know nothing of until you are a parent.

We are all well. Aunt Harriet has been added to our family the last few days, and Sally came yesterday; they go to Newburyport tomorrow. This perpetual fluctuation in our family circle is somewhat annoying to me, and I shall be very glad when we are upon the winter establishment.

I persuaded Elizabeth [now nineteen years old] to accept an invitation from Uncle James yesterday to go with him to Waltham to pass a week. She objected because she feared she left me with too much care, as little George is here now while his Father is in New York, but I would not listen to this.

Georgie [Higginson] wishes me to tell you that he is sorry you are gone, and sends you a kiss, and that certainly the first days he was here he was a *very good boy*, and he thinks he has been since, but I could not quite say so, tho' he certainly improves upon acquaintance, and behaves much better as our constant inmate than when an occasional visitor. Hen. looked up in his sly way when I asked what I should say for him, and said I must tell you he was very glad you had gone, and gave you a kiss. When I expressed surprise that he was glad he said, "yes, because Uncle Harry tickled him



so,"—he desires me to add that he is a good boy, whh. you will know how to understand as well as if you were at home. . . . Frank [Lee] has just completed his own seal (on the letter he is sending) and is about making one upon Susan's letter whh. she sent in open that we might add to it if we wished. I feel as if you would be rich in letters with two such good correspondents as Susan and Amelia;<sup>1</sup> Pat and Henry Bigelow and Frank Jackson, too, have all pledged themselves, and your father says Stephen [Bullard] will give you the news from the store, while William [Bullard] undoubtedly will keep you informed as to commercial affairs, of all things most interesting to you, *of course*.

I do think of you a great deal with all your new responsibilities. I realize most perfectly how many times you have repented on your passage having placed yourself in this situation, but if you are tolerably well, you will do well, I think, and find your strength, mental and physical, equal to the call upon it. . . .

Uncle George [Lee], when he can spare time from his peaches, melons, and squashes, feels and expresses great interest about you; he is apprehensive that you have not men enough to work your ship, but I presume in these days of improvement six men could certainly do the work of eight of the old ones, and I do not allow this to trouble me.

Do you know that after you were actually off it occurred to me that you had forgotten your mattress, but I could not believe that it was so, and would not suffer the apprehension to rest upon my mind.

I hope you found all you *really* wanted, and if there are some superfluous articles they will do no harm:

<sup>1</sup> Cousin Amelia Holmes, daughter of Judge Jackson, and Cousin Susan Jackson, daughter of Dr. James Jackson, two cousins nearly his own age, who were his lifelong friends.

whenever they trouble you you must remember how much pleasure I took in preparing them.

I was wondering if you would keep sufficient record of the passage of time to know when Sunday arrived, but Father tells me it is always noticed in some way or other. . . . I beg you not to spend much time in writing me and only give me a few lines now and then,—that will suffice, especially if I have liberty to hear your letters to others. Goodnight, my dear son.

Harriet [12 years old] has wanted to write and thought of it, but dreads your strictures, and Elizabeth seems to consider it quite out of the question, thinking it could not be of *any use*, or give you any pleasure.

You must receive more substantial proofs of E's interest than this, and you always will, I doubt not, when there is occasion.

Your affectionate Mother, M. Lee.

Household occupations, sewing and reading aloud, picking strawberries—making visits of a few days to friends at no great distance—some horseback riding—much music and some drawing, seemed to fill girls' lives happily in those days, yet in a delightful letter written by Cousin Amelia Holmes to Uncle Harry Lee when both were about twenty-one, is a passage which seems to anticipate by many years the very different interests and occupations of girls today.

*Amelia Lee Jackson to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Oakwood [Brookline], Sept. 21st, 1838.

. . . We shall soon be in town and then for parties and dissipation. For my part I almost dread this winter. I think a girl's life at my age isn't the most pleasant by any means; she is in the most unsettled state: a young man can occupy himself with his business, and look for-

ward to his life and prospects, but all we have to do is to pass our time agreeably to ourselves. Not that we have not enough to occupy ourselves in carrying on our education, but I think every one likes to feel the *necessity* of doing something, and I confess that I have sometimes wished I could be poor to have the pleasure of exerting myself. This winter I hope that we shall go to Mrs. Ripley and pursue our History Course and hear what she has to say. She has the power of imparting her knowledge to others and in the best way. I think it is too much the way here to study one thing one month and something else the next, and I hope I shall do differently. But I fear with all my exertions I shall never make a scholar. I leave that to Marianne<sup>1</sup> and Charles. I look at Marianne as at one no relation to me, when I think of the powers of her mind, for they are something more than common. I think she likes to sit and be by herself rather too much, but I think that will disappear in time.

His old kinswoman, Mrs. Waterhouse, says of Uncle Harry at a little later date, "Henry Lee, a young relative, made a morning visit; the first time I have seen him since a little boy running about at my Father's where he used to come often with his Grandfather [Joseph Lee, brother of Thomas Lee, father of Mrs. Waterhouse]. He has passed through college life and now intends entering into active mercantile life. He

<sup>1</sup> Cousin Marianne was Judge Jackson's youngest daughter. She was very intelligent, a lover of beauty in nature and art, and much beloved. My Mother said that Cousin Marianne first taught her to see how beautiful was the tracery of the leafless boughs in winter—a pen and ink drawing of a lamb, which she made for the children, recalls Bewick's delightful and living portraits of animals. She was never strong, and died in 1846, when her dear namesake, Marian Cabot Jackson, was but a few weeks old.

is a sensible young man, and I was pleased with him. He attends too much to Genealogy, a study of little or no use to an American, or indeed to anybody else."

In spite of this criticism, other passages in her Journal show that Mrs. Waterhouse herself had much interest in genealogy, and a wistful affection for the old portraits and pieces of furniture which had come to her by inheritance. She seems to have been a lonely-hearted woman, eighteen years younger than the gifted and eccentric Dr. Waterhouse (whose second wife she was), with no children, and apparently seeing few friends. Her Journal was evidently a companion to her.

There must have been pleasant gatherings at Grandfather's Waltham home; at all events they remained delightful memories to my mother. In her sixteen-year-old diary (1842-1843), it all sounds pleasant and happy:—Uncle Harry and Uncle Frank bringing home friends—the companionship of many cousins—music in the evenings; my Mother as she grew into young girlhood, perhaps the most musical one of the family, accompanying Uncle Harry for many devoted hours as he played the flute, or Uncle Frank on his cornet or French horn, and both her brothers as they sang. Aunt Mary was music-loving also: many of her music books and books of Scottish songs are still at 39 Brimmer Street.

My mother's faithful practising when a young girl brought its reward in her lifelong companionship with her piano, on which she played for us during all her long happiness-making life. When Harry, in medical-student days in Vienna, heard the rich music of the Italian operas, "Ernani," "Lucrezia," "Lucia di Lammermoor," or the glorious "Don Giovanni" of Mozart and the "Marriage of Figaro," they were absolutely familiar to him from my Mother's playing. The volumes of Beethoven and Mozart were most of all dear to

her, and to the very last her face became young again as she listened to a Mozart Concerto or Beethoven Symphony or Sonata at a Symphony Concert.

Whenever during the Waltham years either brother came in, he usually sat Mother down at the piano (her own piano, which Cousin Charles Putnam had helped her to choose), and there was music. "After tea, read French till 8, when Marianne Jackson, and Mary and Caty Bigelow came. Caty, Marianne and I looked over Flaxman's illustrations of Hesiod which I have just been reading, and then Mary Bigelow played most delightfully till they went home." On another evening, "After tea, I finished my work and marked a towel while Ellen read a *Review*, and Lizzie and Pat played a game of chess lasting two hours." "After breakfast, played over some quadrilles and country-dances a great while. Then heard Cousin Sally read Mr. [Horace] Mann's oration till Cousin Mary Lowell came in, when I came up here, where I have been copying different things ever since (dinner time excepted). Played with Frank on his trombone till tea time. We spent the evening very pleasantly, sewing and reading aloud."

Throughout the journal Aunt Lizzie's name (or "E.") occurs on every page, her able help and her judgment always relied on by all her family, and her companionship evidently much sought by the many cousins and by her brothers' many friends: when one or other of them came to call, and Aunt Lizzie was not there, Mother felt quite unsupported: "If E. had been here it would have been all right."—"Our incomparable Betha," Cousin Ellen called her.

Among the friends whom Uncle Harry brought home were Mr. Waldo Higginson, whom he always called his Mentor, Mr. Richard Sullivan, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, whose sister Mary was a life-long friend of Aunt Lizzie's,



MRS. GEORGE HIGGINSON  
(Mary Cabot Lee)  
1811-1849





and whose younger sister Caty (Mrs. Francis Parkman) was one of my mother's dearest friends. The Minot brothers and sisters were among the group, and Mary Sohier (Mrs. Waldo Higginson) especially a friend of Aunt Lizzie's, and her younger sister Lizzie (Mrs. Henry Bryant), my Mother's beloved friend, whose charm and gaiety of heart kept her young in spirit till the day of her death, but a few years ago. Cousin Leverett Saltonstall and his friend, Henry D. Sedgwick, and Levi and Jonas Thaxter were among Uncle Frank's friends.

During some of these years of the early forties, our dear Uncle George Higginson and Aunt Mary with their children were living in Newton in the summer, within easy driving distance of Waltham, and there was frequent coming and going between the two houses; "the little boys, Georgie, Henry and Jem," and also Molly, often stayed for a few days with Grandmother. "Franky, the dearest little boy," was often at home with Aunt Mary, who was even then delicate.

Very constant intercourse there was also with Cousin Frank and Cousin Mary Lowell, and pleasant visits to the stately Lyman house, then occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Lyman and their family; the beautiful Elizabeth Lyman, later Mrs. Francis Boott, and her brother George, a lifelong friend of Uncle Frank's, are often mentioned in the letters and diary.

Uncle Joe and Uncle George, respectively seventy-two and sixty-six, but regarded as old uncles, came and went, and often "stayed to tea" or "dined with us," Uncle George usually bringing with him "a great deal of fruit," from his small place on the shores of Fresh Pond.

There were drives to Brookline to see Uncle Charles and Aunt Fanny Jackson, living at Oakwood at the east-

ern end of the old Reservoir; and Aunt Lucy Morse and "Johnny, who is now two years old," and sweet Cousin Susan Jackson and her baby, all come into the story. There were frequent drives to Watertown, where Cousin Harriet and Cousin George Minot were living. Mother's journal records a day when "Breakfast was at 6.30 because Father was going to the cars; I practised my scales for nearly an hour, and at 8.30 E. [Aunt Lizzie] and I took the chaise and went down to Watertown to see Harriet Minot, who has just come out there to stay. We stayed there an hour and a half, although we meant to stay only three-quarters of an hour; but the baby was awake almost all the time, and Harriet so pleasant that the time passed before we'd any idea of it. The baby, little Louisa, is one of the prettiest I ever saw. She has soft, brown, curling hair, beautiful blue eyes, and a beautiful complexion."

Uncle Harry, twenty-four years old, had gone abroad in April, 1842, and his letters were eagerly looked for and rapturously read.

"Tuesday, 3rd October, 1843. Mother's 60th birthday. We took a little walk this morning and then I took my first ride on horseback since my fever. Cora went finely and I enjoyed it very much. Father went in this morning and we thought he was not coming out till 5 o'clock, when lo and behold! when we were half through dinner in he walked. We were quite surprised but only supposed he had come by chance when he took out of his pocket two letters for Mother and one for me from Harry. They are the most beautiful letters without exception that we've had. Mine is a letter that I shall keep precious all my life. Father, Frank, and Mr. Bullard all had letters, and in the evening we had nine closely-written sheets from Harry to read as E. brought out the two last letters—thirty-six pages to Mr. Bullard

and us, besides writing to Hannah, and Mary Dwight. While we were in the midst of our letters Aunt Dutton and Lowell and Mrs. Russell drove up and made us a little visit."

Uncle Frank was living at Cambridge, and frequently coming and going. "Frank came home very pleasant from the Lyman's, and told us a great many amusing stories of Cambridge and the Pierians."—"I spent the rest of the evening playing to Frank."—"Accompanied Frank on the piano for a little while before tea."

*Mrs. Lee to Mrs. Thomas Tracy [Ann Bromfield]*

December, 1842.

Thank you, my dear friend, for your never failing remembrance of me and mine. I want you to know that we have received a letter from Harry of the 10th November. It was written in fine spirits. He was in the full enjoyment of the thousand attractions of Paris—has not, of course, the advantage of seeing the élite of society, but the Americans who are there receive him on pleasant terms, and he takes delight in the Opera, the Theatre, and the never-ending variety of shows. To a person like Harry, who is a quick observer and takes much in at the eyes, it is a positive pleasure to walk through the streets of such a City, and he gives a most animating account of the variety which the Palais Royal presents, which, as we have often heard, is almost endless.

How can we wonder at these young men being entirely fascinated by what is so calculated to amuse and interest them. I confess my wonder is that it does not dis-affect them, even more than it seems to, to the dull realities of a home life and that they return to us, as they often do, I believe, with good habits. I am to hope this will be my own happy fortune and perhaps I may feel as much confidence as any mother; but I will confess to you what I have not said even to my husband,

that I sometimes feel as if the improvement expected from travelling was dearly bought by this exposure. I do not *want* young men to be so worldly wise, and had I my own way, I should ruin them, I have no doubt, by confining them to the dull round of the domestic circle. Fortunately, perhaps, for my sons, I have not.

Some of his letters from England and Scotland and those on the Rhine were very pleasant. On the Rhine he met, as he expected to, Professor Longfellow and several other Americans, and enjoyed his stay there very much. I find Harriet has mentioned to you his good fortune in making the acquaintance of Mr. Irving [Washington Irving], who was not only a most delightful companion himself, but introduced him to some persons in London, who were very pleasant to him and from whom he derived much advantage. I am afraid he will hardly avail himself of Mr. Irving's kindness in asking him to visit him this winter, as he was still in Paris on 16th November, but he certainly will not leave Europe without going to Madrid. Richard Sullivan and he were to meet in Spain, but we have heard of R's arrival out on the 5th of November, and this being the case, I fear they will have to change their plan and meet in Italy as Mr. Sullivan has limited Richard as to time, and laid down a plan for him, which, if he adheres to, will oblige him to hurry a little more than Harry feels it necessary to or than will permit of his going at this time to Madrid, which, as you know, is in the centre of Spain, and travelling in Spain is no joke, we hear.

I find this miserable scrawl written two weeks since, and am doubting whether to send it, my dear friend, or to take the chance of writing a better in a few days—fearing time will fail me, I have decided to send this—it is no matter, you have often had such from me and I cannot lose any character with you.

The fortnight has not brought me any more letters from Hal. We hear from others that he is still in Paris. I have been writing him this evening an account of a party we had last week. One of our young friends having taken unto himself a wife, and Elizabeth feeling obliged to pay her some attention, we thought it as well to pay off some of our obligations, and send cards to our dear five hundred friends, that is to say one hundred and eighty. About a hundred or more accepted, and we had a very nice party, we hear, which is some satisfaction after wearing one's self out in the cause. The Confectioners and waiters take off all the responsibility upon the subject of refreshments, etc., then we hire the lamps and china; but there is still left quite enough, I assure you, in deciding who *must* be invited and who *can* be omitted without offense, and in the care of your guests after they arrive, etc., etc. However, we have all lived through it, and I was amazed to think how well we behaved. The girls, or rather E., is enough used to it to behave well and has great tact, but, for myself, I was somewhat alarmed and quite pleased to think I got on without any *great* mistake. And now you are to imagine my untutored rough Frank as you last saw him, transformed into a well-dressed, decent-looking, and well-behaved youth, managing our party, carrying the bride to supper, and attending to all the etiquette of the affair with propriety and some degree of elegance (Mother's opinion.) He had, to be sure, a man of experience and taste in these matters to refer to in any difficulty (Frank Jackson), but he did not seem to shrink from any part of his duty except carrying the bride in to supper, and no one would have suspected him of embarrassment about that.

And now, my friend, let me ask you to give me, or Harriet if you prefer, some details of yourself in answer



to this truly egotistical letter, which, by the way, you brought upon yourself, as you might have expected by your kind inquiries. Never ask a mother unless you are ready to hear them prate about their children.

You will be glad to hear from me that Harriet is very well this winter. She walks almost daily, I think I may say daily, with the exception of two or three which were very slippery. She, as the rest of us, certainly grows old, but not faster than the rest of us—even E. Dutton begins to show some of the marks of age. Harriet has been exercising her taste and kind feelings in selecting Christmas presents for the grandchildren. She has not of late years allowed herself to be so munificent as formerly in this way, but still indulges herself a little and delights each one by the appropriateness of the gift. For instance, to little Molly [Cousin Molly Blake], she gave half a dozen linen cambric pocket handkerchiefs, just the right size, hemmed, and marked very nicely, two of them with colored borders, and to the others something equally appropriate. Our shops are so filled at this season with every kind of tasteful article to attract one that it is hard to refrain.

Sally, too, is very well and in good spirits. She has pleasure, I presume, in her intercourse with Miss Burley<sup>1</sup> and other intellectual friends in whose society she passes much time, not, however, to the neglect of home duties. Mary with her husband and family are well and enjoying as much as falls to the lot of most people—they might be glad of a little longer purse sometimes, but I often tell M. it would have ruined her to have been in affluence. The other girls are pretty well, Lizzie a little more in company than she

<sup>1</sup>Miss Burley of Salem, the aunt of Mrs. Joseph S. Cabot and Miss Elizabeth Howes, as well known in their own day for their liberal interests and wide friendships as their aunt in hers.

sometimes wishes to be, as it fatigues her very much, and Hattie looking forward with impatience to the time when she shall be a real grown-up young lady and emancipated from the restraints of a little girl. In the meanwhile, she attends to her school and other pursuits, music, dancing, etc., with as much diligence as I desire, and quite often enough joins small parties.

Good night, my dear friend, I do not think I should think of sending such a letter as this to any one but you. With the good wishes of the season and kind regards to Mr. Tracy, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

M. Lee.

Do not expose my foolish egotism to your guest, or, indeed, to any one.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.

*Wordsworth.*

## X

LETTERS, 1845-1849

Grandfather retired from business in 1842, the firm continuing as Bullard & Lee, Uncle Harry Lee as junior partner. In 1848 the firm of Lee & Higginson was formed by Cousin John Lee and Uncle George Higginson, Uncle Harry joining it somewhat later.

In October, 1845, Uncle Harry was married to Elizabeth Perkins Cabot, daughter of Mr. Samuel Cabot, and grand-daughter of Colonel Thomas Handasyd Perkins. Grandmother had written to him on his engagement a letter full of tenderly expressed admiration and delight in seeing her lovely new daughter. "There is the most peculiar and lovely blending of archness and serious expression that I ever saw in any one. She is *very* charming, and I am sure the face is indicative of the character. Your father is quite delighted—this word does not express the deep feeling of admiration which she seems to have excited in him, and he has again and again repeated that you certainly were 'a most fortunate fellow—few men so much so.'" My mother also wrote of Grandfather's delight in her loveliness and intelligence. "He kept repeating, 'Oh, she is a *beautiful* girl' more than once. Uncle Joe drank tea here and he and Father vied with each other in praising her."

In the winters Uncle Harry and Aunt Lizzie lived at 132 Tremont Street, and later at 27 Pemberton Square till Uncle Harry built the Brookline house in 1851-52. Their house at Beverly Farms, where so many happy and happily-remembered summers were passed, had been built in the year of his marriage.



GEORGE HIGGINSON

1804-1889



JOHN CLARKE LEE

1804-1877

Original Members of the Firm of Lee & Higginson, 1848

(Photographs of later date)



*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

24th July, 1846.

I must say one word to you and Lizzie, my dear Son, on the joyful event of the birth of your child and the safety of the mother—a dear little girl [Cousin Bessie Shattuck]. I trust Lizzie is repaid for all her suffering and you for your care and anxiety. I rejoice with you both most sincerely, and hope Lizzie will continue as well as she now promises. The girls have talked of nothing else since we received yr. note, hoping she will be very exquisite, wondering who it would resemble—if by any fortunate chance it would have a beautiful mouth, a finely chisel'd nose, etc., etc. I shall be impatient to see her, but think I shall refrain for eight or ten days, or until Mrs. Cabot thinks I can *with safety* see Lizzie, and this must, of course, depend upon her progress.

Will you give my love and congratulations to Mrs. C., whose anxiety is thus happily ended. Father gives me a long message about his joy at the increase of population, the source of wealth to the Commonwealth if not to the individual, etc., but I have no time for anything more than the love of yr. Mother.

Friday, 2 July [1847].

My dear Harry,

. . . I was very glad to get your own account of yr. wife and Bessie, altho' as you conjectured I had previously heard from others of Lizzie's illness and partial recovery; by this time I hope she is quite well and from your report on Wed'y at Aunt Harriet's I think she is . . . as for Bessie, she seems to have full enjoyment of her young life, and she is so very healthy I cannot but hope she will pass through the season of teething with less suffering than others of her kind. I long to see her and all of you, and do not mean the summer shd. pass without doing so. . . .



. . . Yr. Father had a successful journey to Manchester [N. H.], and after travelling as much as ninety miles in the cars, *walked* up from Watertown [to Waltham], and declared he was not very weary; slept well and has suffered no inconvenience from the exertion. He was surprised at the progress made there, and much pleased with their liberal arrangements in laying out the City, large squares being left with provision that they shall be forever left open, and also in the arrangements of the houses for the operatives, much more room being allowed than is usual.

We are all well and in the enjoyment of as many blessings as most people have. The girls have gone today to George Minot's. Yesterday yr. friend Charles Parker brought Cordelia Sears out to tea. They were very pleasant.

Mary and two of the children were here tonight. She is better than when she moved out, tho' still very thin. She with *all* her children passed a day at Brookline, and it unfortunately was the day of the Presidential rain; however, she had a pleasant visit to the Higginsons, and guarded with India rubbers, etc., was able to go into Mr. Aspinwall's<sup>1</sup> garden (where she took tea) to see his roses whh. were very beautiful.

Good bye. I have written quite a letter; do not have any twinges of conscience about answering, as I do not expect it.

Your affectionate Mother,

M. Lee.

Thursday noon, 16th September, 1847.

My dear Harry,

. . . I thanked you from my heart for yr. last note, and for the expression of yr. respect for yr. Uncle and appreciation of his character, and our loss.<sup>2</sup>—Your Father

<sup>1</sup> Col. Augustus Aspinwall was brother-in-law of Uncle George Higginson. His rose-garden, on what is now Aspinwall Hill, was famous.

<sup>2</sup> Patrick Tracy Jackson died 12 September, 1847.



*Mrs. Henry Lee Jr. with Bessie*



was much affected by it, and gratified, for altho', perhaps, he did not doubt yr. sentiments, still it was a pleasure to have them expressed with so much feeling.—When I was urging him last night to write (for my eye only) a character of yr. Uncle, he said he could not possibly, even for me, but he thought you could—perhaps you can, but I think you have not known enough of the inner man to be able to, and I can do nothing for myself in this way.—I am apprehensive some one will write for the public, a laudatory common obituary, without discrimination, and this would be most unsatisfactory.<sup>1</sup>

Do let us know if Sam Cabot has got home—I was very sorry for his absence at this time when Hannah so much wanted him.<sup>2</sup>—I was glad to find her so calm the other day as indeed they all were,—they will daily feel their loss more and more, I think.—Lizzie desires me to say that she shall be in town tomorrow when she will get the silk, and she will send it to your store, to be left there till you are in town, as we do not know of any other safe conveyance. . . .

We were much pleased to hear you had secured the house in Pemberton Square—on many accounts a very desirable situation. . . .

I send the man in today on Charlie, to bring out our chaise; tomorrow we shall be in with the carry-all—Lizzie and myself certainly, perhaps yr. Father, but as he has an unexpected call in today he may not go tomorrow. . . .

I rejoice in this beautiful weather for Frank, who was to start this m'g, and I am glad for Lizzie that she has the bright sun to cheer her in her loneliness, which would

<sup>1</sup> Grandmother's wishes were fulfilled by Uncle James's short memoir of his brother Patrick.

<sup>2</sup> Cousin Hannah Cabot, daughter of Patrick Tracy Jackson, wife of Dr. Samuel Cabot.

be to me intolerable, but she is more of a philosopher than I am—I shall be glad when I hear of her at Brookline—give her my love for herself and Bessie.

M. Lee.

In July, 1848, came the marriage of Uncle Frank Lee to Sarah M. Wilson, daughter of the Hon. James Wilson of Keene, N. H., and for several years their summer and winter home was at Westport, N. Y., where Uncle Frank had already built Stonysides.

On 6th December, 1848, was the wedding of our parents, Samuel Torrey Morse and Harriet Jackson Lee. They lived at No. 80 Mount Vernon Street (now No. 98) till they moved to 30 Chauncy Street, next door to my Grandfather Lee's, in 1854. Their wedding is described by one of the cousins in the following verses, written for Uncle Frank and Aunt Sarah.

Our loved ones on the Lake will wish to hear  
How sped the bridal, what was done, what cheer,  
What friends were gathered, how the bride was dressed,  
And if like other brides she looked her best.  
'Twas meant the day should have another claim  
To fond remembrance, heartfelt, fireside fame.  
But as the house was ready, stores laid in,  
Garret and cellar, drawing room, coal bin,  
My lady's wardrobe and her lord's ménage  
All ready, waiting four days seemed an age.  
So on the sixth instead of tenth,<sup>1</sup> was given  
Their plighted troth and blessing craved of Heaven.  
The early twilight of a winter's day  
Saw them to old King's Chapel bend their way.  
The bride was trembling, as all brides should do,  
And some folks said the bridegroom trembled too.

<sup>1</sup> December 10th was Uncle Frank's birthday.

Her robe of pearly silk, her hat love's hue,  
And o'er her form her elder sister threw  
A shawl of Ind that looked (between ourselves)  
Made of magnolia leaves embossed by elves—  
Between ourselves, I say, for here in town,  
They're all in such a stir they mostly drown  
The voice of fairy folk, their doings mock,  
In talk of railroads, steam-boats, banks and stock.  
But you, whose dwelling's by the lake and hill,  
Can hear the fairies' voice and trust their doings still.  
Kindred and friends now round the altar stood,  
Some in a smiling, some in tearful mood.  
The pastor's voice in solemn tender tone,  
Pronounced the holy words that made them one,  
Or rather recognized their own hearts' vow,  
And sealed the mutual compact here below.  
The blessing given, they left the church and took  
A quiet cup of tea by their own ingle-nook,  
Then came to Bedford Place. The flowers and light,  
Presents and friendly faces all were bright.  
Some honoured neighbours came to see the show  
But ere the guests arrived were sure to go,  
Wished us well through, and blessed their stars that they  
Were married when things went a different way.  
At half past eight aunts, uncles, cousins came.  
The Minots, Bigelows and good Dr. Russell.  
Miss Sedgwick kindly graced the festival scene,  
Genial and friendly, as she's ever been.  
Fair youth and reverend age together came,  
And in their gladness seemed almost the same.  
The Grandsire,<sup>1</sup> who had numbered ninety years,  
And the fair boy of seven, who'd shed no bitter tears.  
Our classic Lizzie<sup>2</sup> charmed all eyes, her lord

<sup>1</sup> My great-grandfather, Dr. Eliakim Morse, born in 1759.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Henry Lee, Jr.



Was very gentlemanly, an unpoetic word,  
But never mind, it's hard to find the rhyme,  
And as your Mother says I'm pressed for time.  
We had a bride, too, in our cousin Kate,<sup>1</sup>  
Who, wedded Saturday, was urged to wait  
Till Hatty's bridal; ere she left her home,  
Her friends, relations, native town, to roam  
To *far New York*. (We're clannish here, you know,  
And think it awful such a way to go.)  
Our Aunt,<sup>2</sup> who seldom leaves her own fireside,  
Drove to the church, whatever risk betide,  
And in the evening graced the bridal fête,  
(Aunt Fanny thinks for courage she's no mate.)  
She was not tired, and she was amused,  
'Twere better far if more people were used  
To creep out of their nests to go abroad,  
But habit's second nature and 'tis hard.  
I wish you could have seen the bridal gifts,  
Or that I had the mystic power that lifts  
The veil and shows the distant scene,  
Distinct and perfect as you'd present been.  
Rich plate, rare books, and nameless pretty toys  
From uncles, aunts, and cousins, girls and boys.  
A lovely print of Turner's drew all eyes,  
An absent brother's gift,<sup>3</sup> it was the last surprise.  
Your Father really talked quite at his ease,  
And when he tries you know he's sure to please.  
This morning, fearing he'd not done his best,  
Indeed not spoken to a most honoured guest,  
He made a call and found her most agreeable.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Uncle Patrick Jackson, but a few days before married to Dr. John Osgood Stone, of Salem.

<sup>2</sup> Aunt Harriet Jackson.

<sup>3</sup> A print of Kilchurn Castle, from Uncle Frank Lee, now on the wall at Harry's house at Medfield.

Isn't he droll, to use your word, as the devil?  
Soon after ten we all took leave, agreeing  
'Twas quite a pretty sight well worth the seeing.  
And what was wanting? Nought is perfect here,  
We wish'd our loved ones on the Lake were near.

Written December 7, 1848.

*Uncle Frank Lee, at Westport, to his sister Harriet  
in Boston*

Stonysides, Tuesday, December 12, 1848.

Dear Hattie,

Last night we received Mother's letter of December 3d, and in it she told us that by 5 P.M. on Wednesday, December 6th, our little sister Hattie would be Mrs. S. T. Morse. Of course, when we received the letter, you were a wife of five days' standing, and the happy little mistress of a loving husband and a charming, cosy little establishment.

The mail crosses tomorrow early to Vergennes, and as that is the earliest opportunity, we send you in this little note our warmest and best love and congratulations.

We both wished very much that we could have come down to your wedding, and been among the first to wish you all joy and happiness, but necessity forbids, and *married* people have to be ruled by that, as I suppose you will find out; but next summer when you and Sam come up to see us you shall find that distance does not cool affection, and you shall have the warmest of welcomes. I long for summer to come, that you may stay with us: you would have small quarters but they shall be pleasant; and you and Sam would enjoy everything here. I long to have you know my brother and sister Hunter, who are the salt of the earth, and to whom your dear little open heart would warm instinc-

tively, and to see how pleasantly and smoothly time glides by upon the Lake.

The best wish we can send you, my dear little sister, is that you and Sam may be as happy as we are, and that you may fall into the ways of married life, as quietly and happily as we have done. And now, darling little Hattie, with our best love and wishes to you and *brother Sam*, we are your most loving brother and sister,

Frank and Sarah.

We are just going to take your cake to the Jacksons, and a piece to Mrs. Hunter this evening.

*Aunt Sarah Lee at Westport to my Mother  
in Boston*

Monday Evening, April 16, 1849.

Every time I date a letter, dear Hattie, I am reminded how the days do disappear—and that I cannot tell what becomes of them, is the only excuse I have for so long leaving your kind letter unanswered. We received a letter from Mother and one from Mary, and I wish in one instant to write to them all, to thank them for their thought of us—I ought to commence with Lizzy, for her promptness and energy in procuring a present for the Doctor. . . . Then Mother, for her universal care and attention, and writing us such a good, long, cheering letter, when she has so much besides to occupy her mind—I cannot say enough to Mary to thank her for going with you and Lizzy to select the offering, and thereby lending her taste for the occasion—I will tell her myself how I shall value the present she proposes to send. Frank and I thought last night, as we were driving home from the North Shore, how much writing and reiteration it would save if we could drop in to your Sunday evening meetings in person and see you all face to face. *That* being impossible, I must content myself

with stating for the five hundredth time that we are well, *very* well. The farming is well, livestock well, poultry well, and that we live in the happy confidence that all will *end* well. Every live thing continues to eat, and we make our daily rounds to supply them with their usual grub, and wishing them all success, we repair to the constant, never-failing employment of picking up sticks and burning brush. Last Saturday we thought spring was here, and had our garden ploughed, currant bushes placed in the straightest possible rows, stakes driven and lines drawn, peas ready and waiting for Monday to come, when lo! the ground froze an inch and a half deep, and we were yesterday blessed with nearly two inches of snow.

Don't think, dear Hattie, that I am never in the house, and that the indoor cares are all neglected. I try to do them *all*, tho' I'll venture to say I do not succeed one-half so well as you. When you come up we will compare notes, and see what our progress has been in the ways of well doing, and Brother Sam and Frank may pour out their hidden griefs to each other, if they have any. I have the vanity to suppose their complaints will be very few, and soon numbered. What is your view?

. . . We had hoped the grass would be *greenish* for Harry's coming visit, but it is brown yet, tho' the hepaticas are in full blossom. The columbines have started a little, and the Phœbe has come back over our porch for the summer. . . . The pride and glory of all is the white calf of Stonie Sides. It is too handsome to kill, and is destined to live. It grows with its growth and strengthens rather too fast for its chain. It will soon be capering on the side hill, and I long to have you see it. Frank has fed a little puppy that we have, till he wonders whether he will have fits—he has now

brought him in, and he is about as long as your two fingers—and very Dutch built. Frank was never so well since I have known him. He works from morning till night, and is *apparently* happy. Our addition is commenced and the cellar completed. We hope it will be very soon tenantable. Soon, I suppose, means six weeks, but at all events, it is well under way.

. . . Father's letters give us a great deal of pleasure, and I am delighted if it is any amusement to him to write. I am impatient to have him come up here, for I do believe he would enjoy himself among the hills.

I must leave a little space for Frank, and with love to all, and a great deal to Brother Sam and your own self, dear Hattie, I am

Your sister Sarah.

*Uncle Frank Lee at Westport to my Mother  
in Boston*

April 16, 1849.

Dear little Hattie,

I rise from the floor, where I was tending a poor little gorged puppy who has distended his wee skin almost to bursting by over-copious draughts of milk. He seems to feel better now, having sunk into what is called a quiet slumber.

I must add my thanks to S.'s for your nice, pleasant letter. You are a good little correspondent, for you write when you think it will amuse us, and give us the liberty of answering on the same principle. I wish you and Sam could drop in here and see how comfortable we are, and how busy we are; tomorrow morning the carpenters lay the timbers on the foundation, and commence on the wall of the addition, and by the middle of June I mean the plaster shall be dry and the carpets

down. Then we can make you and Sam as comfortable as can be. You'll come, won't you?

Love to all.

Your afft. brother,

Frank.

*Mrs. Henry Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

[Written from Westport, N. Y., in autumn of 1849]  
My dear Harry,

. . . I want you very much to come up here—this is certainly not the season I should select for your visit, but Lizzie must come when she can, and could hardly put off her visit with the uncertainty if she would be able to come in the spring; and she is so much accustomed to the country and has such an eye for its beauties she can easily imagine what it *would be* when the trees were in full foliage, or as they have been since we have been here, gorgeous with the brilliant coloring of autumn. We have had wonderfully fine weather the last three days and the scenery has been surpassingly beautiful. . . . We have enjoyed the fine air very much and have taken it freely in driving and walking a great deal. . . .

I should think you would come via Whitehall, as being the most simple tho' not the shortest route—the road we came will be good, I have no doubt, when completed, and the baggage is brought in the same car all the way, but at present you change it four or five times between Boston and here, and, added to this, part of the road is as yet so incomplete that the cars move very slowly, and the carriage road is in some places very rough—still, we reached Vergennes in fifteen and a half hours, and when you come it would be a little quicker, as the road would probably be open to Rutland. Whichever way you go I should think you had better lodge at our house the night previous to your starting, if you can put up with the upper



chamber—I do not move Lizzie for any one, but the upper chamber will do very well for one or two nights—yr. aff't Mother,

M. Lee.

*Mrs. Lee to her daughters E. C. Lee and H. J. Morse*

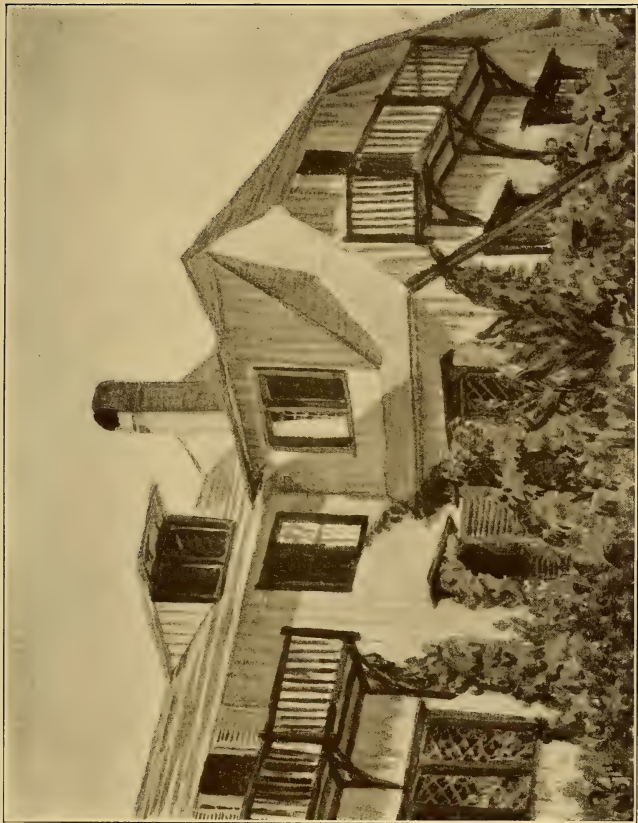
Stony Sides, 26th Oct., '49.

Just received your letter of 22nd, 23rd, my dear girls, and am very glad to have so good an account of you both. Lizzie, to be sure, does not *positively say* she is well, but as there is nothing to the contrary I draw that inference, and you, dear H., say your head is better than usual.

After passing an hour this mg. in Frank's field behind the barn [the Swale], seeing the stumps pulled (a most interesting operation, I assure you), yr. father and I set forth upon a walk, he to the village to call upon Dr. Ranney, I to F. H. J's.<sup>1</sup> I found Sarah<sup>1</sup> paring apples and joined her in the kitchen that I might not interrupt her, passed  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour with her, and altho' I thought I was tired, I could not resist going again to the field where I staid till the men went to their dinner—this brought it to the hour of your father's return, and as he brought me your letter I must forego the *pleasures of the field* until I have said a word in answer; I shall, however, be very brief, as I *must* go out again before they have completed the job.

Yesterday instead of Wed'y (when Mrs. Hunter came), we went to Barbour's point, and I was *perfectly charmed*. I have never seen any place at all to compare with it for actual beauty at this moment, and for its capabilities one could hardly say too much. It seems as if it would be impossible to indulge in any of the ruder passions in such a place; so tranquil and mild a

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jackson.



STONYSIDES



THE PARLOUR AT STONYSIDES

scene surely should produce a corresponding feeling—most earnestly do I wish Frank and Mr. Hunter were located there—the picturesqueness and wildness of this mountain scenery is certainly very beautiful, and I by no means undervalue it, but there is a repose at the other extremely attractive to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter have been here one eve'ng at tea, and Mrs. H. walked up again yesterday and F. carried her home; the only objection to this arrangement is that Frank does not return till eleven o'clock at night, whh. is not agreeable to his wife or us—to me, because I hate his habit of procrastination. Mr. and Mrs. H. we find very agreeable, particularly the latter, who I consider the moving spirit of the trio of families, or at all events the *guardian* spirit, exercising an almost imperceptible influence over the others. They are very friendly, allowing us perfect freedom as to our visits to them, Mr. H. saying he cannot urge any one to pass such rough roads for their sakes. . . .

Notwithstanding what you say and Sarah's urgency we shall leave here on Monday if the weather is good. I have told Harry we should do so and it is in accordance with our first intention—also with my desire to be in my *own house*, whh. is, you know, one of my weaknesses. . . . I certainly shall not write again unless detained, therefore, with best love to all who care for me, I will subscribe myself

Your affectionate Mother, M. Lee.

I am glad of the notices of the children. Give them my love and tell them I have had a very good time. The Highland Lassie,<sup>1</sup> 12 weeks old today, weighs 14 lbs. She was in the field, too, this mg., and is with all the rest again there this P.M. She looks finely and is improving in beauty.

<sup>1</sup> Mary Lee was born August 3, 1849.

## XI

### THE HOUSE IN BOSTON IN THE FIFTIES AND SIXTIES

*Sicut patribus, sit deus nobis*

The rocky nook with hill-tops three  
Looked eastward from the farms,  
And twice each day the flowing sea  
Took Boston in her arms. . . .

A blessing through the ages thus  
Shield all thy roofs and towers!  
*God with the fathers, so with us,*  
Thou darling town of ours!

*Emerson.*

Grandfather and Grandmother Lee had been living since 1821 in their house at 28 Chauncy Street (formerly 4 Bedford Place). We lived at No. 30, next door, with a door leading through from Grandfather and Grandmother's bedroom into our nursery, so that we were in and out constantly. Uncle George Higginson and Cousin Molly lived a little further along toward Summer Street at No. 22, where houses were set forward further on to the sidewalk so that there was a side-window looking down the street toward Bedford Street on each storey of Uncle George's house. Next door to him lived Cousin John Barnard Swett Jackson, and Cousin Emily—Cousin John of the beautiful profile, very kind, very enthusiastic, was a Doctor and Professor of Morbid Anatomy in the Harvard Medical School. He was father of Harry and Robert Jackson, and grandfather of Harry Jackson, who married Isabella Lee. Directly opposite to Grandfather's was Judge Jackson's garden.

Cousin Frank Lowell and Cousin Nina also lived in Chauncy Street near Uncle George, while between Bedford and Essex Streets, on the corner of Rowe Place



SAMUEL TORREY MORSE



MRS. MORSE  
(Harriet Jackson Lee)





lived Cousin Charles and Cousin Susan Jackson, father and mother of Cousin Susie Folsom, and Cousins Charles, Marian and Frank Jackson. So you see how many kith and kin were living close to each other, while many more were living in Hamilton Place and Temple Place.

The general plan of Grandfather's house and ours was alike, though his was wider. Many times in London, in Upper Brook Street and Green Street and in general the short streets leading from the Squares and North Audley Street to Park Lane, I have seen houses more like Chauncy Street than any now in Boston. The front door had a small portico supported by pillars (very modest ones, wood sanded to look like sandstone), up three granite steps. The front entry was to the left with straight staircase. From it opened the so-called Basement, a pleasant room where Miss Ames used to sit and sew. On the wall were two old portraits, now at Uncle Harry Lee's, one of our Great-Grandfather, Patrick Tracy, in grey coat, with a full-bottomed grey wig. The other of his wife, Hannah Gookin Tracy, with a long garland of flowers. There was a shallow closet where the preserves and jellies were kept. Behind was the pleasant kitchen, and then the back yard and woodshed, so important to children and so forgotten later! Grandfather's yard had a pear tree and an Isabella grapevine growing against the wall.

Upstairs at Grandfather's the parlor went across the front, its length on the street, with three windows, while the dining-room, opening from it with folding doors, and with the width of the entry taken off, had its length the other way, ending in two sunny windows on the yard; such a dear, pleasant, sunny room. The fireplace and soapstone hearth and bright wood fire in this room were its centre and keynote. When from our upstairs nursery next door we entered into Grandfather and

Grandmother's room with its big four-post bedstead, and came down into the dining-room for breakfast, the fragrant smell of the wood fire always greeted us. The wood was always brought in a tanned hide with handles. A mahogany bookcase stood to the right of the fireplace, and to the left was a long mahogany shelf for books, etc., where stood the box with a dancing Jim Crow which Grandfather turned over and over for us and set dancing. Grandfather's chair was to the left, against this shelf, as it were, and Grandmother's little rocking chair (now at Aunt Lizzie Ware's in the dining-room) to the right. Of course there was the mahogany dining table and against the wall, opposite the fireplace, a sideboard, and above it an engraving of Belshazzar's Feast, now at Frank Lee's. The china closet, which seems to me now to have had always ready red apples and gingerbread, opened just beyond the sideboard. The dining-room in those days was the morning room and gathering place for kith and kin. Grandmother washed the breakfast things in a small, pretty, brass-bound, cedar tub, with good-smelling hot soap suds, and we helped a little in wiping cups and saucers. Grandfather read his morning paper. We could play or sew or read while Mother or Aunt Lizzie were sitting with Grandmother and Cousin. Uncle Harry and Uncle Frank stopped there on the way from the Worcester station, often having stopped at Quigley's on the way up Kingston Street and seen or bought there some fine old mahogany chair or desk. Cousin John Lee from Salem sometimes came in to see "Uncle and Aunt Lee," and often Uncle George Higginson from a few doors beyond.

## XII

### THE BROOKLINE HOUSE AND GARDEN

That each should in his house abide  
Therefore was the world so wide.

*Emerson.*

---

The large and gentle furniture has stood  
In sympathetic silence all the day  
With that old kindness of domestic wood;  
Nevertheless the haunted room will say,  
"Some one must be away."

*Harold Monro.*

In 1850 the Hyslop place in Brookline was bought. It was on the slope above the old Reservoir on the Worcester Turnpike, "one of the best highways in the country," which is now Boylston Street. It had belonged in the eighteenth century to the Boylston family, and Susannah Boylston, the mother of John Adams, was born there. The fine old house, which replaced an earlier one, was built in 1738 by the architect who built the Hancock House in Boston, and house and garden in 1850 were in unimpaired condition.

A letter of the old President, John Adams, written only five years before his death, gives an enthusiastic picture of the place.

*To Nicholas Ward Boylston, Esquire*

September 16th, 1820.

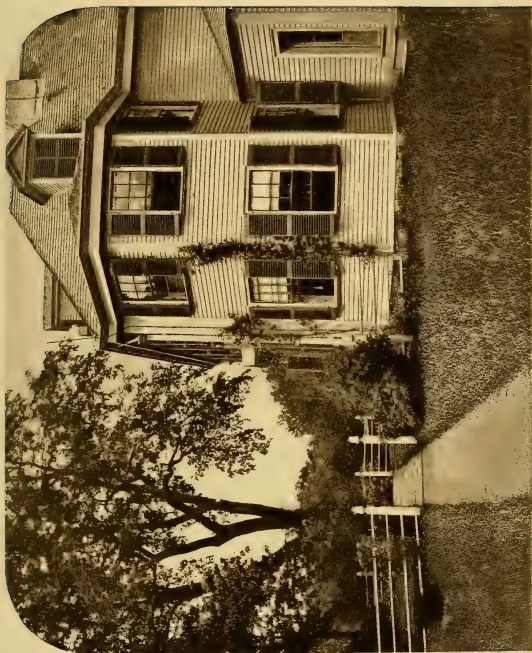
My dear Cousin Boylston,

Oh that I had the talent at description of a Homer, a Milton, or a Walter Scott! I would give you a picture of all that I have visited with more pleasure than I should Mount Vernon or Monticello. Mr. David Hyslop has been importuning me for seven years to dine

with him in Brookline. I have always declined till last Wednesday; when taking my grandson, George Washington Adams, for my guide and *aide de camp*, I went to visit the original habitation of the Boylstones—where my mother was born, and where she carried me frequently in my infancy, and where I used to sport among the fine cherries and peaches and plums and pears as well as among the flowers and roses, on that fertile spot or garden. It is more than seventy years since I set my feet upon that hill. Indeed, my mother seemed to have an aversion to visiting or thinking of it after her father sold it to his brother, Dr. Zabdiel Boylston, and removed into Boston.

There are ancient trees, elms and button-wood, some of which I seem to remember; but I have inherited the feelings of my mother. The weather was very fine and I know not that I ever passed a pleasanter day; I ascended the Hill, which is exuberantly fertile, to the very top where there is a handsome summer-house,<sup>1</sup> to the roof of which I mounted, where are convenient seats and sufficient railing from whence your Wachusett is plainly seen; and even your own Mansion House was visible through a prospect-glass; at least George imagined he descried it. On that elevation my imagination was exalted almost to extasy: a prospect nearly as vast as that from Wachusett opened all around me. Land and sea conspired together to produce an assemblage of beauties. The grand City of Boston and the Town of Charlestown; The Castle, the Islands, the Rivers, the Ponds of Water, the Orchards, and the Groves were

<sup>1</sup> A finely proportioned Georgian summer-house, painted white, which crowned the hill. Hill-top summer-houses and look-outs had then a value beyond pleasantness and picturesqueness, for from them the incoming ships were watched for and sighted, as from the "captain's walk" on the old stores of the then long wharves in Boston.



THE BROOKLINE HOUSE



scattered in such profusion over this great scene that I was lost in admiration of its variety. And to add to its sublimity in my estimation White's Hill was full in view, the seat of my Great-Grandfather and the birthplace of my Grandmother; all these lands have passed into the hands of other families and other names. I said to Mr. Hyslop, "If I was worth money enough on the face of the whole earth I would buy it of you." Your uncle Nicholas was well born, he had a soul *bien né*, but Thomas had not; otherwise he would certainly have purchased it and given it to you. . . .

This much for family vanity and family mortification—now for Politics and Legislation. I hope you will attend the convention<sup>1</sup> and come up and talk with me and I with you about Plato and Solon and Lycurgus. I shall rejoice to see the name of Boylston among the members of that convention, as that alone will be sufficient to preserve it.

George, who bears his honors meekly, is now humbly employed in writing this letter for

Your Affectionate Cousin,

John Adams.

The latest owner of the place had been old Mrs. Hyslop and the first entry in Grandfather's Garden and Farm Book is: "May 21st, 1850, came to Hyslop Place."

There are many references to Hyslop Place in these notebooks, and Cousin Elliot Cabot, in his weekly letters to Aunt Lizzie Lee while Uncle Harry and she were in Europe in 1852-1853, frequently speaks of "walking to Hyslop," where Cousin Sally Gardner was taking care of the children, Bessie, Hal and Clara, in Uncle Harry's

<sup>1</sup> The Convention to revise the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The old President had been chosen delegate, but had declined to serve on account of advanced age.



brick house. But the name did not fasten itself to the place and has been forgotten.

What outlasted the name many years was the wonderful enamel-like white paint of all the shutters and window seats, the panelling and mouldings, which Mrs. Hyslop had had mixed under her own eye—the white lead and all other materials being brought there and mixed on the spot. I never remember any re-painting in the years we lived there.

Uncle Harry built his brick house on the place in 1851-1852: a delightful house: its doorways, mullioned windows, fireplaces, and its panelled hall, Tudor in character. The terrace, with its enclosing wall of blue-green Chinese tiles, brought home from China by Commodore Bennet Forbes, seemed to extend the house and to be a part of the plan.

There Uncle Harry and Aunt Lizzie lived for many years, and there the younger children were born.

Aunt Mary Higginson had died the year before Grandfather and Grandmother came to live in Brookline. Uncle George Higginson and his children lived in summer in the small white house a little way up the hill above the barn. Aunt Lizzie was close at hand and was always "Aunt Lee," or later "Betha," to her nephews and much loved by them and by their sister Mary (dear Cousin Molly Blake). Molly, not very strong, was often staying at Grandmother's, where each member of the household, especially Cousin Sally, seemed to have a special interest and care for her.

The old Brookline house became the home of half the year—April till November—to Grandfather and Grandmother and to Aunt Lizzie (always at Grandmother's right hand till her marriage in 1854 to Uncle Charles Ware, hardly leaving it then), and to Cousin Sally Gardner.



HOUSE OF COLONEL HENRY LEE AT BROOKLINE



In the early years my Father and Mother lived in the Brookline house with Grandfather and Grandmother. Cousin Mary Elliot was born in the old house and her babyhood summers were all passed there, as Harry's and mine had been. Her love of all the out-of-door world began in those early days, and to her, "going out to Brookline" meant going out of Grandfather's big front door into the lovely world, outside, of all flowering and singing things. To Harry, Mary, and me, and to our little cousin Mary Ware a few years later, the Brookline house was our summer home. With the recollection of blossoming spring and early summer comes the memory of that rush of bird song in the grey dawn, all the air filled with happy bird voices—never have I heard again anything so full and rapturous. And in those early summer mornings was another sound, now no longer heard—the long sweep of the scythes through the dew-covered grass—a sound delicious and unforgettable. Later we lived for many years in the small house higher up the hill, where Uncle George had lived for some years after Aunt Mary's death with his boys and Molly.

In June each summer Uncle Harry's family moved to Beverly Farms (West Beach in those days), returning in September or October. David Larcom would come up from West Beach, driving his horses all night, to move down the household belongings on the following day. David was a large, burly man with the voice of a child; an Essex County character and much respected as a townsman.

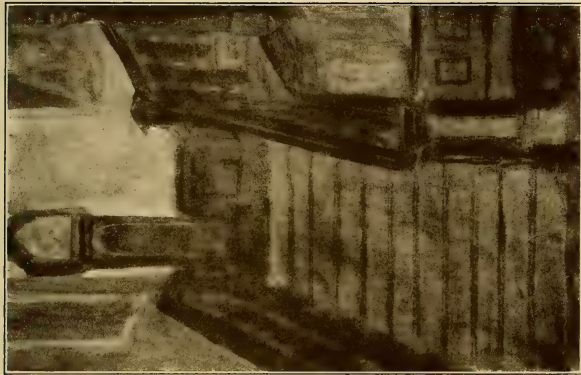
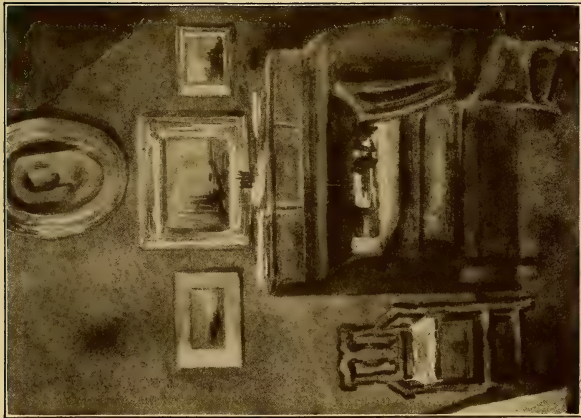
As we came out from Boston in April or May, returning in October, it was only for weeks rather than months that we children were together, but so important to us were those weeks when we went to school together and played endlessly together, that now in look-

ing back they seem to stretch over the whole summer.

The later fifties were not long after the Irish famine of 1847, and the great emigration from Ireland which followed. Most of the Irish who came here were working men—many of them farm-laborers—bringing with them the familiarity of centuries with the earth we live on and its properties, and with the care and use of animals, and bringing also the instinctive respect for the gentry—the owner of the land or the squire—which made them turn to him as to a higher authority. The first fight between grown men that I ever saw was one afternoon when Grandfather and Grandmother were driving through the village near the Punchbowl and came upon an excited crowd which broke up as the old carriage was driven slowly into it and both disputants, one with a very bloody mouth, came to the carriage door in an appeal to Grandfather—and, as I recall it, a very few words seemed to settle the dispute and the crowd melted away.

The carriage was broad and very comfortable, lined with creamy grey broadcloth and with broad and handsome window bands and hangings. Two ample back seats—two others opposite on which we children used to kneel, and the coachman's double seat outside. It was drawn by Bill and Charley, the dependable horses. When we drove out of town in it, Harry and I were given the money to pay the toll on the Mill Dam—large and handsome copper cents it was paid in. The Rope-walk buildings and a line of silvery poplars were on our left as we drove toward Brookline.

There was often a drive in the afternoon in those days, with Charley or Billy in the wagon with open sides, over earth roads, pleasant to the horses' feet, much longer than can be taken today—sometimes to Oak Hill and the wood where was the great rock covered



DINING-ROOM AND HALL IN COLONEL LEE'S HOUSE





with Solomon's seal, and where the polygalas grew,—sometimes by Brookline Great Meadows and the Putterham Road, or westward to Nonantum.

The old Brookline house still stands, sunny-faced and pleasant, and has been lived in and loved by Grandfather's children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and now his little great-great-grandchildren are playing there.<sup>1</sup>

The photograph speaks for itself of the exterior of the house. The interior had a modest stateliness of character. There was a good hall, with a fine staircase and hand-carved balusters, and an arched window and window-seat where now is the doorway into the north rooms. Cousin Sally Gardner's Aeolian harp was sometimes placed in that window on a summer afternoon.

Much of the daily summer life seems associated with the hall, the wide-open front door and the staircase. I remember a hot Sunday morning in July, 1861, when many of the family and various friends were sitting on the stairs and in the hall and the western parlor, scraping lint and rolling bandages for the soldiers. There was a sense of disaster in the air, which I can still feel, as well as the unspoken surprise of the children at the unwonted week-day occupations on Sunday. It was the Sunday after the Battle of Bull Run. There were a good many such gatherings during the War; sometimes making small bags for coffee and sugar, which we were told afterwards were chiefly used for cleaning muskets; havelocks (linen or cotton helmets to keep off the heat of the sun, also useless, I believe), and rolling bandages, which I trust were more useful, or making shirts for the Sanitary Commission.

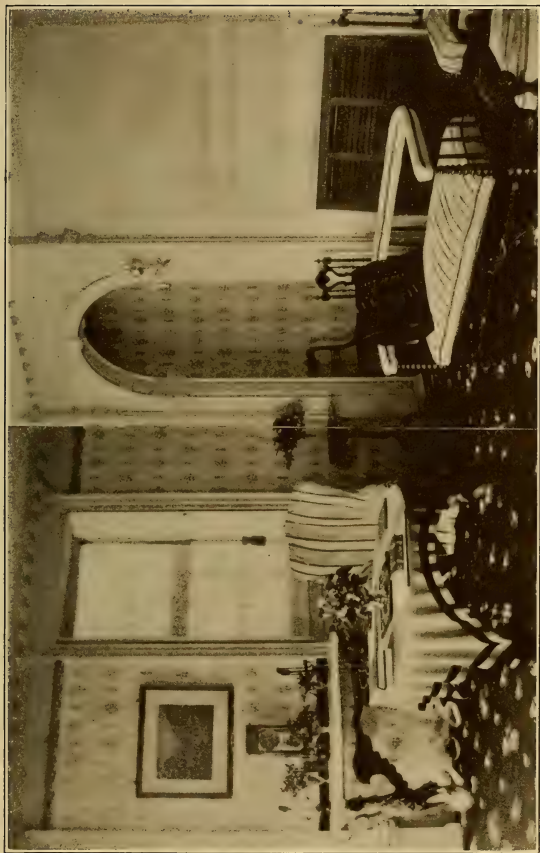
In the upper hall there were often pleasant household occupations going on on summer mornings—sometimes sewing and reading aloud; sometimes covering many jars

<sup>1</sup> During some years in the seventies and eighties the old house was occupied and enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Sturgis and their children.

of currant jelly with brandied paper, Aunt Lizzie marking them. Other household occupations, such as cutting calves' rennet into strips, and dropping them into a bottle of sherry wine, or dividing great cones of sugar with cutters which might have been used as instruments of torture in the dungeon of the Castle of Torquilstone, were carried on in the dining-room.

In the western parlor between the western windows were the Eagles—splendid painted wooden Eagles, their talons clasping the balls on which they stood, supporting a marble slab. The story runs that during the Revolution they were buried under dry leaves in the woods behind the hill. Beneath them were great sea-shells in which we used to hear the sound of the sea. On either side of the broad panel above the fireplace there were silver sconces. A round table stood in the middle of the room, with table-cover of fine mouse-colored broad-cloth, and on it was often a shallow, slender-stemmed glass vase, with Canary vine, or some other delicate flower. A book-stand stood between the two southern windows: among the books were the three precious volumes of Wilson's Birds, over which we used to pore on Sunday afternoons, the volumes open on the floor; and Cousin's Music-Box was on the lower shelf of all. There was a sofa across the southwest corner of the room,—another round table by the door as one entered. It was a dignified room, well ordered, and we behaved better, I think, there than in the more familiar dining-room.

The dining-room, facing east and south, was full of sunshine. The sofa in the large bay-window was covered with one of the fine and pretty French calicoes, of a pattern in red, blue and green, as delicate and intricate as that of a Cashmere shawl. The sofa was almost our playfellow, for in combination with the big grey shawls from the hall it entered into many of our games.



THE WESTERN PARLOUR OF THE BROOKLINE HOUSE



THE STAIRCASE OF THE BROOKLINE HOUSE

The tall bookcase stood between the door from the hall and the china closet; books above; and two cupboards, with cake and wine below. The dining table stood the length of the room all summer, and in the autumn it was placed across the bay for the early morning sunshine, and the sofa stood opposite the fireplace in its stead, where was afternoon and evening firelight and warmth. On summer Sundays when we went to church, the dining-room shutters would be closed to keep the room dark and cool. It was a pleasant short walk to the church, built by Cousin Edward Cabot, where Dr. Hedge then preached, its Unitarian chancel end facing due west. Grandfather's pew was in the middle aisle; ours on the north aisle: after church there would be a lingering of people in the porch and just outside, and friendly talk. After the walk home we came into the cool darkness of the dining-room and opened windows and shutters.

Grandfather's room was a little room built out just beyond the dining-room on the east side of the house. It was always pleasant to enter, and almost always smelt of fruit. There Grandfather had his desk for writing, and a table against the east window, with boxes of metal and wooden tags for his fruit trees, and bits of red chalk, pencils, etc. There were drawers to the left as one entered, in which Grandfather kept ripening pears, and apples stood about on mantelpiece or shelf. On the bookshelves above the drawers were books and pamphlets on horticulture and gardening. A small door to the south led by two steps on to the grass, and a Canary vine grew on the angle of the bay-window close by. There was a remarkably pleasant large kitchen, a part of the first old house, with laundry and cool dairy beyond, and a small porch westward, at which Nancy Bryer, a kind, gaunt, plain woman, used to stand to ring the gong for the man to come to his dinner or supper—a long bar of

iron, blacksmith-made, and a small iron rod with which to strike it, giving a fine resonant sound.

Above the western parlor was Grandfather and Grandmother's bedroom—and above the dining-room, Aunt Lizzie's room, with its small bayed dressing-room with a pink rose climbing up to it from the bed of periwinkle. There were delightful prints on the wall. In the closet of Aunt Lizzie's room was a small concealed inner-closet.

My father and mother had the Middle Room with tiny dressing room above the kitchen, and beyond was Cousin Sally's pleasant room, from the western window of which we could climb on to the woodshed, the roof of which on the north side sloped to the ground to the row of quince trees and the seckel pear tree.

Above were the attics. In the Middle Attic, looking east and west (the eastern dormer window reached by a step), Miss Ames was usually sitting sewing or mending by her work-table; her canary bird beside her. Miss Ames lived in Grandmother's household a large part of each year and did all the family sewing. She was always occupied, always composed, her old face a network of fine lines of character. Always a family friend, she was sometimes affectionately called "Ames" by the elders, and "Amesy" by us.

The little Eastern Attic, at the southeastern corner of the house, was by all of us thought the most desirable room in the house. There was a supporting post in the middle of the room and a small mysterious closet and concealed inner-closet leading under the roof. The low trundle-bed was splendid for turning somersaults, and from the eastern dormer window we could climb out on to the roof of Aunt Lizzie's bay-window. This was Harry's room when we lived there in the late sixties, and there he used to listen to the wonderful rush of bird song filling all the air before the dawn. In much later years this was Bessie McKean's room.





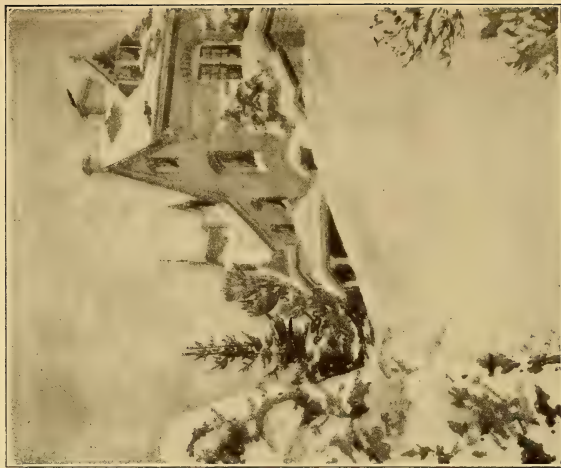
FROM DOORWAY OF THE BROOKLINE HOUSE





LOOKING FROM THE GARDEN TO THE HOUSE

From an early sketch by H. L., 3d



COLONEL LEE'S HOUSE IN WINTER

In front of the house was the box hedge, as now, and there was then a cherry tree at each end of the white acorn-topped fence; westward across the avenue was a fine elm, which was blown down in the gale of September 9th, 1869. The avenue curved to westward a little from the end of the house and then went straight down the hill, with large trees set back on either side.

Golden robins built their hanging nests in the many elm trees—there seemed a long grey pocket at the end of almost every branch—and their coming and nest-building were recorded each year in Grandfather's Garden and Farm Books. Directly below the enclosing white fence was a grassy bank where quantities of double daffodils blossomed in the spring.

From the front of the house a pathway of red gravel led to the garden, formal in plan, and full of warm summer sweetness or autumn fruitfulness and color. It was entered under a light trellised arch, over which grew honeysuckle, and was divided by the straight path which ended in a pretty white arbor with Boursault roses and honeysuckle growing over it, and pleasant seats. The garden was enclosed by a white fence heightened on the southern side to a tall trellis for grapevines. Broad flower beds lay between the path and this fence, in which flowers grew generously—irises, balsams, verbenas, petunias, monkshood and larkspur, phlox, four o'clocks, coreopsis, asters, marigolds, beds of mignonette, heliotrope, and ladies' delights, and some smaller, more delicate flowers—nemophila, thunbergia, cypress-vine.

There were rose bushes, moss-roses and York and Lancaster roses among them, and there was a great calycanthus shrub ("the strawberry tree" beloved of children), a fringe tree and a smoke tree—and beds of lilies of the valley on either side of the trellised arch by which one entered.

In the upper garden, above the small grassy bank, were the strawberry beds, the currant bushes, the raspberry bushes, and a beautiful double-flowering cherry tree, and in the eastern end Grandfather had planted many peach and pear trees. There were rose bushes and rose-acacias, too, in the upper garden, and a substantial wooden summer-house. It was in the upper half also that acorns were planted. Grandfather liked to have each of the family share in the planting, including all the children.

In the autumn of 1851, he has recorded the planting of acorns from "English oaks from Dr. Robbins's"<sup>1</sup> by Grandmother (whose acorn grew and was known to us all as Grandmother's oak), some by Uncle George Higginson, some by Aunt Lizzie, and by my Father and Mother, "all on slate to prevent the growth of a tap-root, which (it being necessary to cut it off in transplanting) injures the tree."

The garden, the summer-house, and the arbor were play grounds of unlimited resource, and also the tent in the sloping field below the garden, covered with a thatch, made of palm leaves, and wooden-floored.

To all the grandchildren, Grandfather's house, and indeed the whole place, seemed their own, and of course we thought that every one and everything was to remain forever, just as it was then.

<sup>1</sup> The father of Miss Anne Robbins, who founded the House of the Good Samaritan.



*Henry Lee  
and his grandson Henry Lee Morse*



### XIII

#### THE HOUSEHOLD

Grandfather was delightful with his grandchildren. For a high-strung, impetuous man he must have been very patient with us. I think he had a natural understanding of children and sympathy with them: he played with us on equal terms and enjoyed it. My first impression of man's power to create and destroy was being taught by him to set up on end a long winding row of brown, satin-grained wooden blocks, and then by one light touch to send them down in glorious ruin. He taught us backgammon and checkers and played battle-dore and shuttle-cock with us: from him we learned to make cat's cradles and weaver's knots, and paper cocked hats which turned into boats. One by one as we came along Grandfather took us all about the place, and told us the name and character of each tree and shrub—showing us the varieties of oak, elm, beech, maple, etc.

We pressed leaves from each and labelled them, and if we do not now know them it is our own fault.

Grandfather was not musical—"Tasa-be-tas," a scrap of Hindu song, is the only one his grandchildren associate with him, when he gave them splendid rides on his foot.

Grandfather usually wore what Sir Walter calls "raven-grey" clothes, with frilled shirts as I first remember him, and in summer the cool, silvery-striped seersucker, then worn by many gentlemen, and he carried great bandanna silk handkerchiefs of delightful color. For out-door wear there was a spencer or short overcoat, under which the skirts of the other coat appeared, or perhaps a cloak called a raglan, and a tall, soft beaver hat, black or grey. Spencers and raglans were named for the Lord Spencer and Lord Raglan of that day. He was forgetful about his raiment and Grandmother had

often to lay out his new clothes for him and gently abstract the old, much as did Lucy Bertram for Domine Sampson.

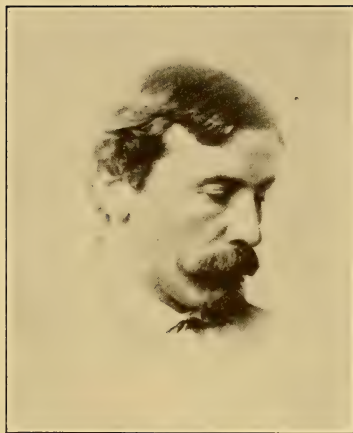
Of course we knew nothing then of Grandfather's abiding interests. He had been one of the earliest free traders. His papers and newspaper cuttings show constant preoccupation with such subjects as Currency, Trade Statistics, inquiry into conditions of Slave Labor, the abolition of Slavery (though he was not an Abolitionist), and through all runs an abiding interest in what Carlyle called "the condition-of-the-people question."

That his younger friend, Mr. William S. Bullard, should have founded in his memory a fellowship of Political Economy, shows the impression made by his deep interest in such subjects. We were all used to seeing Grandfather writing or collating papers in the little room in Brookline, or at his standing desk in the small room leading from his bed-chamber in Boston, or perhaps sitting in the pleasant dining-room reading the morning paper and thrashing it with his forefinger when the contents displeased him.

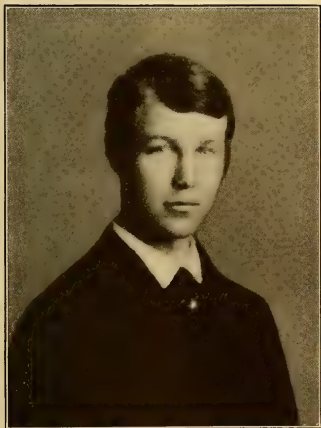
In following in my Grandfather's footsteps through the early letters from India, and the fewer later letters, and yet more in finding his many annotations and frequent under-scoring of significant passages in the books he cared for and lived by, one comes to see and know that his nature was especially sensitive to things of the spirit. Written in the fly-leaves of his hymn-books are long lists of the numbers of certain hymns and their first lines; and hymns were to him as to Francis William Newman—"the truest links that bind ancient and modern souls in one." All my life I have had a clear recollection of his telling me, as he gave me a hymn to learn when I was a little girl, that there would be many times later on when I might be anxious or troubled, and be



THE NAMESAKES



HENRY LEE HIGGINSON



HENRY LEE, 3D



HENRY LEE MORSE



glad to have the hymns to turn to. He was deeply moved by the religious spirit: with many doubts, and often condemnation of himself, yet he seems never to doubt the direct relation of the human soul to God. He had a deep faith.

Grandmother was one of the happily-born people whom every one loved.

In her early married life her place in her husband's family was especially important to her four brothers-in-law, then all unmarried, and throughout all her life she was beloved, and her wisdom greatly trusted, by all the family: by all the related families as well as by her own brothers and sisters and her children.

The loving memory in which she was held by her children, and by her nephews and nieces, and cousins' children, remains as an inheritance to her grandchildren, who remember, too, the deep affection and reverence borne her by her sons-in-law, George Higginson, Charles Eliot Ware, and Samuel Torrey Morse.

She was the very central influence of the homes in Brookline and Boston, and Grandfather's life was bound up in hers.

That very human, sentient thing, a house, makes an ineffaceable impression of character on children's memories. Grandfather's two houses spoke of order and wide hospitality—the ample fires burned brightly, dinner and tea-table were handsomely set: Grandmother's silver tea set (given her by her Father, Jonathan Jackson, on her marriage, and made by Moulton of Newburyport)—the Nankin cups and saucers with crinkled edge—the other breakfast cups, white with a gold band—the various Wedgwood tea-pots and cream pitchers—all belonged to a dignified period. The books and papers spoke of Grandfather's interest in all public affairs—there were interesting books being read aloud and talked over. They

were houses in which there were many children coming and going and little constraint or formality—though there was always order and sweet cleanliness in every corner—and no sense of hurry.

Aunt Lizzie was always at Grandmother's right hand in the Brookline house—only Uncle Harry Lee could have described her as she deserved to be described. Possessed of a truly strong mind, a clear head, and a warm heart, she was decided, able, intensely interested in all the procedure of daily life: most unduly modest as to her own social ability, but aware that in practical matters she could excel. Grandfather in a letter speaks of her as "Mother's adviser," and she held that position to more than Grandmother.

Cousin Sally Gardner was the daughter of an older sister of Grandmother's, early left without father or mother. She had been with Aunt Harriet Jackson during the last seven invalided years of her life, and after Aunt Harriet's death in 1849 her permanent home was with Grandfather and Grandmother, with visits to other of the many family households. Cousin was then about fifty. Her place in the family was important to all three generations, and she was known to very many of the kindred families simply as "Cousin." She was a sensitive, intellectual woman, and found her friends among the intellectual group of the day. When Uncle Harry and Aunt Lizzie went abroad in the autumn of 1852, Cousin went to Uncle Harry's brick house and took care of Bessie, Hal, and Clara while their parents were away. Clara and Frank Lee were always especially loved by Cousin, as was Uncle Frank in her own generation. "Dear little Clara is as well and lovely as she can be—my joy all the time and my rest when anything goes wrong." She was fastidious, and must often have been annoyed by our rough and silly ways, but she patiently bore with us,



THE BROOKLINE HOUSE



THE SMALL HOUSE

Occupied by Mr. Higginson; later by Mr. Morse



and we felt and responded to her civilizing influence—at all events to a moderate degree.

Her pleasant end room in the Brookline house, with windows east and west, or the sunny room over the dining-room at 28 Chauncy Street, was our constant resort.

She let us make seals—fascinating occupation—she taught us to press flowers carefully and mount them. She showed us how to make picture frames of the scales of pine cones, or of tiny hemlock cones. We should have short patience with these prettinesses now, but they fitted in with the tastes of the day. To any child, temporarily invalided, Cousin's room was sanctuary, where one would be made very comfortable and be read aloud to, and in each of her rooms was a children's bookshelf. She let us pore over her great book of old English Ballads, and she often repeated poetry to us as we sat on the sofa by her in the twilight.

After her death in 1865, Uncle Harry Lee wrote this little memorial of her:—

S. J. G.

“Charity suffereth long, and is kind.”

Those who suffer long with others, and are kind, have, for the most part, suffered long themselves.

One who had thus dearly bought this most amiable of virtues, has just passed away.

Her great natural sensitiveness was heightened by early affliction.

Left an orphan, she was a sojourner in the houses of her kinsfolk, where she assumed the duties, but disclaimed the rights of a daughter. Practising a self-denial and self-sacrifice distressing to her family, she still felt oppressed by an obligation her humility exaggerated.

Among a crowd of cousins, she was simply Cousin, the one of that name in whose memory was stored all birth-



days and anniversaries, whose tender sympathies, in joy or sorrow, never failed.

Nor were these limited to her very large family circle, but extended to many friends, especially to those whose bereavements recalled her own.

Her devotion to others was the more disinterested that it robbed her of time naturally coveted by one of her intellectual activity and literary tastes.

She gave her life to her friends, but never yielded her opinions, for she was an independent thinker.

Her personal qualities were most attractive, a graceful person and the manners of a gentlewoman.

She was one of the benefactors of the poor; her name is written on many lists of benevolent ladies, as it is engraved on the hearts of all who knew her.

She has gone to a world where, happily for her, virtue is its own reward.

On June 16th, 1859, there was a quiet celebration of Grandfather and Grandmother's golden wedding; a gathering of the children and grandchildren, and Uncle James Jackson with Cousin Sue. Just a year later Grandmother died. After that Aunt Lizzie was the head of Grandfather's household. She kept always her pleasant southeastern room,<sup>1</sup> and her little Mary under Exy Ann's<sup>2</sup> good *and very firm* care was in the Middle Room. Uncle Charles went and came from West Street and his busy practise.

Summers and winters came and went—children grew up and children were born—Uncle Frank and Aunt Sarah came to live at Chestnut Hill and gradually our families grew together as it were.

<sup>1</sup> In much later years this has been Eva's room and is now the nursery for Clara and Edward's little children, Peirson, Elliot and George.

<sup>2</sup> Very firm with all of us was Exy Ann! Her name may have been Achsah, but this was our name for her.

## XIV

### THE GARDEN AND FARM BOOKS

I know the trusty almanac,  
Of the punctual coming-back,  
On their due days, of the birds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Welcome back, you little nations,  
Far-travelled in the South plantations;  
Bring your music and rhythmic flight,  
Your colors for our eyes' delight.  
Freely nestle in our roof,  
Weave your chamber weatherproof;  
And your enchanting manners bring,  
And your autumnal gathering.  
Exchange in conclave general  
Greetings kind to each and all,  
Conscious each of duty done,  
And unstained as the sun.

*Emerson.*

My grandfather was sixty-eight years old when he first became possessed of a place of his own in the country, and he then entered upon a life which was really new to him with characteristic enthusiasm and interest.

Somehow or other, although Grandfather was not an experienced horticulturist and neither James O'Hearn, his head workman, nor his brother Michael, who was our faithful friend till he died, knew anything of gardening as taught in books, the garden was delightful at all seasons; the strawberry beds were well kept and prolific, the pears delicious, the apple crops usually good.

Grandfather's day often began by a conference in the morning with James about the day's work. If it had rained, the rainfall was carefully measured in the large

rain-gauge which stood by the path into the garden, and a record made: there was a walk about the place for observation, and in summer and autumn the picking up of windfall pears and apples which were placed on the shelves and mantelpiece of his little room.

Several of his "Garden and Farm Books" remain, all but one made by himself of folded sheets of foolscap paper sewed together and covered with strong, gray paper. They are ruled for headlines and for columns of dates and figures, and although they look at first confused, they give a very living picture of all that went on, and show how full were the days with many farming operations. They become, too, very practical treatises on grafting, pruning, draining, and on the unceasing war on canker-worms and "borers." They amount, indeed, to a sort of chronicle of the later years of my grandfather's life, for everything went into them: the dates of ploughing and planting, of the coming of the birds, of the blossoming of the fruit trees, the grafting of pear and apple trees, the wages paid to the workmen on the place, and lastly, the list of the crops as they came in, with the number of barrels of apples and bushels or baskets of pears sent in November to many of the family and to friends; also to Mrs. Gwynne's Home, Mr. Charles Barnard's Warren Street Chapel, Harriet Ryan's Home, and the Female Orphan Asylum, of which Aunt Lizzie was for many years a directress. In the list of expenses, Grandfather's own very modest personal expenditures were included: books, reviews, pew-taxes and India-rubber shoes alternating with seeds, lime, young fruit-trees, etc.

The flavor and interest of these old books remain shut in between their covers. Something abides in handwriting and in the strong old paper and unfaded ink not to be transmitted by a few printed words.

There was evidently much exchange of trees and shrubs between friends in those days and close observation of each other's experiments, successes and failures. There was also a far greater variety in fruit trees than any one adventures on now.

There were farmers in those days known by that title, Farmer Humphreys, Farmer Jones, and others: Farmer Jones's orchard on the southern slope of Aspinwall Hill was famous for its uniformly good condition and full bearing, and Grandfather, from time to time, looked over this orchard and took counsel with its owner about care of orchard trees, war on canker-worms, and general farming operations.

Here are a few detached entries:

1850. "May 21, Came to Hyslop Place.

Planted melons, water and musk.

Grafted pear trees near carpenter's shop. . . .

June 1st to 4th. Melons up (and in September Grandfather records them as ripe).

June 25th to 10th July. Strawberries were in bearing.

July 20th to 12th August. Abundance of raspberries.

August 16. Budded natural plum trees with peach, and some with greengage plums from Aspinwall's garden. Budded cherry trees with Blackhart cherry buds from Col. Perkins's."

1851. "The apples in blossom late, say May 16 to 25, on place. June 13, first gathering of strawberries. Aspinwall says canker-worms descend trees about 15th of June: none on his place or Col. Perkins's. Most destructive in village. . . . Peas were had from 25th of June to 10th of September. Musk melons in September."

There are lists of trees to be bought from the Botanic Garden and planted "near G. Higginson's house and in the circle near the shed," and the dates of the falling of the leaf of various trees are noted.

Among the books bought this year are: *Companions of My Solitude*, by A. Helps; *Bailey's Logic*; three volumes of *Friends in Council*, for C. C. Biddle.<sup>1</sup>

1852. Very careful record of rainfall from the 14th of June to the 10th of September. There are measurements of the fields, including the new purchase of lots of the Hyslop estate, probably the upper fields on the hill. A careful account of the apple trees of a dozen different varieties in the different parts of the place, and a splendid list of distribution of apples in November. The names sound like one of the old family parties: Lee, Higginson, Jackson, Morse, Putnam, Cabot, Holmes, and then follow friends: Dr. Ephraim Peabody, Mr. William Atkinson, Mr. William S. Bullard, Mr. Ozias Goodwin, and others. There was much autumn planting of trees in 1852. There was a planting of acorns on October 29, "being the day of Mr. Webster's burial," and on several other days. Some of the acorns were from the Cabot and Gardner places at Brookline; some from Dr. Robbins's English oaks at Brush Hill; some from Scarlet Oaks at Brattleboro, Vermont, where Higginson kinsfolk and Aunt Nancy Storrow were living. Each member of the family shared in the planting, either personally or by proxy, from Grandfather and Grandmother to the youngest grandchild in each family—Frank Higginson, Clara Lee, Frank Lee and Harry Morse.

1853. Especially careful records of dates of flowering of fruit trees. Various trees are brought from Beverly by David Larcom in May. "Canker-worms abundant: some in Aspinwall's garden, a few on H. Lee's

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Clement C. Biddle, 1784-1855, a diligent student of economics. He was present at the Free-Trade Convention held at Philadelphia in 1831, and was at that time influential in shaping the financial policy of the Government. My Grandfather and he were warm friends.

apple trees. Borers on English Ash, none on American Ash. In August, found borers in the White Maples."

1854. From the 4th to 8th of May, the robins and sparrows are noted, the golden robins on the 9th of May. On 25th of May, golden robins have a nest with eggs on elm tree near the house. Much transplanting in this year. Six volumes of Hildreth's History of the United States are among the books of the year.

1855. In this year, began the removing of trees to Uncle Frank Lee's place at Chestnut Hill, and some to the Pulsifer place, to Cousin Leverett Saltonstall's, and to George Lee's. "To F. L. L., three Maples, two English Ashes, one Black Walnut, six Sycamores, two Horse-Chestnuts, Norway and Sugar Maples."

1856. The work of five years in ditching and draining the hill, which was full of springs, is summarized. "In 1850, the ground was so full of water as to ruin some of the trees newly planted, and to injure still more of them: Manuring and spreading 500 to 600 loads of loam, 100 of which, or more, came from Tom's grounds. The land above G. Higginson's house and below east of his house and below Lee, Sr.'s, garden, partly ploughed up in 1851 (principally in 1852-3-4), and enriched with loam from upper part of the estate. The land has been drained between the two houses with blind drains, filled in with stones and an outlet of water in the ditches at the side of the road."

1857. "May 12, unburied carrots deposited in November, 1856. About one-third rotten, suffered from heavy April rains; eleven inches in a few days. They were kept in ground too long.

"June 1 to 7, no canker-worms on the place, save a few small ones on the tarred elm. None on Warren's trees. None found on Shady Road. Never have seen any on Tulip trees, or Norway or Sugar Maples, or Birch trees.



June 1 to 7, Farmer Jones' orchard: no cankers on his trees, he says: did not tar last fall or this spring. Put bags of fine salt in crotches of plum-trees as remedy for knots which ruin them.

"September 10, removed trees to F. L. Lee's, Chestnut Hill, on drag with two yoke of oxen. Seven men required to load, and all delivered in good order with balls of earth and rootlets. Four Arbor Vitæ, very large; one American Spruce; six Norway Spruces, very large and fine, six years in ground.

"October 20, removed to F. L. Lee's six Butternuts and six to Pulsifer place. October, F. L. Lee's apple trees and the young apple trees examined by Michael for three days, and work done on them.

An ominous entry is made on October 13, 1857, "New York banks suspended," and on October 14, the Boston banks. This was the disastrous financial crisis of 1857.

1858. Many notes of the pears. Among the pear trees enumerated are: "Catillacs, S. Ghislain,<sup>1</sup> excellent quality; Louise Bonne de Jersey, Fultons, Flemish Beauty, Beurré Royal, St. Michael, excellent quality, no rust or breaks." "August 30, a bushel or two fallen off the old Bartlett trees, used for baking. Too many on the great tree for richness. September 1 and 2, Dearborn Sweeting, about forty small pears, good for summer fruit, but not worth cultivation. September 1, Julianne Sweet, three-quarters of a bushel, superior to most summer fruit. September 5, Beurré D'Aumale, about two dozen, large and fine quality."

Grandfather's copy of Downing's *Fruits and Fruit Trees of America* is full of careful notes and comments, and the list of pears is long: among them recur often Belle Lucrative, Dix, Urbaniste, Winter Nelis: among the

<sup>1</sup> "S. Ghislain, most excellent Belgian pear, introduced in the United States by S. G. Perkins, Esq., of Boston."—Downing.



apples, Hubbardston, Nonsuch, Red Astrachan, Gravenstein, and various Russets.

"Borers—Pulsifer Orchard: from April to 1st June, a careful examination was carried on. The utter neglect—apparently so—of this orchard by leaving every tree afflicted by ravages of borer principally, and to some extent by caterpillars and cankers, has kept the trees from natural growth and from bearing any fruit. They also suffered from not having been pruned to such an extent that, in 1856, James cut out many cart-loads of suckers and branches, which absorb so much of the sap as to diminish their bearing ability.

"The apple trees were mostly manured 1857. Scraped and trimmed in winter 1857-58. Borers searched and cleaned out. 1858 is the bearing year and never a finer season for growth since my residence here. By reducing all the trees from about 200 to about one-third, the land has been relieved and the product is not much short of that of the 200 trees.

"Baldwins<sup>1</sup> are the most abundant bearers, and quality is better on the whole, for winter consumption, than of any other fruit. Four-fifths of the highly recommended apples in the nurseries are falsely described, and are not worth cultivating. Many of the young trees from the nurseries are infested with borers.

"I find, on comparison of our Russet trees with others in this vicinity, that ours are fuller than any. This fact shows the benefit derived from the care taken of them for the nine seasons passed here (including the present one), namely, by trimming to the extent of one-third of their surplus wood; and by clearing of borers every year from ground to the tops, and filling the holes with grafting wax. To kill the younger ones, with which the surrounding ground was infested, I have

<sup>1</sup>Then a new apple, named for Loammi Baldwin, the engineer.

placed in it salt and lime, which served for manure as well as for destruction of insects.

"Trees not too old for bearing, say Philbrick and Powell Perkins, have been rendered fruitless by neglect for many years to cut out surplus limbs: this has driven the nourishment required for growth of fruit into [growth of] wood. The blossoms were abundant, but did not come to fruit. Jones keeps the interior of the trees open for sun, light and air, and I have followed his example."

1859. February 23: "Ordered through Crosby and Nichols: *Handbook on the Native Trade*, by Thomas Ellison, 7/6; J. Stuart Mill *On Liberty*; *Journal of Statistical Society of London*, commencing 1st January, 1859, paid 2/6. April 20, remitted to Editor of *Richmond Whig* for 1858-9, \$3; W. C. Bryant, *Semi-weekly Evening Post* for one year, \$3; to S. G. Ward, contribution to Agassiz' institution, \$100. Came to Brookline, April 21. New steps put by Haynes in garden, laid with stone so that little or no wood comes in contact with soil. Golden robins, 10th of May, bobolinks also. Few birds' nests to 12th of May. Finches came for seed [in bird baskets outside the windows]. Most of them left about the 1st of September; few remained until 20th of October, thermometer 30° to 36°. H. L., Jr., left for Beverly on 8th June."

1860. The first entry in Grandfather's Garden and Farm Book for 1860 is "Came to Brookline, Thursday, 26 April, 1860. Found Finches had been here some 10 or 15 days and fed from baskets at our chamber window as last year. Golden Robins first appeared May 12."

On Wednesday, 30 May, are a few words telling of Grandmother's illness—an illness of less than 48 hours—and then the simple entry: "Died 5¾ A.M., June 1." Then in few words, solemn in tone to the ear even now,

Grandfather says how thankful Grandmother would have been for the swift end, while strength of mind and body were still hers.

The Garden and Farm Book for 1861 is missing.

1862. There are notes of flowers planted in the children's gardens, from May 16 to 20. "Seeds in Mary Morse's garden: Pink Carnation, Rose of Heaven, African Rose, Canterbury Bell, Rose Campion." Then follow indications of the war: "To Sanitary Society, \$50; 7th of June, for Sanitary Commission of Boston, \$25; June 18, Sanitary Society, \$25; October, contribution at church to aid soldiers; October 25, Miss Heath,<sup>1</sup> for Sanitary purposes; December 28, James Higginson, a gift to diminish the cost of his outfit, \$50."

1863. In March: "To George Higginson for F. Lee Higginson, toward expense of outfit, \$50; March 15th, for H. Lee, Jr.'s, uniform [as Governor's Aide], \$50; August, to R. P. Hallowell for Colored Regiment."

There are but few entries for 1863 and none later.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Anne Heath of Brookline was the intimate friend of Miss Dorothea Dix, and helped her in work for the soldiers.

## XV

### *Letters, 1852-1859*

In the autumn of 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee, Jr., went to Europe, leaving their children, Bessie, Hal, and Clara, under the care of Cousin Sally Gardner in the new brick house at Brookline.

In that year Uncle Harry had been interested in working with his brother-in-law, J. Elliot Cabot, on plans for an extension of the Union Building at 40 State Street, then the home of Lee & Higginson: Mr. Cabot's letters, full of delightful architectural detail, refer to Uncle Harry's collaboration in this and in the building of several houses, including his own: in notes written for his sons, Mr. Cabot says, "Your Uncle Harry was one of the proprietors of the Boston Theatre, and, when the builder got into difficulties with the design, got it turned over to your Uncle Edward and me, though he was himself largely concerned with the design."

In this year 1925 the Union Building has been sold by Lee, Higginson & Co., and we have bade good-bye to the passages and the small rooms and offices into which Uncle George or Uncle Harry would call us,—and later Henry—and George Lee's familiar desk in the passage from 40 to 44 State Street. In this year, also, the Boston Theatre is to be pulled down.

*Francis L. Lee at Westport to his sister,  
Harriet Morse, in Boston*

Stonysides, Feb. 5th, 1852.

Dear Hattie,

Your very pleasant letter has just arrived, and as I am just going to drive out and take Sharon to the village, I thought I would answer, if only briefly.

First, let me repeat our thanks to dear good Mother for the carpet, the pills, and the little box of dainties, which came last night just as the French baker's bread had given out, and which to Sally, at the present stage of convalescence, are delicious.

I reproached Sharon for bothering Mother about it, but she said she obeyed Mother's orders, so I have nothing to say but a thousand thanks.

Thank you, dear Hattie, for your kind welcome of the "little totty baby brother"<sup>1</sup>—tell Fanny that Mary and Frankie send their best love and many kisses to dear little Cousin Fanny, and want her to promise to come and see them next summer, and go and see the hens and pigs and lambs and doves and moo-cows with them, and Mary wants little Fanny to help her take care of her little flower-garden that her Father is going to make for her next summer. . . . Within a week we have had a plump foot of fresh snow, in addition to a very fair coating before, and the country looks beautifully, shrouded with it. The Lake has been a busy scene, covered with innumerable wood-sleds, and with travelers from the Vermont side. . . . I wish you could happen up, and look in upon Sarah. She is very comfortably established—the bay-window is turned into a small greenhouse, which adds to the comfort, and very much to the pleasant look.

Sarah is nicely and the baby thrives apace. The only trouble now is Sharon's cough, which she does not throw off as quickly as I hoped, but the pleasant days we are now having, and a drive every day, with one of Uncle's cough pills every night, will, I hope, finish it. I am exceedingly obliged to Uncle James for his note and the pills. The recipe I am very glad to have, for it is in-

<sup>1</sup> Francis Wilson Lee was born 18 January, 1852. Nurse Sharon, a quite remarkable Englishwoman, was a friend and nurse in many Boston families.

valuable, being an almost certain cure. I don't know that I shall not have a lot made up, and advertise them as the famous "Βίου ἀγγελος Pill," and make an everlasting fortune out of them. It would be a most Samaritan way of taking the needful out of the public. . . .

Have you seen Jenny Lind in the Square? I think of asking her up here next summer.<sup>1</sup>

Love to old Sam, and tell him to think of carrots and cauliflowers, and prepare for next summer.

Goodbye. I must close with best love from Sarah, Mary, Frankie, and *old* Frank to all.

Yr. afft. brother Frank.

*Henry Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Brookline, 12 Oct., 1852.

Dear H.,

I hand you with this a bundle containing letters.

To Thomas Thornely,<sup>2</sup> Liverpool; who will be in London on the meeting of Parliament. If desired by you,

<sup>1</sup> The famous Swedish singer was then in Boston, doubtless living at the Revere House on Bowdoin Square, the chief hotel at that time.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Thomas Thornely of Liverpool "was a member of Parliament, with close relations with the leading writers on finance and trade at a time when currency problems and the position of the Bank of England were quite as acute as the corresponding problems in the United States. He was a correspondent of Mr. Lee's through the period of the adoption of free trade by Great Britain and the passage of the Bank Restriction Act of 1844, measures that have profoundly influenced the course of English history, and, indirectly, of the world. Unfortunately, only a single letter from Mr. Lee has been found. Mr. Lee was long prominent in the discussion of currency and tariff questions which followed the wild-cat banking of the Jackson administration, and the 'tariff of abominations' of 1828."—*Lee-Thornely Letters, 1840-1847*, Proceedings Massachusetts Historical Society, June, 1920.



he can give you a few other introductions when he is in London. . . .

To Gilson, Ord & Co., Manchester.

To B. D. Colvin, London.

To Thomas Tooke, London, with a copy of the Cotton letters. . . . Mr. Tooke is President or Governor, as the chiefs of such institutions are sometimes called.<sup>1</sup> He was, some 25 years ago, partner of the house of Astell, Tooke, Thornton & Co., with whom Mr. Goodwin and myself acted as agents in some matters of business. He is much respected as a man, and was, while in mercantile life, one of the most distinguished persons in the profession.

The letters are all open and some of them contain my views of American stocks, and caution against purchasing them without seeking information concerning them among persons *who have no interest in deceiving them* as is the case among loan jobbers, etc., who speculate largely in stocks, or are employed in disposing of them to such as are foolish or credulous enough to confide in them.

If, during your stay in Europe, information is wanted in regard to the character and value of American money and securities, you can write for it. It is impossible, by any inquiries now made, to know what may be the worth of many kinds of stocks 2 or 3 months hence; or to obtain any accurate and reliable information of their existing value.

I have no doubt that many millions of railway bonds and bank shares will be at a great discount hereafter, and some of them worthless. Wherever is a road that pays a dividend over 5 or 6 or 7%, there will be parallel and

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Tooke, 1774-1858. English economist. A recognized authority on finance and banking. One of the earliest advocates of free trade. With Ricardo, Malthus, James Mill, and others, he founded the Political Economy Club in 1821. He was Governor of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation.



competing roads, and eventually a great portion of these investments will sink to a low point.

It would seem from the state of the money market and the enormous expansion of bank loans and bond issues, that our banks are in an unsafe position. The effect of this undue extension of credit and of bank paper is to make prices unnaturally high, and consequently to make this country the best market to sell in. Such being the case, we import too largely; always have a balance of payment against us which requires not only the shipment to Europe of all the gold we receive, but to add to our means of payment of that balance the funds of all the stocks, bonds, etc., that can be sold abroad.

Notwithstanding these resources, the foreign exchanges are tending against the country, which requires coin from the Banks, and should they lose a few millions of their coin, they would be forced to make a sudden contraction of their liabilities, which could not be done without disturbing the great trading interests. Sooner or later this hazardous game on the part of banks and of the business community must result in a revulsion, not so severe as that of 1837, but sufficiently so to cause much mischief and suffering.

A suspension from losses or delay of two months in arrivals of gold from California in the present state of the exchanges, and under excessive importations, as compared with last year, would strip the banks of New York of too much of their coin. In New England there is not over \$3,500,000 to \$4,000,000 to sustain the whole circulation, and in Western States the banks keep hardly any reserves of coin.

Such, it seems to me, are the dangers ahead, but there are counteracting causes in operation, or which may hereafter be in operation, that may postpone or prevent a recurrence of these revolutions in trade and money from which the country has so often suffered.

With my best wishes for the accomplishment of the objects held in view by yourself and your wife, on your voyage, I am

yours affectionately,

Henry Lee.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Brookline, October, 1852.

Clara and Bessie are really in rude health and spirits. Clara is playful all the time, and Bess is very pleasant. I was quite charmed when I gave Hal your paternal and maternal kiss that he immediately turned round and kissed your note—was not that very sweet? . . . Every fine day Clara has been out in state in her little wagon: today she was calling my attention to *Watch*, who was attending upon their walk [a black Newfoundland dog—our first dog-friend]. The faithful David Larcom brought him up from Beverly, and the children, one and all, Grandfather included, are delighted to have him here, and he seems well satisfied with his new situation. Elliot Cabot has gone to Westport, and Henry Bigelow<sup>1</sup> and wife are there now, I suppose, and Sarah will, I doubt not, be able to receive them all with her usual hospitality. . . . We have been much engaged in apple-gathering the past week, and I have become so much interested in the business as to remain out from two to four hours in the day sorting them out: we have now accomplished our sixty barrels for ourselves and friends—they are fine this year.

*J. Elliot Cabot to his sister, Mrs. Henry Lee, Jr.,  
in Europe*

Brookline, Nov. 11, 1852.

My dear Lizzie,

I have just got back from Frank's. I went up on

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, the distinguished surgeon, and Mrs. Bigelow, daughter of Captain William Sturgis.

the 15 of Oct. "for a week or so," and it has come nearer three.—You can imagine, better than I can tell you, what an unspeakably good time I have had. The country I found more beautiful than I expected. Then such an entirely delightful way of life they lead there, such as I had imagined, but never seen. I do not know how to analyze it, or to say how much was owing to the scenery, how much to the way of life, and how much to the *personnel*. I had never seen Mrs. Hunter, and you will know how much I was charmed with her. Then Mr. H. was uniformly well, and, therefore, uniformly agreeable, without any of the fits of the blues that I had heard periodically befell him. Sarah Lee I thought a very pleasant person before, but living in the house with her I had the opportunity of appreciating the great solid foundation of thoroughly hearty and healthy character that underlies her more obvious practical and social good qualities.

As for Frank, I thought I knew him pretty well before, but I very soon found I had undervalued both the depth and the breadth of his understanding, and I came to love more and more his great and magnanimous heart.—I have no criticism to make on his way of life, for I did not find any evil effects upon him; there is nothing morbid or contracted, and tho' one might wish he could have been developed more fully, and made the mark on the world that he might, yet take him as he is, how many men are there whose life on the whole one could call more successful than his? I can think of but very few. Very few men have ever come so near to me as he. I feel that thorough good understanding between us, that is so rare except between the nearest blood relations. . . . Then we had your friend Susan Bigelow for near two weeks, and Mary Parkman<sup>1</sup> with her husband

<sup>1</sup> Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Parkman.



*Colonel Francis V. Lee*





*Stonysides*  
Col. Francis L. Lee's house at Westport, N. Y.





for a few days at the end of my visit. S. B. and Frank kept up for the whole time they were within sight of each other, the most unremitting volleys of wit I ever witnessed. It was such a cut-and-thrust encounter as I have seen between two active and skilful fencers, never at a loss for a parry, never overlooking a loophole of advantage. For my part I sat in rather a stunned state among these incessant discharges, and with unbounded admiration for S. B.'s wonderful brilliancy, for she said good things enough in one day to set up a professed jester for a month.

Out of the house, at Westport, there is not much news to tell. Mr. Hunter's woods are fast disappearing, the upper side of his avenue nearly bare. . . . Did you go to Partridge Harbour and Rose Point, and the hill where they talked of building? . . . Then what a pretty site on the farm, next to Frank's. And still more beautiful, Barbour's Point, beyond the village. For my part I feel like an escaped lotus-eater, it seemed so right and reasonable to stay there forever. . . .

I find everybody well at Brookline. I went at once to your house and to Mrs. Lee's. The children were playing in the parlour, Hal endeavoring to make a fairy of himself, according to Bessie's directions, by standing unsupported on the arm of the sofa, which resulted, of course, in his tumbling headforemost to the floor, which, however, did not seem to affect him particularly, nor to hinder him from trying it at once again. As for Clara, she has made the most wonderful progress. I was really astonished to see how much she had grown since I left home. She has now that broad solid look that Hal has, and her skin looked as clear and rosy as any baby you will see in Old England. She is also making great progress in talking, and says "Clara Lee" in the most bewitching way. She called me by name at once, and

seemed to have a great many words. She evidently takes very kindly to Miss Gardner, and while I sat there, was stroking her cheeks and smoothing her hair in the most affectionate manner. . . . Bessy dined at our house today, and after dinner told me some long stories from *Slovenly Peter*.

In your dining-room, where I found Miss Gardner, the woodfire was burning cheerily, reminding me of Frank's. . . . Hugh was washing the windows, and everything looked well about the house. The Morses and George Higginson have moved into town, but the Lees remain some time yet. Your neighbour, Humphrey, is chosen to General Court this year, and I hope will have the matter of indiscriminate pig-pens impressed on his mind. . . .

I found the streets hung with mourning for Mr. Webster, and it has really been a genuine and very general grief, as it might well be, for in the dearth of great men, a great possibility is worth lamenting. . . . You are even less interested in politics than I, and so will not care much to hear that the Democratic President is elected, by a greater majority than any one since Monroe, and that Mr. Everett is Secretary of State for the rest of Mr. Webster's term. Mr. Hunter says Mr. Everett has a good chance to be president himself one of these days, but I cannot think that. . . .

Give my best love to Harry, and tell him that I found matters in good train at that great production, the Union Bank Building. The plastering is now nearly done, and they are at work joining the new building to the old. John Lee is evidently rather astonished at the rotunda of the rear staircase, and confided to me that if he had known it was going to make such an imposing appearance, he should have wanted to have it in front. . . .

My dear Lizzie, don't think it necessary to write such monstrous long letters as this, in answer. The more

the better, but I am rather fearing you may put off writing if you get it into your head that there must necessarily be so much of it. But if you will be a little methodical, and have a letter always on the stocks, adding from day to day, you will get one ready without much trouble. We want to know all about your surroundings, and you cannot be too minute.

Ever yours,

J. Elliot Cabot.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Dec. 6, 1852.

My dear Harry: We were somewhat disappointed at not getting letters last night by the steamer of the 20th at New York. I account for it in part from your not having recovered from the fatigues of the Duke's funeral, two days having hardly passed since that ceremony, and perhaps that you think once in two weeks enough for us, and so it will be, unless some important event occurs, or there is any particular cause of anxiety on your account.

. . . Your father saw Mr. and Mrs. Cabot at your house yesterday; they seemed in good spirits and to be enjoying their country life. As yet the weather has been fine. You will be surprised to hear that Col. Perkins went off to N. York yesterday, after having been to Lowell the day before. Mr. Cabot said that he even talked of going on to Washington.

Your father has not yet mustered courage to commence his journey to Philadelphia. Perhaps I must take part of the blame. The fact is he has a lingering cold hanging about him still, and he knows so little how to take care of himself that I am timid of his leaving home; he is so scandalized, however, at the idea of the Colonel being so much more adventurous than himself, that I think he will start off this next week. I found him looking after

his trunk this mg., and I shall make no opposition, certainly, only I would a little rather he would wait a few days, as Lizzie commenced a visit of a week to Sally today, and she will, I know, insist upon returning home when he goes.

. . . The children were all here on Thanksgiving Day, and were good. Bessie was with Miss Ames the other mg. when Abby came in, and Ames was giving a detailed account of the marriage of Margaret, our parlor girl. Bessie, engrossed with her dolls, appeared quite inattentive to their discourse, but bye and bye, when alone with Ames, she looked up and said, "Well, Miss Ames, I do not see that either you or I *can* be married." Ames asked why? when Bessie answered with great quickness, "Why, *you* are too old and *I* am too young." A. was greatly amused, and told us the story with great delight, saying she had been very entertaining all the morning.

You have heard from all quarters how old and knowing Clara grows and how finely she looks.

Hal is as usual alternating between his expressions of affection and growling when his will is opposed; the former has prevailed when with me of late. He has several times given me a most ardent hug, saying, "I do love you, Gramma."

Our party on Thanksgiving Day was not very brilliant. Sally and yr. children and Geo. and his were with us, and though each performed their parts well, we wanted you and Lizzie to complete the group. We shall do better at Christmas when Frank will be here. We expect them in a week. They had a most delightful time at the Lake when Sam and Mary Parkman, Sue Bigelow and Elliot all met there. The party were well assorted and acted upon each other, as you may suppose, to produce brilliant flashes of wit. Sarah, in speaking of it, says she did wish very much that Lizzie

had been with them. Mary Parkman seems charmed with the situation, the mode of living, the Host and Hostess, and above all, with Mrs. Hunter, for whom she has formed quite a friendship. She has invited her to make her a visit, saying Mrs. H. is one of the persons her husband could *tolerate* in that position. . . . In a letter addressed to Bennet Forbes in doggerel, she gives quite an amusing account of the party. Do let me say without further delay what will, I hope, prove a great affair for Lizzie if she pursues the Isle of Wight plan. Margaret Forbes and her sister Fanny<sup>1</sup> are to sail on the 20th for England. Mrs. Cary told Sally today, one of the brothers goes out with them. I hope Lizzie may wish and may be able to form some coalition that will be pleasant to her. If the climate is what we have heard, that will be favorable, and the quiet amusement of such a place better for her than the crowd of the City, I should think. . . .

Harriet was much pleased that your wife made her a participator in her *first* impressions, and fully realized the pleasure she shd. enjoy in being with you, but she has other business on hand just now; her boy is a very nice one, and has given and is giving as little trouble as possible. Harriet is remarkably well now, while quiet, and we have every reason to hope will gather strength to meet the exertion of the coming month; she has plenty of food for her little "Henry Lee,"<sup>2</sup> and will, I trust, continue to nurse him through the year.

<sup>1</sup> Sisters of Commodore Bennet Forbes, and Mr. John Murray Forbes, and cousins of Aunt Lizzie Lee.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Lee Morse was born November 18, 1852. Uncle Harry writes to my father from Ventnor, Isle of Wight, February 9, 1853: "Lizzie longs to see your little baby, who, if he resembles his papa inwardly, as Hattie says he does outwardly, will satisfy one of his uncles." (Uncle Harry was always satisfied.)

I have written many, many words, and expressed but few ideas and very little information. I shall not write often unless I can get a *nice pen with paper adapted to it*,<sup>1</sup> that I may be more legible and the task may be easier, but I wanted to answer your letter, my dear son, and sympathize with you in yr. anxieties and pleasures. This letter has been written at various times. I now close on Mon., 6th Dec.,—when we, including all the connections, are well—and with most aff'te love to L. and yourself, from yr. Mother

M. Lee.

You must write John Lee at once if you have not, or you will lose your character as a man of business. His daughter Rose makes her *début* at a ball at Mrs. John Amory Lowell's this week.

*Henry Lee Higginson to his Aunt Harriet Morse*

[Henry was always sure of her great sympathy in his interest in music—a portion of a long letter from Dresden, of December 10th, 1852, shows how strong was his interest and purpose when but just eighteen years old.]

There is a man of the name of Wagner who was the conductor or manager of the opera here before the Revolution of 1848, but, being very active in that, he was obliged to flee, or go to prison, and he is now in Paris. He has composed a number of operas, and lately they have played one of them here: it is very fine music indeed, though difficult to perform and to understand; but the libretto is very fine, and by the composer, too—a thing very rarely done, but which he always does; and I think I was never so much pleased—not pleased exactly—but so well satisfied with any opera, except "Don Giovanni," as with his "Tannhauser." He is a very

<sup>1</sup> Steel pens were just displacing the sympathetic goose-quill.



great favorite here, and his music is constantly played at the concerts, though they seem to know only one opera of his. . . .

I've not said a word of Beethoven's beautiful opera, "Fidelio," which I've seen twice now: it is a most exquisite piece of work, just like Beethoven—so quiet, so peaceful, so full of expression, so many beautiful chords, such harmony! There is no show, no spectacle, but it is far better, I think, for that than the more modern affairs fit only for kings. . . . I could write you for a week about what I've heard here, but that would be neither interesting, nor have I time. A few words about my own music and I have done. I have just begun to take lessons, and get along decently; but, after all, I'm merely beginning, and tho' it pleases me extremely to play, I believe it does no other person. . . . The only evil effect of all this music is that it has unstrung my nerves in a measure, and I sometimes get into a perfect fit because I cannot play what is in my head; that is, not what I've heard, but what is originated there, and tho' I do not mean to say that it is all good, yet I am very much given now to sitting down and playing just the ideas that come up before me. Of course, I cannot play nearly fast or well enough, and the bass part is very lame indeed. Don't imagine that it is any of it good, for it is not, but merely that it is something I like to do. . . . This German music is very much finer to me than the Italian, for, after all, there is little or no harmony, real good harmony, in the Italian when compared with German music; and the melody in the German, tho' it may not stand out so clearly, is yet there very beautiful, too, and it lasts much better than the Italian.

I've determined to know something of music when I return, and that it is in part which makes me uncomfortable.



I've heard no operas here except real solid ones of good masters, and whenever I go, I attend as if I had an elaborate critique to write on the orchestra, and sometimes on the different instruments in it, though of course not all, on each part and on the whole; in fact, about everything. The better I know the music, the more attention I pay, to hear the different instruments or parts, and to understand and see how it is done: all this, you may be assured, is very different from going merely to enjoy; and I must so manage that the studying part does not interfere with the pleasure; for then it might become disagreeable to me, and that would be too bad; but it will never be so.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Boston, 14th Dec'r, 1852.

My dear H.,

. . . You speak of not getting letters by two successive mails, and I fear it will often be so—When Frank is here, and I expect them today, he will write, I think, and Sally will remain faithful once a fortnight, having an understanding with Elliot for the intermediate week; but fr. me you must expect little and the girls insist upon it their letters are not worth sending across the Ocean—Harriet may, perhaps, recover from this delusion when she is again able to use her energies, but Lizzie will prove incorrigible on this point—She says people have various missions, hers is a *working* one—and if we all fulfil ours as well as she does that portion of hers (for I do not admit that that is all), we may have quiet consciences. . . . Mrs. Cabot was much pleased to hear of your Thanksgiving dinner—and so was I—it must be pleasant to recall the idea of these annual festivities when absent from the home fireside. Ours was more pleasant than usual

on one account, that your father was in a more cheerful state of mind than sometimes—Your children seem to be looking forward to Christmas with great animation—I hope their expectations will not be disappointed—Harriet and Sam, with *their children*, will be here unless she has some drawback—I have good accounts of your father as far as N. York, where he arrived in the day train at 1/2 past 4, and *wanting exercise*, walked up to Doct'r Stone's in the eve'ng and wrote me that night—this is well for a man of 3 score and ten.

I wish I could get some entertainment or incident for you, my dear children, but have little to draw upon—I *can* tell you that Aunt Lydia and Ellen took tea with us last eve'ng, were well and very pleasant—that Uncle James is in usual health, pursuing with his constant fidelity his usual train of usefulness—the Judge and wife unusually well, have been at church lately—and those in middle life are all going on in the same moderate course of life that you think so tedious, but whh. is the lot of nine-tenths of mankind. For our own immediate household I may say *well* emphatically—We expect to be *roused up* a little by Frank and his family, who usually have a few things to be done, you know—Lizzie came in from Brookline on Sat., having been a week with Sally—She would have stayed longer but for the calls upon her in town: she is busy in selecting her Christmas presents, has to do all of Harriet's shopping and Mary's in addition to our own. We do not at present think of any commission for you, unless you meet with children's books that you think more desirable than what we have here—those always come in use where there are so many of different ages and tastes to be supplied—do not think of getting these to us before your return, as the annual festivities for this year will have passed.

We hear of Henry [Higginson] very pleasantly es-

tablished at Dresden, where he hopes to be able to use his eyes sufficiently to get the German language into his head a little—I hope you may meet, but see little prospect of it. . . . Frank Jackson and wife were at John Amory Lowell's ball, and I think enjoyed it as much as people can who go once in a century—it was very brilliant, we hear—they have also dined at the Bigelows—quite elegant! Adieu, dear children,

From your affectionate mother

M. Lee.

26th December, 1852.

You will be pleased with the bookmark from Bessie—dear little honest Hal said he had cut a *peaked fence* out of paper for Mama, but Bessie seemed to doubt if that effort of his genius was sent. . . . Your children came in good health and spirits on Christmas Day, and I think they enjoyed themselves. Harriet and her children were here, and the baby, of course, was a new object of interest to the other children. He is a very fine little fellow. We are now listening to Thackeray's lectures with great pleasure—we have persuaded Sally to come in for tomorrow night. Frank [Lee] and his wife are enjoying themselves—they are as popular and as much attended to as they were two years since. Mary Parkman has asked them to come to her every Saturday night, and Anna Lodge invites them to a five o'clock dinner every Sunday.

*Henry Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Boston, Jan. 3, 1853.

Dear H.,

. . . Your first meeting with Mr. Tooke was discouraging, but the dinner with him must have been gratifying. His remarks on my works are very acceptable as I had rather have his approbation than the praises of a large majority of writers on the subjects therein discussed.

I am the more gratified because I am aware that some of my views are not in accordance with the opinions and doctrines which of late years have been put forth by Mr. Tooke, and which, as he admits, are somewhat at variance with his early ones. If, however, the book should be subject of further conversation, you could say that I have become convinced by a careful study of his last publication that I have fallen into errors similar to those committed by Mr. Jones Loyd (later Lord Overstone), and others of his opponents. I am further convinced that the task I undertook, so far as concerned questions of currency, credit and banking, was beyond my ability to deal competently with.

The paper and type would have been better had I contemplated going beyond a discussion upon cotton and its fabrics—say 200 pages. I have a copious Index which would have indicated, to those desirous of reading, the subjects most likely to interest them, but it has not been printed. I marked such pages as I supposed Mr. Tooke would confine his reading to, to save him the trouble of going through the work.

. . . I did not anticipate much benefit or pleasure to you from my letters, but as you may remain long in London and the vicinity you will, I hope, find the acquaintance of Mr. Thornely, Mr. McKillop, Messrs. Colvin, and Mr. Tooke more useful and more agreeable than I expected.

The English, tho' a friendly people, are destitute of that politeness which might be looked for in so highly civilized a nation; but as regards my experience in India I must acknowledge I have rec'd more acts of friendship and evidences of confidence in my principles and character than I ever looked for in my own country, and with a moderate fortune I would prefer that country to this had I been born and educated there. I can imagine

that there may be more happiness among the mass of our people, and less physical sufferings among the poorest portions than exist in Great Britain, arising, however, not from the form of our government, or from the administration of it, but from the cheapness and abundance of land and our separation from countries that can disturb us by wars.

We have, then, more *material prosperity*, but in literature, science, art, manners, and all the other elements of civilization we are far below England and most of the Continental nations.

Nor, from the nature of our institutions, which rest for support on the numerical and physical, rather than on the moral and intellectual strength of the nation for their existence and operation, is there any reason to anticipate an advance, at least for a long time to come, towards so high a state of civilization and refinement as prevails in England, France and Germany. It is not (as often contended), from the comparative poverty of the United States, that we are in so low a condition, for we have a larger [prosperity] than any country, save Great Britain, nor from our national infancy, for we are as old as our Saxon ancestors; and those who came here and laid the foundations of our national existence were, in many respects, better educated and certainly more high-minded in many respects, than most of the men who now take the lead among us in social and political life. In N. Y. City, claiming, and perhaps justly so, to be the most highly civilized one in the country, the circle of rank and fashion includes some 10,000 or more persons, the majority of whom, so far as one may judge from specimens seen, are not in anywise distinguished from the inferior orders except in the show of wealth.

In political life we have no persons of influence in this quarter who rise above the rank of demagogues. . . .

The better educated and more worthy portion of the party leaders have lost their position by the death of their idol, Mr. Webster, and some of them voted for Pierce, and I hope may support his administration, Pierce being, it is thought by many, the least mischievously disposed of the demagogues of either of the contending factions, though a very ordinary man in point of talents and acquirements for the station he is to fill.

In the matter of Colleges and Universities, as they are called, we number more than all Europe, and have armies of A.M.s, D.D.s and LL.D.s scattered through the country, but a moderate sized omnibus wd. hold (and comfortably) all who for 20 years can be ranked as having made valuable contributions to science and literature.

In those pursuits which make men wealthy we are behind no nation. Even in those branches of industry where we compete against low wages and superior amount of capital, we excel. For instance, in commerce and navigation and fisheries, Great Britain is in the rear of us—so in the most staple manufactures—except such portions as are managed by corporations. When we follow the Manchester and Yorkshire men in cotton and woollen manufactures, we shall not only supply ourselves with cotton, but be successful competitors in foreign markets. In woollen we can't do so well, because at present we don't produce  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the raw material, and prices are from 50 to 60% higher than are paid in Great Britain.

Iron, with aid of a few profitable years like the present, will probably succeed, not in Mass'ts or New England for want of ore and coal side by side, but in Pennsylvania, where cost of production is so much lower as to be a fair profit.

. . . The country at large is no doubt very prosperous. Still there are appearances all around, and especially in New York and Philadelphia (from whence I returned



a few days ago) which lead me to fear the foundations are laid for a money crisis, and a general disturbance of the concerns of the country.

Long continued profits, from 1843 to 1853, the effects in part of a rapid and excessive expansion of currency and credit, with attendant profit, and extravagance and indiscriminate confidence, have led to a spirit of speculation and gambling, as in the times which preceded the revulsions of 1818 to 1820—1834 to 1837-1839-40. Evidence of these premonitory symptoms of reactions and revulsions is strongly exhibited by enormous rise of real property in New York and Philadelphia, and in many other places.

1. The rents, enormous before, have doubled in some parts of these cities, wholly beyond the ordinary and natural profits of trade.

2. There has been a rise of almost all kinds of stocks, wholly disproportionate to the incomes they afford, or to the character of the investments.

3. The increase of bank capital, in many quarters, has been very great and there are now 200 banks at least that will be put in operation this year and fully as many more the ensuing one, if prior to that period the revulsion does not begin. These institutions are nearly all under the *freebanking system* commenced in New York some 15 years ago, and in its origin denounced by Gallatin as the "freebooting system." Their circulation is based wholly on Bonds and Mortgages, and State and Municipal Stocks—neither of them available in case of demand for redemption, and the former generally much overvalued or nearly worthless, as seen in many failures of these banks.

4. In the immense addition to railways undertaken mainly for enhancement of prices of lands and in the [absence of] any well-grounded expectation of revenue,



or even a saving of part or any of the money paid in for their subscription, on the plan and for purposes of the Ch. River Road, the intention is to rely mainly on sale of the Bonds, the holders of which are likely to have the road in payment of them when this falls due.

These Bonds must be sold in N. Y. City and with expectation of re-sale to Europeans who may be so confiding and credulous as to buy what no prudent and intelligent man here would think safe at any price. I have no cause to say much on this subject, but enclose a statement of railways—the facts it contains are probably near enough to be relied upon—I also enclose an Editorial from the Journal of Commerce, which contains remarks on currency, banking, and real estate, which are in concurrence with my views.

I have no doubt real estate will recede from the present inflated value to extent of thirty or forty million dollars in course of a year or two. Such a revulsion follow[ed] over-valuation of former periods, when from excess of credit speculation and prices were unduly enhanced. In 1833 Real Estate in N. Y. City stood at \$114,129,561; in 1836, at \$233,742,303. Suspension in 1837 followed by contraction of credit, and currency fell off to \$196,450,190. In 1842, with an addition of 70,000 to population and perhaps 10,000 buildings, it amounted to \$176,489,000. In 1850, with a population of 515,394, it was \$207,141,436 against \$233,742,303 in 1836, with a population of 350,000.

This sudden fall in prices of an artificially raised property ruined thousands of over-invested persons and persons to whom they were indebted. Such may [be] the case hereafter, though I don't look for so great a depreciation as then occurred.

I suppose letters will go by this steamer from the correspondents on domestic matters. I will say, how-

ever, lest such may not be the case, that on both sides of the house all are well.

. . . Were my chirography not too bad for any one to read I wd. write as often as I had matter that I tho't might be of use in any of your business concerns, tho' I know that Lee & Higginson are in frequent correspondence. . . .

With my affectionate regards to your wife and my respects to Mr. McKillop and Mr. Thornely and others for attending to you, I am yours affectionately

H. L.

The Bank [the Union Building at 40 State Street] looks well, and with rent of 8% on \$240,000, I shall consider its market-value \$300,000, and good investment at that valuation.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Boston, 9th January, 1853.

Sunday P. M.

. . . Well, after various little Custom House delays, the box reached me in perfectly good order, and everything just as it should be—Little Clara's pelisse is a beauty, and Hal's coat very appropriate and excellent for him, and the little letter in his pocket delighted his affectionate little heart. He brought it in to show me and told me his Mama wrote it all. But for Bessie, Miss Ames and I—benighted old women—“*did think* they might have got something more tasteful”—but fashion will make it go doubtless, and I dare say next winter half the children in town will be clad in like manner. [“This shaggy sack,” Grandmother calls it, and it must have been the forerunner of all our “shag-coats,” most comfortable for playing in the snow.]

Monday, 10th January.

Harriet came to tea last night, and was very bright, and insisted on walking home. Sarah, too, was very pleasant, and Frank was checked in his vituperations against our benighted village of Boston by one or two sly remarks in a satirical strain from Elliot Cabot, who favored us last night for the first time this winter.

Frank and Uncle Tom had a little skirmishing about "compost," etc., but both were on the whole more peaceful than usual, and we had a pleasant gathering.

Uncle Tom was pleased and astonished to see the number of sketches Elliot had taken of and from Frank's place at Westport.

*Henry Lee, Jr., to Henry Lee*

London, 22 February, 1853.

My dear Father,

I write to you to say that I have made an arrangement with the house I most confide in here, Baring Brothers & Co., perfectly satisfactory to me; whether there is much money to be made in the business I doubt, but I am sure no house will have the advantage over us, taking the reputation of the acceptors of the bills, the terms of our credit, and our own reputation all together.

Mr. Thomas Baring's illness has delayed their decision which was very much more advantageous than Mr. Bates allowed me to hope. . . . I hope mother is well. Yr. affectionate Son H.

*J. Elliot Cabot to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Boston, Mass.

March 22, 1853.

My dear Harry,

. . . You will have heard from John Lee that the rent roll of the Union Building amounts already to over

\$23,000, with several large rooms, and one or two small ones unlet, as well as the whole of the basement and attic. I daily receive compliments upon the building, especially upon the admirable *arrangement*, which, of course, I pocket with a modest smile, for "*de non apparentibus, et de non existentibus, eadem est ratio*," and if you should ever on your return endeavour to divert any portion of the credit to yourself, it will be received by the public with an indulgent shrug as a natural delusion on the part of the part owner of so successful a building.

March 27. I have got two new votes in favour of the Union Building; Mr. Edward Austin and Mr. Sohier (senior), both very decided approbation, which, coming from people who have minds of their own, and not over apt to follow the cry, I thought more valuable. . . .

And so good night.

Yours most truly,

J. Elliot Cabot.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Boston, 10th Ap., 1853.

Sunday P.M.

My dear Harry,

Yrs. of the 13th Mar. (to me), the 20th to yr. father, and one to Uncle Geo. reached us on the eve'ng of the 6th, and we left Lizzie's note to her mother at Mr. Cabot's door within an hour after receiving them. They were cheering letters, Lizzie evidently better than for some months before. On the 7th, which was Fast Day, your Father and I went out to Brookline to take the letters, and we took tea with Sally—the children were nicely. Clara grows quite tall and is as pretty and

pleasant as possible—Sally is exceedingly fond of her, perhaps we should say proud, were she the *real* mother, and the little creature returns it very sweetly.—Yesterday Sally, Bessie, and Hally came in for the day when various things were accomplished, such as bonnet and shoes for Bessie, cutting Hal's hair, and Sally hearing Wendell's lecture on Keats. . . .

The children were well, happy and good all day.—Frank and Sarah went to Salem on Tues., and Lizzie, Sam, and Harriet went down by invitation from Mrs. Lee [Cousin Harriet Rose Lee] to dine on Fast Day. F. dined with us yesterday on his way to Edw. Cabot's where he had been trying to go for a Sunday for a week or two, and he has a most delightful day today and will enjoy it very much.—He is quite charmed with their reception at John Lee's—they are very hospitable, and very *easy*—the true secret, I suppose, of making one's house agreeable.

Mrs. Hunter was with us occupying our *upper* chamber nearly a week, and we did enjoy her visit very much indeed. It is a real refreshment to see any one so frank and unsophisticated, and above all, so self forgetful and disinterested as Mrs. Hunter is; we wanted very much to prolong her visit, but she could not, and returned with Mr. H. to New York, where they wait the opening of the Lake as F. must here—Mr. Hunter is going to Michigan to look after some lands owned by some gentlemen here, and Frank will go with him—we are all very glad of this—he goes upon very pleasant terms; it will be particularly useful to his health and he and Mr. H. are always good friends. Mrs. Hunter and Sarah, of course, make one family during the absence of their husbands—I never have liked Mr. H. so well as on this visit—he has passed several hours alone with us at different times, and has shown more depth of feeling, and a higher tone

of sentiment, than I have before attributed to him—I have always been highly entertained by his conversation, but there is a freedom in that, that sometimes startles and alarms me. Lizzie has particularly enjoyed their visit for whh. I am very glad, for she certainly fulfills the duty (always a very arduous one) of a *single* woman in a most unexceptionable manner, and I am glad now and then to have some pleasure fall in her way, for she is slow to seek anything for herself—the opera, theatre, and concerts are the only amusement she ever voluntarily seeks. She is very well this spring—tomorrow we commence operations at Brookline. We have got a most unexceptionable man we hope and believe, recommended by the indefatigable Hoyt [Uncle Charles Jackson's faithful indoor man]. I hope he will prove as faithful, and think he will be rather more *polished* than Hoyt.

Your father is much advanced of last year in his planting, the weather so much warmer, and thinks he shall be ready to attend to your trees, shrubs, etc., as soon as they arrive. He is pleased to get them, but will speak for himself, I think, when they arrive. I must say good bye for the present, as Harriet will soon be here—I wish you and Lizzie could be conveyed to us for the eve'ng. Our party will be small tonight—not only Frank and Sarah gone, but also the numbers who came for their sakes.

. . . Mr. Peabody preached his farewell sermon yesterday.<sup>1</sup> We enjoy his preaching very much—he speaks to the understanding and conscience in plain, simple language. He is to sail this week.

Anna Mills is coming to read us some of Ellen's<sup>2</sup> let-

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Ephraim Peabody, the much-loved minister of King's Chapel.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Mrs. Edward Twisleton (Ellen Dwight), sister of Mrs. Charles Mills, Mrs. John Wells, Mrs. Samuel Parkman, Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot, and Mr. Edmund Dwight.

ters tomorrow and I expect great enjoyment from them; you know I am a perfect enthusiast about letters, and I hear hers are very interesting. . . . (Tuesday) Anna Mills, who has been today, and read us those charming animated letters, thinks you will certainly meet Ellen in Naples, where she is to be in April—I hope you will, for if she is as *sensible* and *simple* as she seems to be in writing, you and your wife must enjoy seeing her.

Brookline, 24 April, 1853.

My dear H.,

On Thursday, 21st, we moved out here, and the same day Frank and Sarah came up from Salem, and we had the satisfaction of seeing them comfortably started on their journey to the Lake before we left. The visit to Salem has been quite successful; great hospitality most cordially extended to them, and they quite disposed to receive it. . . . I again wish for the aid of some of these "spiritual mediums" so much talked of, through whom to communicate to you news of the health of your children, who are all in a fine state of preservation. Hal has been dining with us, and has just gone to walk with Elizabeth; Bessie declined going: she breakfasted here this morning, and yesterday passed the day at Mr. Cabot's, going at an early hour to breakfast.

Darling little Clara challenges "Ga'pa" whenever she sees him to "p'ay her," and yesterday had a famous frolic with him in the parlor—she afterward passed an hour "p'aying Ga'ma's Dolls," which she enjoyed exceedingly. . . . Hally is very affectionate, and quite an admirer of the beauties of the opening spring—were he not restricted, we should have but few violets left in the garden—we think this restraint should be enforced even for the sake of the flowers, and as a good precursor to what *must* be insisted upon by and by with regard to the fruit. Your father is much engaged about the place,



which looks very well: the Norways make quite a show, and nearly all the trees are doing and looking well—not yet out, of course, except the elm and maple blossoms. Father begs me to add that Hal is a most *honest* little thief, always acknowledging his misdeeds with frankness.

Sam and Harriet will be out about the second week in May—she has asked Harriet and Rose Lee to pass the next week with her, and we shall try to have them dine with us while there, as we have not yet made any *demonstration* to Saltonstall since the engagement [of Leverett Saltonstall to our lovely Cousin Rose Lee]. . . . Do give my most affectionate love to Lizzie, and tell her I earnestly hope she is well enough to enjoy something besides the beautiful climate of Italy.

In love, yr. afft. Mother

M. Lee.

15 May, 1853.

Thank you, my dear son, for your little note of the latest date, but do not feel that you must always write to me, as I do not feel neglected, and am satisfied to hear from others of your welfare.

It is only a week today since I wrote you quite a full letter, but, finding Sally is not writing by this mail, I have taken this small paper to say how well your children are.

Bessie is, I think, gaining flesh this spring and seems well. Hal holds his own and is quite happy in wandering round the place in search of flowers, and other *pretty* things, as he emphatically calls them: he came in the other day with a parcel of old cherry-stones which were split in two, so that he called them "little cups," and showed them with as much delight as the "diggers" do their gold-dust; and yesterday I heard him calling out

that he saw an "ear-drop," and asking if he might have one, when he appeared with a snowdrop in his hand. He has certainly an eye for the beautiful, and will, I suppose, hold the pencil of an artist at some future day—he develops slowly, but there is plenty of *material* in that great head of his, and he has a sweet, frank nature: your father is charmed with his ingenuousness and truth. The dear little Clara is in fine spirits all the time—trots off on her walk with a very independent step, and if we are any of us in sight on her return, wants to come in and "p'ay dolly," and this, of course, pleases us very much. . . . Our cherry-blossoms have given place to the pears, of whh. we have quite a show on both old and young trees, whh. have come forward famously—indeed, everything is thriving, and we only want the smoothing off whh. your practiced eye and experience would soon give without incurring any great additional expense, I think. This is the part in whh. your father fails more than in anything. In all *essentials* he succeeds, and I think you will find manifest improvement. . . .

This week Lucy Emerson is to be married in King's Chapel [to Cousin John Lowell, Grandmother's great-nephew], at whh. we shall, of course, be present. It is an eventful period in the Lowell family, Augustus having just engaged himself to Miss Kitty Lawrence—an event most pleasing, I presume, to all parties. Your uncles on both sides are very well now. The Doctor and wife were here last week: he, with all of us, had great anxiety about Charles Ware and others on that dreadful day of excitement [the Norwalk disaster]. . . . Great efforts are making to have more stringent laws, and to have them enforced, and I hope something will be effected, but it is rather difficult in this land of liberty. . . . With love to Lizzie, your affectionate Mother

M. Lee.

*J. Elliot Cabot to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Brookline, Mass.

May 22, 1853.

My dear Harry,

I am now in your debt two letters, one that gave a most full and satisfactory account of your Sorrento habitation and now that from Naples. To reply in order of your queries, I thought John Lee would post you up about the Union Building, though I do not know that there is much to say. John Lee told me that he had let one of the large rear banking rooms, and had a strong nibble for the other and only remaining one. That on Exchange Street is now occupied by the State Bank, while their room is repairing. John Lee let me have my own way generally, only one or two little details about paint I should have had different.

. . . As for John Forbes [whose house at Milton was then building], I think he might be induced to listen to reason, but Edward is too easy for him, and I fear it will not be so good as it ought. As to light trimmings on red brick, I can readily believe it would be admirable in a suburban place as, say, Cambridge, but that it should have the repose and breadth that you want in the country—that it should have any but a smart, civil, wide-awake, good-citizen look, I shall hardly believe 'til I see it. As to black bricks, I have thought of a good dodge, which is to use Minton tile, which can be had of the requisite size and shape, and, of course, pure and uniform black. [Then follows a page of beautiful architectural detail, and much about the Opera House, then building, and later called the Boston Theatre.<sup>1</sup> . . .] I think you will have got about enough of architecture by this time,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Edward Cabot was the architect, and in preparation had gone to Europe and seen and examined the chief opera houses, especially La Scala at Milan.

and I fear Lizzy may be so wanting in sympathy as to express some impatience.

Your Beverly commissions were already executed by your most provident cousin, Sally, and sister Elizabeth. I must break off here, being unexpectedly summoned to New York.

Yours ever,

J. E. C.

*Mrs. Lee to her daughter Harriet Morse, who was staying at Uncle Frank Lee's at Westport*

Monday, 13th June, 1853.

My dear H.,

Your very bright and pleasant letter reached us just as I think you intended it sh'd., while Lizzie and I were washing the breakfast things. It was just the account *I* expected, and we have only to hope you will gain enough while there to turn to some account when you get home. Liz. has been to Milton this P.M., taking with her Molly H., Bessie, and little Fan—they did not get home till after seven, but Fan was as bright as a bird and truly delighted to drink tea at our table where *she* thought grandmama had a very pleasant tea party. She counted us all round, Bessie helping her to number us according to age. She has had a very happy day. I let her take her nap early enough to allow her to dine at Lizzie's at one o'clock. She has been very good and you must have the mortification of hearing that she does not *pine* for her dear Mama and Papa. . . .

Your father sleeps by my side and I must say good night. He does miss you awfully, but sustains himself by his attentions to Fanny. We all miss you, but still are glad to have you away. Liz. is pretty well and takes her cares easier than I feared. I think Bess stands rather more in awe of her than of Sally. Do give my

love to Sarah. I am glad everything looks so charmingly, and hope Mrs. Hunter is with you by this time; to her my affectionate remembrance.

Yr. loving Mother,

M. Lee.

*Mrs. Lee to her daughters, Sarah Lee and Harriet  
Morse, at Westport*

Brookline, 26th June, 1853.

Sunday Eveng.

My dear children Lee and Morse,

Having decided that you will by this time begin to feel some impatience to hear from us, particularly my daughter Harriet, if still at the Lake, I take the pen, being a person of *quick parts and rapid execution*, to say that we are all in usual health, Fanny particularly rejoicing in this Autumnal weather, having been a little wilted by the heat while the glass was ranging from 75° to 95°. She, innocent child, does not know what makes the change, but shows the effect of it by increased appetite and spirits.—Lizzie, of course, mourns over it and insists that *all* her faculties are benumbed, but I think George Minot and his wife would not assent to that as a fact. They, with their two eldest daughters, have been here to tea and have just left—they were as usual very pleasant. They praised the roses (which have been very abundant and very beautiful, but are rapidly passing away) and trees sufficiently to satisfy us, and partook of our fruit, cherries, half ripe, and a most elegant dish of strawberries from George's new bed, which is eminently successful, and have made themselves very pleasant. . . . Lizzie went to church this morning; she has omitted it two weeks on account of her knees, and today we rode down and walked home, and I do not think she has suffered from the exertion, and she says

she shall go down to the concert tomorrow night, which I think is a crazy plan—however, she is a free woman. I feel easy upon the subject of knees, believing it decidedly to be neuralgia.

And now let me ask how my poor dear Sarah does—if she is not made quite sick by the crowd you have had this week—how you have managed I *cannot* conceive. I also want to know how Hattie, the baby, and all are, and when we are to expect you home. We get along nicely without you, and as you see avail ourselves of your absence to invite company, but still you will be received with *cordiality* when you do come. . . . From Sally we have had one charming letter from Niagara and a hurried note written while sailing through the Lake or River with the 1,000 Islands. She is in Burlington this night, I suppose—she has enjoyed a great deal on the whole.

Do let us hear, my dear children, all about you all, including dear Mrs. Hunter and Sarah Jackson, to whom my kind remembrance. Good night, Father sleeps and I must not keep him waiting.

Your afft. Mother,

M. Lee.

Do not you admire my elegant style and attention to the *Unities*, I believe, is the term?

*J. Elliot Cabot to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Boston, Mass.

September 6, 1853.

My dear Harry,

. . . I fear you will have thought me very remiss of late in writing, but the fact is I went to Frank's a fortnight ago with a letter in my pocket, that should have been mailed for you. From Frank's, I went with him into the woods, taking the stage for Baker's on the head waters of the Ausable, forty-odd miles west of



Westport, and thence a boat through the Saranac Lakes, and by a series of portages and connecting streams into Raquette River. The lakes are much like Lake George, and the river somewhat like the Illinois—winding sluggishly through rich bottom lands, densely wooded with swamp Maple, Elm, Beech, Birch, and Oak, with an endless variety of Cornels, Virburnums, etc., and interspersed with heavy Pine, Spruce, and Hemlock. Through most of it there has been no logging, and not even the choice sticks cut out. There are hundreds of square miles of literally unbroken forest, truly the forest primeval,—and this network of lakes and rivers extends from near Trenton Falls on the South to the neighbourhood of the Ogdensburg R. R. on the North, and from Baker's till near Lake Erie the other way. Much of it is not even marked into townships on the map, and it is uninhabited, except by the scattered, solitary log cabins of the half-hunters, half-lumberers dotted here and there through the forest. Going out from the settlements, we came to four of these in forty-two miles. The scenery is an endless variety of beautiful river woods, less mountainous than I had supposed (though it was rainy and cloudy much of the week we were out), and with nothing of the rocky character of the New Hampshire and eastern Maine rivers. We passed by the more mountainous part—the Indian Pass, Mount Marcy, etc. (whither Sarah Lee and party went), about ten miles off, intending to take them on our return, but Frank was taken ill with dysentery and we had to hurry back. Luckily I had medicines with me, which Sam<sup>1</sup> had given me in a little box years ago, and which happened to suit the case, so that he was nearly well when he reached home. They are all well at Westport, the children are looking remarkably well. . . . Frank has been cutting the grass on the Swale, and wished you were

<sup>1</sup> His brother, Dr. Samuel Cabot.



there to see what a transformation has been effected since you first saw it. He says you and Lizzy must come up next summer, and go out into the woods with him and Sarah. Ladies travel there (at least what are called such, though I saw none, and perhaps they would turn out to be robust backwoods women such as I saw a specimen of, a very pretty one, too, with Indian blood showing in her long black eyes, paddling in the stern of her husband's canoe, with a dead buck between them, filling the bottom of the boat with blood). But really there are no hardships about it if you go properly prepared. . . . You don't tell me whether I shall paper your drawing-room. The paper is here, and we could get it on before you come. I was at Hyslop<sup>1</sup> on Sunday—the children as well as ever. Hal will want some attention both from the legislative and the executive branches of the household—*betulæ oleum quant. suff.* in some shape will probably have to be exhibited when you arrive, but nothing out of the ordinary *boy* line. Clara is growing tall and is unspeakably bewitching. Bessie seems to me remarkably well. Have you given up sketching? I thought from Lizzy's accounts we should see something more of your talents in that line. Those you sent before were most acceptable.

Yours ever,

J. E. C.

*Henry Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Brookline, Sept. 19, 1853.

Dear H.,

I have refrained from writing principally from a belief that your numerous correspondents, who write every few days, had kept you fully informed on such matters as might be comprised in my letters, and partly from the illegibility of my letters, which I have often heard from

<sup>1</sup> Grandfather's Brookline house.

correspondents cost more labor to decipher than they are worth.<sup>1</sup> Again, they might have drawn from you replies requiring time already sufficiently occupied in answering other correspondents.

In a late letter you ask what has been done with the seeds. I believe your mother has written on that subject and the state of the shrubs and trees from statements derived from me. Your uncles expressed pleasure at your attention, but having completed planting they reserved their portion for next season.

. . . The Norway spruces have all perished, but we have enough to supply all our wants, which must be transferred from various places to the unplanted ground. They have grown beyond expectations. I have already transplanted about 40 to north boundary with entire success, and we must move as many more in the spring. They were taken chiefly from east and west side of the avenue. The mahonias, oaks, arbor vitæ and other valuable shrubs and trees have done pretty well, and enough will be saved to compensate for expenses incurred.

Our trees have been favored by the season; oaks, maples, ashes, tulips, have grown from 3 to 5 feet, and all in the ground seem very healthy, as do the *pear trees*, about 25 of which are in bearing. *Apple-crop none*; not 20 barrels of sound ones on the place. That fruit is done in this quarter, and I fear potatoes must also be given up—all rotten in this quarter, save late ones, which I hope may be saved. Hay crop moderate, but prices will range from \$22 to \$25 thro' 1854; all articles of food, 20% on average in advance of last year, and fuel as much.

All building materials and mechanics' wages have

<sup>1</sup> It was said that at 40 State Street Grandfather's letters were occasionally pinned on the wall so that one might decipher them by a quick glance in walking toward them.

risen 10 to 20%, and Haynes [the Brookline carpenter] and others say your house and the Union Bank could not now be done at less than 15 to 20% above what we paid. *Rents* for houses have advanced within 3 or 4 months, and stores in vicinity of State Street have been sold at 10 to 20% advance over what they sold for within 12 months.

. . . The growth of Boston, etc., has much to do with this rise of prices, but an increase of precious metals and increased issues of paper money consequent upon increase of coin, the basis of circulation, may have had its effect. The writers on the gold question *nearly all* assume that a continuance of California, Australian, Russian supplies must soon begin to affect general prices. I hope you will ask Mr. Tooke what he thinks, if you see him on your return to England.

I hope the Union Bank Building may never go from those who are soon to possess it. Since in any event it is, I think, safe from the danger of depreciation; and where there is so much property to pass into many hands who require it, I think real estate is very desirable. Summer Street will soon be occupied with stores and so will even Bedford Place, and land has, on that anticipation, advanced in value. No more buildings East of Washington Street will be built, save for poorer people, chiefly foreign emigrants, and all West of that is now occupied.

Those who want houses must go on the North or in the vicinity of Boston, the most desirable part of which is Brookline. Sears has but 70 acres unsold.—100 gone to his children and occupied by them. The Lawrence purchase is now about being covered with houses by the Lawrences, who offer to rent them at 6% on cost.<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> The Sears and Lawrence estates form a great part of the present Longwood.

Back Bay may accommodate 1,000 houses, but the land when filled up years hence will be high, and the situations liable to many objections. South Boston is filled with a disagreeable population, and Roxbury is a dirty, inconvenient suburb from which quiet people are moving.

I think the Lee Farm at Chestnut Hill, if laid out well and sold on favorable conditions, as to buildings, etc., will, in a few years, be wanted at good prices, for there is hardly any land in Brookline so well situated that can be had under \$500 to \$1,000 per acre. It requires more time to bring it to market than J. C. Lee could devote to it, but you may have leisure.

The country at large is prosperous, and can't be otherwise, in the failure of crops [in Europe] and wars among European powers. But I can't believe that the enormous expansion of business, especially in N. York, and the dangerous investment in railways can proceed much longer without a reaction that will ruin classes of men, tho' the nation will go on prospering as during and after the crisis of 1837, which was not overcome till 1842.

There are those, however, of influence who say, "no matter how much money (capital) is transferred from Boston, N. Y., etc., where only money is loaned to other states, *so long as it is expended in this country*," and they took the same grounds prior to the breakdown in 1837, which they attributed to Gen. Jackson's measures and the want of a National Bank. But there is one thing peculiar to this country, namely, that our material sources of prosperity are so much greater than in any other nation that we sooner recover from the injurious effects of imprudence, extravagance, etc., than is usually anticipated, but at the same time individuals who are exposed to the effects of such monetary and commercial derangements are hopelessly ruined. I don't, in any event, anticipate so disastrous a time as in 1837. . . .

As to commercial debts, fortunately our merchants are not allowed to incur them as prior to 1837. This active demand for money, and high rates of interest, will induce shrewd men who mean to get the *market value* for it to keep their capital in notes receivable, and thus your concern, acting as agent for many of this class of lenders, will have a good field to work in. . . .

At present you have few competitors, save those who are stock jobbers and not brokers, and have not the confidence of those who know them. I hardly know 5 persons with whom one wd. feel easy to go abroad for a year and leave to them the management of \$100,000. . . . It seems to me that your associates possess the confidence of their employers to an extent which guarantees them large and profitable business. . . .

I consider the vocation of a broker as exposed to immense temptations which few, as experience has shown, of the most able ones have been able to withstand. The *failures* of many showed such to have been the case, and the sudden and great success of others have shown it as clearly. . . . There is such a want of trustworthy men in management of money matters, that there will be a demand for their services.

I think, therefore, you will, one day or other, have orders from abroad to buy stocks, and money to invest, as in the case of the British Admiral, one of L. & H.'s constituents, and multitudes in this town and vicinity who will be willing to rely on you.

The account of your reception at the Political Economy Club and their proceedings gave me great pleasure. My familiarity with the writings of many of its members, and with the characters borne by some of them, has created a personal interest in their favor which is increased by their treatment of you. A longer stay in London might have given further opportunity of seeing and hearing them.

It required more courage than I possess to think of speaking on subjects discussed in such an assembly of accomplished and eminent writers. To their works and to those who preceded them, going back to Adam Smith, the world is indebted for the subversion of the most stupendous system of absurd and dishonest measures that ever existed in an enlightened community, and to the complete establishment of sounder ones, at least in Great Britain.

The efforts of the League wd. have been of no avail had not the foundations of the restrictive policy been undermined by such theoretical and practical writers as are well represented in the Pol. Econ. Club—and had that combination of men never existed who were on the wrong side most of them till they were secure from foreign competition—Cobden, who was paid for his labors, and Bright, who wanted a reduction here on his cotton goods, carpets, etc.,—the triumph of free trade would not have been retarded. There was, long before the League, a small body in Parliament who took up the question when not more than 30, 40 or 50 votes could be had, and they never ceased their labors.

Villiers, now in the ministry, was the leader in the Commons and Thorneley, his colleague, aided him, not so much by his speeches as on committees, where he was an efficient person. Lord Clarendon (another Villiers), and Lord Howick,<sup>1</sup> were also influential, and deserve to be ranked far above any members of the League, for they stood up for a cause which lessened their incomes, while the Manchester men had stimulus of gain from their success.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Howick, 1802-1894, son of Earl Grey, Prime Minister at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832, whom he succeeded as Lord Grey in 1845. He became Colonial Secretary in 1846, under Lord John Russell, and was the first to introduce free trade into the relations of the colonies with Great Britain and Ireland.



Mr. Tooke's letter was a cordial to me. The approval of what I wrote, however qualified it may have been, of such a man is high reward for my labor! the more as it is the only one I have rec'd, save from the criticisms of Mr. Biddle, the ablest writer we have now Gallatin is gone. . . .

You will see Mr. Tooke in London, and will not, I hope, omit to thank him for his letter, which I have not answered because his politeness might induce him to continue a correspondence which at his age, and with his employments, wd., no doubt, be burdensome. With my affectionate regards to your wife, and my respectful compliments to Mr. Thornely, Mr. McKillop, Messrs. Colvin, and others of my correspondents, I am

Yours affectionately,

H. Lee.

Your children are very well. Some diseases of the season prevalent, but slight. Seldom have 3 children been so free from interruption to health as yours for a year, and much credit is due, and has been given by you to Sally Gardner—your mother and mother's adviser [Aunt Lizzie], being rightly included.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Brookline, 2d October, 1853.

My dear Harry,

Yesterday Henry Higginson arrived, . . . he looks very well and appears pleasantly . . . of one thing I feel quite sure, that his presence at home will be a *positive* good to his father, who does not only want his companionship, but considers his influence at home very important; and while George has so much care and responsibility upon him, I am very glad to have some one to share it with him. I believe I have told you that



Jemmie entered college very well, and he is more happy there than any *freshman* I have ever known.

He is a fine boy, and I think his mother showed her usual discrimination when she said he had the best *intellect* of any of her children; not so much judgment, perhaps, as Henry, but greater variety. But I think he may give more anxiety than the others; he is extremely self-willed and will not brook opposition: bold and daring in his character. But as he has a perfect knowledge and appreciation of right and wrong, we may hope he will act upon his knowledge.

Monday, 3rd October, 1853.

I have two letters of yours since I wrote you. Yes, my son, you were certainly remembered by me most tenderly on your birthday [2d September], and I earnestly wished you were here to receive the affectionate and friendly greeting of your family and friends. . . . Even the reflections which so naturally arise upon the return of our birthdays, at our own shortcomings and mistakes, should not be too severely dwelt upon. Your Uncle Charles once said, by way of comfort to me when I was expressing the self-dissatisfaction I have suffered from all my life:

“My dear, you ought not to *indulge* this feeling: you always *intend* to do what is right, and you should be satisfied with yourself.” Now, although I cannot fully apply this comforting unction to my soul upon this morning, my seventieth birthday, I could wish you might cherish such a feeling, and not dwell with so much self-accusation on the past, or distrust of the future. I can tell you from my own experience (and your nature is in some respects like mine) that the indulgence of this morbid self-examination serves to unfit us for exertion by checking the cheerful feelings for ourselves and others which should always be cherished.

But I have said enough, and more than enough. I did not mean to answer your letter, and was involuntarily led into doing so, perhaps, from the fact of this being my own birthday.

This letter will find you in London, where I hope you will find good weather. . . . Your father hopes very much that you will see Mr. Tooke and other gentlemen. . . . In her last letter Lizzie says she looks forward with pleasant anticipations to the *cleanliness* she shall find in England. I suppose she will be with Mrs. Follen [Eliza Lee Follen, sister of Mr. Samuel Cabot] and Charles, and I cannot help hoping that being with them and enjoying the comforts of an English home will make her last month of absence pass more comfortably and cheerfully than the preceding. Sally has given you the pleasant details of Bessie's party, which I should think was quite successful. Bessie is now quite engrossed by Ellen Cary, and is at Grandpapa Perkins's almost daily.

Hally came in with his most pleasant expression this morning to give and receive congratulations on *our* birthday. He was much delighted at a present Lizzie gave him, and a book from me. . . . Clara favored me, too, this morning with a little visit: she is in fine condition. . . .

Sally Cary is going up to Westport this week for a visit to Frank and Sarah, and we hear Mrs. Cary is going for a few days. Frank has lately been at the Agricultural Shows, and the Annual State Fair of New York, whh. interest him very much. Lizzie and I go into town tomorrow to pack a small box for Westport. Goodnight, my dear son, with love to our dear Lizzie from us all, I remain

Your affectionate Mother,

M. Lee.

*Henry Lee, Jr., to Henry Lee*

London, October 7, 1853.

My dear Father:

Your letter of the 19 of September I received a few days since. I was sorry that the mortality was so great among the trees sent home. It was the neglect of the nursery man partly. The plantations seem to have flourished well. The soil is good and your care has been great. I hope that next year the apples will recover. Perhaps a new orchard on the upper field would do better, or special manures may restore our land.

I am rejoiced to hear of such large sales of factory stock and your satisfaction with the Union Building, a subject upon which I have had great anxiety and pleasant labor. In fact it has interested me more than almost anything. I called upon Mr. Tooke, read him the parts of your letter which refer to him or to the subjects common to you; he was gratified and gave me a pamphlet issued by his brother, I believe, with his petition and some other documents in the early history of free trade, and on the subject of gold he referred me to a pamphlet written by a *protégé* of his, Mr. Newmarch, which I have not been able to procure here, but shall from Paris. You see Louis Napoleon is introducing free trade just as Sir Robert did here, and our ample resources will force us to this policy.

I called also at once on Messrs. Colvin, McKillop, Malcolmson, and Maris, and I hope for, perhaps, a letter or two from them, to introduce me to some man who has a plethora of gold, but I do not expect any success in this now. Our connection with the Barings has been strengthened by a voluntary remission of one-half their commission, and I feel sure we shall make a good business of it in the end. Mr. McKillop has not yet got

through his tedious lawsuit. He and the Messrs. Colvin asked about you, as did Maris. I gave your regards to them all. . . .

Your affectionate son,

H.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Brookline, 30th October, 1853.

My dear H.,

Sally and I having thought a letter written at this late hour to meet you at Halifax would be most welcome to you and your wife, have decided to write a few lines just to say that all are well, and that you will find your children, and indeed all in your immediate circle, as well as when you left home. . . . The weather was *very* fine with us yesterday: one of those clear, beautiful autumnal days which we have at this season. I cannot but hope that it extended across the ocean, and that you embarked under such good auspices. . . . I was interrupted by the sunset, and in a few minutes George and all his children came in; and bye and bye Sally and Elliot Cabot and Bessie, making fourteen at our Sunday tea; and in the evening, neighbour Barnet and wife. Elliot has just returned from Westport: he and Mrs. Cary and Sally (Cary) have been there, all enjoying themselves, Mrs. Cary as much as any of them. It is a rare qualification for any one to have such fascination as Sarah. . . . We have had a most charming sermon from our good Mr. Peabody today on his return: it was full of feeling, good sense, and good sentiment and expression in his own natural, simple, unaffected language. I did wish you had happened to cross with him, and also that you had listened to this sermon. . . .

In the hope of soon seeing you, I remain

Your affectionate Mother.

In August, 1854, Grandmother writes to Uncle Harry to tell him of Aunt Lizzie's engagement to Dr. Charles E. Ware. She tells him of its being an attachment of long standing on Uncle Charles's part, and then says, "For ourselves, your father and myself, we rejoice in this change of feeling [on Aunt Lizzie's part], though we have refrained from exerting *any* influence. We not only feel relieved from all anxiety as to her future happiness, but also think her remarkably well qualified to fulfil the new cares which will gather around her.

"So full of good sense, activity, and judgment, she cannot fail to meet these duties with dignity and propriety. We are particularly gratified to have a man of so much good sense, cultivation, and interesting qualities enter our family circle."

*Mrs. Lee to Mrs. Henry Lee, Jr.*

Oct. 5th, 1857.

I must thank you, my dear children, for the very appropriate and charming gifts I received from you and your children on Saturday.

You, dear Lizzie, sometimes wonder that *I can remember* the birthdays of my children and grandchildren, and I certainly may wonder that *you* should have selected so exactly what I should most value.

Harry's photograph is invaluable, and I thank you very much, my dear son, for having remembered my request to have it.

Will you tell Bessie and Clara that I was very glad they remembered grandmama's birthday, and that I shall value their gifts very much; the shells came very safely in the pretty glove box.

Grandfather immediately pronounced Bessie's sketch a view of Mr. Forbes's house [Mr. R. B. Forbes built the first house on Masconomo Hill]; and I thought that



*Mrs Ware*



*Dr. Charles Eliot Ware*





great praise, as he is not familiar with the view and we were both very much pleased that dear little Bess could do so well. Hally has had a pleasant visit, I think, and has commended himself to his friends by his simple, pleasant manners. I do not know if he enjoyed the dinner particularly, but Uncle James and Aunt Sally were pleased to have him there, and he will remember it in the future, I think, with interest, when he learns why his uncle was held in such respect and love.

I have been prevented writing till the last moment, and it must be my apology for this hasty scrawl.

We have gathered the seckel pears today—about five bushels. I will put a few in Hally's bag, plucked from the *new trees on your side*, and will you say if we shall send you down some now or keep them till you come *home*.

Goodnight, my dear children, and in the hope you will have good sleep tonight

I remain yr. afft. mother,

M. Lee.

*Mrs. Lee to Henry Lee, Jr.*

Brookline, 21st June, 1859.

My dear Harry,

We received your note and the boxes last evening and were most happy to find that the fruit reached you in such good order and was so fully appreciated by your household. Let me say at once, lest I should forget it, that you need not feel in such haste to return the boxes, as we have a great many of them and do not require it; if you will send them to our house when convenient to you we shall always get them in season, as we have so frequent communication there. . . .

Your father desires me to say that Michael has attended to your directions and shall be reminded in future.

Father is glad of the paper; it is a great resource in this dull weather—however, we make quite too much complaint about dull weather; this is only the second day, and today we had a pleasant ride to refresh us.

Sunday the weather was bright and we had a pleasant circle round our tea table, including George Lee and his wife from Chestnut Hill, and Uncle Tom and wife came in the evening to say good bye to Sally, who has gone in this unpromising weather. She will reach Conway tonight.

Do tell dear Lizzy I hope she had no doubt of our receiving Hal as our guest, when the time came for Mrs. Cabot to go to Beverly. I have told Hal so—he came here this morning, having been down to school and found the doors fastened and no school.

I shall expect him as our inmate tomorrow night and hope the little fellow will be content, but it will be dull for him while we are alone. . . .

Ask your little Dairymaid if I may depend upon her for my winter supply of butter? and tell her I am very glad to hear of her success in this her first attempt.

Our grass and trees have grown, as you suppose, most abundantly, the grass quite ready to cut as soon as the sun comes out—ten days earlier than last year.

As for Sally, she deserves all praise for what she did and what she omitted to do about the golden wedding. She received my idea just as I wished her to and fully realized that your father would be excessively annoyed, and I far from pleased were we called upon to have any *celebration* upon the occasion, and as some of you had said so much about the matter, I was a little jealous of your knowing the day even. She has told Lizzy something about it, I believe, in her note, but probably did not say how entirely she took us by surprise when we came to breakfast, to find it so charmingly arranged (and

*The Namesakes*



*Mary Lee Higginson*



*Mary Lee*



*Mary Lee Morse*



*Mary Lee Ware*



my two little namesakes<sup>1</sup> seated) with flowers and gifts from my dear, good sympathizing children, who are always ready to evince their sympathy and respect, and in this case, from the same feeling, willing to forbear. We certainly had a very pleasant day and enjoyed Sally's very judicious and tasteful arrangements exceedingly, but you and Frank and Lizzy were not forgotten, I assure you, and I was only reconciled to your absence by thinking you would have wanted us to do *more* had you been here, and we *could not*. As it was, your father was taken so by surprise he had no time for any nervous excitement, and he was very *good* all day—and I think I may add, very happy, only that he says it is horrid to be so *old* and to be obliged to own up to it, too—you will realize that part of it when your turn comes, and Lizzy, I have no doubt, even now sympathizes with us in our horror of celebrations when we are to be the objects. You each had your representative, and the little pet, Mary Ware, seemed to realize that she had something to do, and was charming. Your offering united taste with usefulness, and instead of scolding at you as you do at me, I shall thank you for it and receive it with a mother's love to you both

from your afft. M. Lee.

I have, as I used to do when you were absent, covered a deal of paper with a great many words instead of saying concisely and in your neat handwriting what I had to say—but remember I am 75 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ , as the children say, and you must excuse my garrulity. We had a pleasant day at Concord, and Mrs. Ripley desired much love to you and Frank.

Defer reading till you are at home, it is too much for a man of business to read.

<sup>1</sup> Mary Lee Morse and Mary Lee Ware.

On the first of June, 1860, Grandmother died. "There never was such a Grandmother," her grandson Henry Higginson wrote from Europe to my Mother, "and there will not be soon again. . . . Your children have lost this sunshiny, thoughtful, sympathizing grandmother, who has done so much for us. I used sometimes to wonder that Grandmother could even understand many of our whims and notions, not existing in her day and often too absurd to be tolerated at all. Yet she comprehended them, sympathized with them, and then merely said, 'One of these days you'll change your mind and not think so'; and we went away thinking dear Grandmother a little absurd, at least old fashioned, and waked up one day to find her wisdom staring us in the face."

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I see you there, consoling, patient, kind,  
To faults forgiving, and to follies blind;  
I watch you there, through busy works and days,  
Unmoved by thanklessness, unspoiled by praise;  
Most happy when most silent and unseen,  
Yet in the world sagacious and serene,  
And winning the beholder to confess  
The conquering charm of self-forgetfulness.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> To C. W. P., by Francis Greenwood Peabody.

## XVI

### HOME DOINGS

Pleasures like these the gods grant not to last,  
But even the gods touch not a pleasure past.

*J. J. P.*

During all the next years, the sixties, the cousins at Brookline and Chestnut Hill were meeting often, either at Grandfather's place, at the Old Oak in Pierce's Lane on the way to Chestnut Hill, or at the Cabots' place between, where Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cabot (Uncle Edward and Aunt Martha) and their children were then living in Colonel Perkins' old house, built in the style of West Indian houses, with verandas on two storeys. Colonel Thomas Handasyd Perkins was easily "first citizen" of Boston in the early nineteenth century. On his large place in Brookline, extending from Heath Street along Warren to Clyde Street, beside his own house he had built Fernwood for his daughter, Mrs. William H. Gardiner, whose children and grandchildren lived there until recently, and a house, nearer his own, for his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Cabot (Bessie and Hal's grandmother), who was then living there. It is the same place, though a different house, that Cousin Bessie and Cousin Fred Shattuck now make delightful to their children, their grandchildren, and their friends. The Elliot Cabot house was built at the time of Cousin Elliot's marriage.

On the old Perkins place were the greenhouses, in themselves an earthly paradise, and the large garden, and a number of small buildings, the pagoda-like hen-house, the "college," the big barn where we watched the threshing on the floor, and the stone Lookout, from



which we could see down the harbor, and where saxifrage and golden moss grew. Bounding the place on two sides was a belt of lofty hemlocks, which by some transference of meaning we called "the shrubbery."

My first Chestnut Hill memory is of Uncle Frank taking Mary and me up to the old place which was a part of what had belonged to Uncle Joe Lee and which now was Uncle Frank's—all that I recall was the cellar of a house that had been burned down and the little green-house. Next—without a break as it were—the dear Chestnut Hill house was there and the life which was so happy and animated for elders and youngsters alike.

We can none of us fully tell you of all that happy activity. To Harry, Mary, and me "to spend Sunday at Chestnut Hill" was perfect happiness.

I suppose the knoll remains, on the left as you approached the house. Uncle Frank used to encourage the growth of pretty wild things there, I think. I know he let us try—not very successfully—to transplant hepaticas to grow there.

As you entered by the porch, the parlor was on the left, the den to the right. Behind the parlor the dining-room, opening by a long window on to the stoop. I think all the woodwork was chestnut—at all events it was very pretty woodwork and had a new character of its own, for woods were being used with their natural color and grain, instead of being painted. There was the fireplace against the wall which separated parlor and dining-room. The bronze Diana was on the mantel-piece, and always slender bronze vases usually holding andromeda (cassandra), picked by Uncle Frank in early winter, which blossomed with lovely little waxen bells in March. The sofa—green—was against the wall to the right and above it hung Leslie's "May Queen,"

and I think there was another picture of his, "The Church Porch," over the fireplace. There were always plants, and Uncle Frank worked over them and coaxed them and arranged them so delightfully. There was a beautiful small-flowered, deep-colored fuchsia which we always accounted Mary Lee's, because the picture, painted by Mrs. Marquand,<sup>1</sup> which Uncle Frank gave Aunt Sarah when Mary was born, was just such a fuchsia. I wish I could remember each of the flowers painted by Mrs. Marquand, for we associated each with the child it belonged to. Alice's was, I think, a lily of the valley, and Anne's were the lovely columbine and wild violets that grow at the Lake; Robbie's the blue periwinkle.

Upstairs there was Aunt Sarah and Uncle Frank's room over the parlor—the nursery over the dining-room, with a little slip of a room off from it which was Frank's—Aunt Sarah's pretty dressing-room over the entry and overlooking the porch—Mary's room opening from it on the east side, over the den. Both that room and I think Aunt Sarah's dressing-room had a trellised paper with grapevine foliage and trellised blue sky on the ceiling, which was deeply interesting, but the Bird-room, with its many-colored birds on the walls, was the nicest room of all. Mary and I often passed the night there, and it is in the Bird-room that I remember so many happy wakings in the morning—the deliciously fresh tingle of the snowy air, and the country sounds. To this day a clear starlit night in winter with the snow on the ground and the smell of winter in the air—or an early dawn and cock-crowings—bring back the Bird-room at Chestnut Hill where Mary and I slept together—a wakeful and talkative little pair till, in the depths of the night as it seemed, Uncle Frank would look in on us and tell

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Marquand was Margaret Curson, daughter of Grandmother's friend, Peggy Searle.

us to go to sleep. He kept up always a sort of patrol at night, and especially if any child were ailing he was wonderfully kind and tender—a sort of surprise to the children, sometimes conscious in the day time of being in the wrong place.

Aunt Sarah's sister and her husband, Mr. Guy Hunter, a retired army officer, were often at Uncle Frank's at Chestnut Hill before they built the brick house, where the dear Frank Lee household lives. Aunt Lizzie Hunter by the fireside in the evening, with a child on her lap, would repeat poems to us and tell us stories, and I can still hear in her voice the story from *The Antiquary*, of Isabella Wardour being carried up the face of the cliff in the storm. If a child were not well, the comfort of her voice, and the clasp of her great warm hand,—“that most comfortable hand which led me through the uneven land,”—made all things right and safe and happy.

The centre of play was a variable one. Sometimes it was the Pulsifer orchard, sometimes Cousin John Lowell's<sup>1</sup> barn, with Olivia and Johnny, and wonderful

<sup>1</sup> Cousin John and Cousin Lucy Lowell were a great part of life at Chestnut Hill. In March, 1865, Cousin John was appointed by President Lincoln Judge of the U. S. District Court of Massachusetts, the same position to which his great-grandfather, Judge John Lowell, had been appointed by President Washington in 1789.

The Reverend Howard N. Brown in *The Brookline First Parish in My Time*, says of him: “—And John Lowell: ‘O wise and upright judge, how I do honor thee!’ It has been my privilege to know with some degree of intimacy several men who have been eminent in our state and national courts. Among them all, it seems to me, John Lowell came nearest to being the ideal judge. His learning in the law I am not competent to measure. But I am perfectly sure that, without reference to the precedent of any past decision, he could have decided right, on any issue brought before him, out of his own keen intelligence and his strong sense of justice. Being small of stature and possessing few of the superficial arts and graces which most conduce to popularity, he did not greatly dazzle the eyes of the groundlings. But in any society

jumps from the upper hay-mow on to piles of hay: sometimes the shores of Hammond's Pond where pitcher-plants, arrow-head and pickerel-weed grew in the warm, rich sphagnum moss. It was at Chestnut Hill, too, that we coasted on Uncle Frank's Canadian toboggan from Mr. Daniel Curtis's house at the top of the hill, down past Cousin Leverett Saltonstall's house, only stopping with the wall between field and road, and not always then. The mails were infrequent then, and I am not even sure that they were a daily matter between Chestnut Hill and Brookline, and Mary used to send us notes by Mr. James, the butcher, who took in both Chestnut Hill and Brookline in his route. A note from Hal to me one day said, "I have just got a letter from Mary, via butcher," and it wasn't a single occurrence.

Sometimes we all met by agreement at the Old Oak in Pierce's Lane (Percy's Lane it always was in our imagination, with a dim association with Chevy Chase). Pierce's Lane led from the Worcester Turnpike, now Boylston Street, almost opposite Colonel Theodore Lyman's gate, through light open woods and between pastures, across the railroad into the rather closer woods at the back of Chestnut Hill, coming out near the Daniel Curtis house at the top. On the way, just before reaching the railroad, we turned into an old overgrown pasture to the left and walked westward till we

which could discern between solid metal and varnished show in human character, and could appreciate a sagacity which went to the heart of every question with which it was called to deal, Judge Lowell was known as a very prince of men . . . and Mrs. Lowell, one learns to know after a time, as one of the most wonderful among women. Whom did she not know, and whose friend did she not sooner or later approve herself? She had, perhaps, the keenest, the most extensive, and the most sympathetic interest in people that I have ever witnessed. Her religious faith was of that kind which reason never built and criticism could never destroy. . . ."

reached the Old Oak, on which was one low-hanging, strong-fibred branch, on which we all found room to perch and swing. Harry and Frank were adepts at swinging it just right. As the ground was true pasture, fine sparse grass—houstonias, little silvery rabbits' tobacco leaves, and much grey springy moss—no one as a rule hurt themselves if they fell—but we seldom fell. Alice and Tom I especially remember there, nighed high in the wonderful branches which took us all in. Bessie, Hal, Clara, sometimes Martha and Lizzie and Willy Cabot, Harry, Mary and I and all the Chestnut Hill children must have met there scores of times. Frank and Harry's life-long friendship began in these years—a friendship so happy and so perfect that it never needed a spoken word to affirm it, and never had a check.

Grandfather Lee's own place was a very happy meeting-ground, full of resources. The barn—the old summer-house on the hill—the white arbor with Bour-sault roses over it at the garden end—the newer summer-house above, and the Conversation Tree at the top of the garden—an apple tree with a broad leaning trunk and flat expanse, from which the branches diverged to which even the most inexpert and clumsiest climber could climb with success. Indeed, most of us walked or ran up the old trunk. Harry and Frank built a little sheiling just below it, with a table, and we had apple-sauce made of early and rather unripe apples, which we made ourselves and ate there. A long row of quince trees was behind the wood-shed, which ended in the tool-house, cool, dark, with tool-bench and tarred rope, etc., and a seckel pear tree midway of the quinces, which bore quantities of pears. The roof of the wood-house sloped from the ground and we were on and off it like young swallows.

When we went over the hill there were the fields



FRANCIS WILSON LEE



HENRY LEE MORSE





sloping to Muddy Brook, with cows browsing. Muddy Brook was the clearest of streams, with minnows slipping to and fro in sun and shadow, and caddis worms on its clean brown floor. There seemed a wholly new flora here—snap-dragon, flagroot with aromatic roots which we nibbled, gold-thread winding over everything else in golden tangles; most charming of all, Robin-run-the-hedge, with tiny white star flowers and sticky stems, so that when we made wreaths of it we only pressed the stems together. We made many, which we floated down the stream and felt as if they reached some fairy shore. Then there were dog's tooth violets, with their look of personal dignity, "nodding in chequered sunshine of the trees," and there were swamp violets and white violets. The woods began at Muddy Brook and stretched up the Aspinwall hill.

We none of us had precisely pets, yet many friendly animals accompanied us through life like the animals in a Persian miniature—the rabbits, which were always out of their pen and in the carrot field beyond the broad ditch on the hill when Harry and I came home from school—George Crow, who, before we could stop him, would nip Mother's thimble out of her basket as she sat on the porch of our small house and hide it under the great Norway Spruce—the kids, playmates of the two little Marys and of Aunt Lizzie Ware, who loved and understood animals—the horses of the different families: at Uncle Harry's Jenny and Gipsy, Kitty, Nutmeg (one of the horses who came back from the war), Meg, on whom Clara beautifully rode—Trudge and Fidget at Uncle Frank's and later Johnny Andrew whom he had ridden as Colonel of the 44th—Punch, his Canadian pony, lent us for the summer, on whom Harry and I rode—our own blue roan Robin—Uncle Harry's old Tom Tug, who was at Brookline for at least one summer, and

who, in his desire for companionship, paced all about his field, making a little pathway. Father, whose heart was tender for horses, would go often and talk to him and cheer him, as I am sure Harry did also.

For a number of years there were frequent Sunday evening suppers at one or other of the Boston houses—Uncle George's, Aunt Lizzie's, and our own, and at Grandfather's at Brookline, before the families dispersed for the summer; on these evenings we used to play hide-and-seek, and I-spy all over the old house, before supper. I do not know quite how the elders stood it, for we were neither quiet nor silent, and the tide of noise surged all over the house. We hid in everybody's closet, especially in Aunt Lizzie's inner closet, which we regarded as absolutely hidden from sight and knowledge, and which was, I suppose, originally meant to be truly so in the days before and during the Revolution. Later we settled into quiet in the western parlor, looked admiringly at Aunt Sarah's wonderful sapphire ring, or listened to the talk of the elders till supper time.

No boys and girls were blessed with older cousins so good to them as were our Higginson cousins to us. "They played with us in every mood," and never seemed to think we were tiresome, as of course we were.

Henry Higginson, writing from St. Heliers to my Mother, says, "Give my love to Uncle Sam and to all your children. I shall soon be at home and shall ask for an introduction to them. If Jim were to return with me I should propose a child's party for all our little Cousins and us two, that we might be presented in due form and make acquaintance all round." Few young men of twenty-five give much thought to little cousins four to ten years old.

Then there was the wonderful time when Henry came home from his long stay in Vienna, and brought



*George Higginson*  
1804-1889





*George Higginson Jr.*



with him several cases of Bohemian glass, which we saw unpacked in the lower room at Uncle George's at 22 Chauncy Street, piece after piece appearing out of the safe-guarding straw—a vase or dish for every Aunt and Uncle, and for many small cousins: and there had been an earlier home coming, when kind George Higginson came home from a voyage to India. I remember the evening when we were sitting in our parlor at 30 Chauncy Street, round the table with the Carcel lamp, Father reading, and Mother with her sewing, and George, bronzed from the voyage, came in to see the family, Jim just behind him saying, "Here he is," with the tone of happy, triumphant welcome in his voice.

Uncle George filled a great place in our world, as did dear Molly, also. She was always ready for us, and Mary Lee and I might go up to her pleasant room at any time and look through her upper bureau drawer, sweet and orderly, where were many treasures of ribbons, neckties, and precious odds and ends which she gave us. They were *all* kind to us, and every now and then planned some special pleasure for us—as when Molly gave a dance at the Chauncy Street house for Bessie, Mary Lee, and me, and asked her own especial young men friends, who gave us an evening of blissful pleasure; and Jim did much the same when he and Mr. Ropes and one or two other friends were living in rooms in West Cedar Street.

There were friends, as well as cousins, who were part of all the Brookline and Chestnut Hill days; Eliot Guild, Hal's schoolmate and friend; Lizzie Head, Clara's great friend, who keeps unchanged today the look of many years ago, while much of her old home, including the wonderful Daphne tree, and the very shape of the oval room, is carried along in her present delightful house. Going to play croquet at the Heads, and stay-



ing to supper, was one of the great occasions which came along from time to time.

Mr. and Mrs. Head stood for much in the Dramatis Personæ of our Brookline days. Mr. Head had an admirably erect step and walk—an almost military precision of dress—always appropriate coat and trousers, always a red necktie, and always white stockings and patent leather shoes which were never dusty. Our recollection of Mrs. Head, Uncle George Higginson's sister, is of the very embodiment of justice and kindness and perfect housekeeping, in the freshest of dimity or calico gowns.

Harry and Nelly Parkman were our constant companions—we all belonged together. Mrs. Parkman was to us then, and yet more later as sixties turned to seventies, a friend whose intuitive knowledge of what young people were, and understanding sympathy with their difficulties in finding their way into life, were an unforgettable blessing to us all. She opened the door for us into grown-up life, as if we were entering our larger home. Our kinsman, Cabot Lodge, in *Early Memories*, says of her: "Mrs. Parkman took an intense, affectionate, and personal interest in each one of us; the kind of interest that no money could buy; she was a well-bred woman in the fullest sense, and what was rarer, perhaps, in those days, a woman of the world in the best sense. She possessed unusual abilities, real learning, and was widely read; . . . there are few friendships which I look back to with more pleasure. She was one of the cleverest and wisest women, one of the cleverest and wisest persons I have ever known. I delighted to talk with her about everything which was interesting me as a young man. She had both wit and humor, wide knowledge of men and books, and intense beliefs, as well as strong likes and dislikes, but she never meant to be intolerant or unfair."

In the summer months of each year, Uncle Harry's family went to Beverly Farms, and Uncle Frank's to Westport, Lake Champlain, but the sense of constant companionship stretched along during the intervening weeks, and we wrote each other many letters of many adventures, and the sense of belonging together deepened.

At Beverly there were driving expeditions to Salem to see the East India Marine Museum, the House of the Seven Gables, and the Old Court House, and in entering Salem we came into the older New England, old houses, old trees, old gardens, and unhurrying people in the streets. Somehow Salem kept, along with its old houses, a wonderful amount of personal beauty in the old families (certainly in Cousin John Lee's) and it kept, too, the pleasant Essex County intonation, and the pronunciation of certain words, which would give me a feeling of New England were I to hear them in Australia today. The expeditions to Salem, driving Flora or Dolly, seem, as I think of them now, chiefly to have consisted of laughing. The wagon was as full of children as it could hold, and we all laughed at very great jokes all the time.

We all sketched unendingly, and wrote in our *Poetry Books*, and illustrated them, and read over each other's books. Hal's sketching sprang from a deep sense of beauty and unusual power of expressing the scene he looked on. He had the soul of the artist. His sketches and studies have abiding power and distinction. Clara's drawings were full of spirit, and had a character so much her own—a power of expressing social charm and social beauty—that today if Bessie or I come across a drawing with certain curves and with a spirit of life, and sometimes of mischief, we know it is hers. Her namesake Clara Shattuck's drawings were very much like hers.

Hal had a beautiful tenor voice, and played on the

piano, and Mother played for him. Sam Cabot, too, had a beautiful voice, and certain songs were always his: "Her light the glowworm lend thee," "The Anchor Watch," and others, and Sam's heart of chivalry always spoke through his singing. Bessie sang many Scotch songs, and German songs learned from Jim Higginson. Her singing was very sweet and true; and Clara sang—everybody sang—and Mother played for us all, modulating quickly and melodiously from key to key to suit the young, untrained voices; we sang with her Moore's Irish Melodies, and many Scottish airs, well or ill mattered not, and on Sundays the great hymns. She played also for dancing which sprang up spontaneously and unexpectedly from time to time. Indeed, she was our great source of music.

In 1867, in the summer, Hal went to Calumet, Mich., to be with Mr. Alexander Agassiz, then beginning the works at the Calumet and Hecla Mine. His work there must have been, I think, chiefly writing, making clerical entries, etc., but in his letters he spoke much more of the walks to and from Torch Lake and of the beautiful wild nature about him—the waterfall in the ravine, the ferns and the wild-flowers.

—Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?

In the late sixties came along Mrs. Daniel Curtis's play, "The Spirit of '76," in which Mrs. Curtis herself played the part of the Judge with such dignity and spirit that she really paved the way for our acceptance now of women Attorney Generals and Judges. Uncle Frank, handsome and debonair, and Louise Slade singing lovely songs, were hero and heroine. Cousin Ned Jackson was the husband who stays at home and darns the stockings; Mr. Jere Abbott and Hal filled out the cast. Mary Lee was prompter, and I am sure general-utility man. In-



BESSIE, IN HER RIDING-HABIT





CLARA LEE





deed, *general utility* was Mary's rôle in all that we did together, and she was the natural leader of the Chestnut Hill group and had a wonderful power of bringing things to pass through what Aunt Sarah called "conducting good sense," which later in her happy married life we all recognized as wisdom.

Christmas days at Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Charles Ware's through all the sixties were great occasions—the dining-room at 39 West Street, as full as it could be with thirty to thirty-five persons; a table for boys and girls at one corner of the room, and for smaller children somewhere else; and the glorious ceremony of the youngest baby of the day walking the length of the table, when wine glasses were removed; there was the Christmas tree in the back parlor (and no conflagrations, though many precautions); wonderful games with Higginson cousins; Mother at the piano, tireless—the Virginia Reel, the Lancers, Cotillions, and Polkas; some singing, but more general hilarity.

Mary Lee and I always passed Christmas week at Aunt Lizzie's, and had a glorious time. Later it was Bessie, Mary, and I.

Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Charles often took us to the Boston Theatre, close by on Mason Street—the theatre which held almost all our theatrical experience, for it was there we were earlier taken by Uncle Harry as small boys and girls to see the Ravels, those charming French acrobats who stepped into second storey windows, became long or short at will, and made magic familiar to us. Uncle Harry would fill a box with children, as I remember, though perhaps it was only a row or two of the balcony. Uncle Charles and Aunt Lizzie had tickets for us for Booth's performance of "Hamlet," in April, 1865, which should have taken place the day after Abraham Lincoln's death. The play was never given, and Edwin Booth did not act again for many years.

## XVII

### DURING THE WAR

When the Civil War came it was at first only a form of words to our not-understanding ears (though I can recollect my father's tone as he spoke of the attack on Fort Sumter). Then came the march of the 6th Regiment through Baltimore and the hot indignation that followed. Soon followed the recruiting of the Massachusetts Regiments—Henry and Major Savage recruiting men for the 2nd Regiment in the neighborhood of Fitchburg. The encampments began for us with the encampment of this Regiment under Colonel Gordon, at Brook Farm at West Roxbury. We more than once drove over there, and I remember a Sunday afternoon service, held by Mr. James Freeman Clarke, at sunset; the regiment at attention. Our parents took us to see the regiments as they went off from Boston, although we took up room in the carry-all, and must have been troublesome.

The 2nd Regiment marched in from West Roxbury on July 8, 1861, a very hot day. Many men were exhausted on reaching town, and some of them fainted under their heavy equipment. There was a little group on the Beacon Street Mall of the Common by the Spruce Street entrance—Henry Higginson, Major Savage, Captain Greely Curtis, and others. Mr. John Ropes came and went from a house on Beacon Street, bringing pails of hot coffee. There were many friends standing about, and Mrs. Charles P. Curtis said so cheerfully, "Let us hear from you in Washington, Greely," and Cousin Nina Lowell brought a bunch of water lilies to Henry, who took them and handed them to Aunt Sarah, saying, "Keep them until I come back," which she faith-

fully did. They hung over her pretty dressing table all those years.

In 1862, when Uncle Frank Lee's 44th Regiment was in camp at Readville, we many times drove over there to dress parade—Uncle Frank looked very gallant and soldierly in his uniform as he stood in the little group of the field officers—the Colonel, Lieut.-Col. Edward C. Cabot, and Major Charles W. Dabney, both near friends of Uncle Frank's.

Harry reminds me how the handsome young adjutant, Wallace Hinckley, barely nineteen years old, stepped up to Uncle Frank and said, "Sir, the parade is formed." Then followed the reports of the captains, the orders, and the response—the calling up of the officer of the day, the drill—and then the music of the band, often the noble Russian hymn, and it was all over. Aunt Sarah had had "Old Hundred" printed on cards for each man in the regiment, with his name written on it, to take with him, and wherever they might be they knew that it would be sung every Sunday in their Colonel's church at Chestnut Hill. Beside the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel there were many cousins and friends in the regiment. Capt. Charles Storrow of Company F, the Color Company, his barrack at Readville always the cleanest and most orderly; Corporal Sam Storrow, his nineteen-year-old brother, in Company H; and Cabot Russel, but eighteen, a Sergeant in Company F.

The Rev. Edward H. Hall, the chaplain, and Dr. Robert Ware, the regimental surgeon, were nephews of Uncle Charles Ware.

The 44th Regiment,<sup>1</sup> armed with Enfield rifles, cap-

<sup>1</sup> The 44th Regiment was recruited in August, 1862, mainly by officers of the Fourth Battalion, of whom Uncle Frank was one, and went into Camp in Readville in September. Col. Charles R. Codman's Regiment, the 45th, officered chiefly from the Independent Corps of Cadets, was in Camp at the same time. Both

tured from a blockade-runner, left Boston 31 October, 1862, for New Berne, N. C., where, and at Little Washington, N. C., they did good service.

In the spring of 1863 we saw on the same grounds at Readville the 54th (Colored) Regiment; later the 55th (Colored) Regiment, under Colonel Edward Hal-

regiments, besides giving good service at New Berne and Little Washington, N. C., became more or less training-schools for officers. In the spring of 1863 nineteen men of the 44th Regiment were commissioned as officers of the 54th and 55th Regiments (colored), among them Capt. Alfred S. Hartwell, later Colonel of the 55th Regiment. Their nine months' service over, the 44th Regiment arrived in Boston on 10th June, 1863, and were mustered out at Readville on the 18th of June.

In July came the Draft Riot in Boston, and on the 14th July Adjutant General William Schouler issued Special Order 393: "Colonel Lee, 44th Regiment, M. V. M., will cause his Regiment to assemble at their armory, Boylston Hall, forthwith, and await further orders," a similar order being issued to Colonel Codman, 45th Regiment, M. V. M., to assemble his regiment at the Cooper Street Armory.

Cousin Alice Lee and my brother Harry both recall that Uncle Frank made an address to his regiment, calling on them to serve again gladly and willingly at this crisis. (Though formally mustered out of the U. S. Service, they were still Massachusetts militia.)

The riot was quelled two days later—in great part by Major Stephen Cabot's prompt action in firing on the rioters from the Cooper Street Armory.

The special order issued from Headquarters, Faneuil Hall Square, on July 21st, 1863, reads:

"Col. F. L. Lee, commanding the 44th Regiment, M. V. M., and Col. Charles R. Codman, commanding the 45th Regiment, M. V. M., are hereby ordered to dismiss their respective commands until further orders. In issuing this Order, the General Commanding is desired by His Excellency, Gov. John A. Andrew, to express to them, their officers and men, his thanks for their prompt response to the call of duty, and the admirable manner in which they performed it. Every duty has been performed to the entire satisfaction of the Commanding General.

"By command of R. A. Peirce, Brigadier General.

"C. J. Higginson, Acting Adjutant General."



MRS. FRANCIS L. LEE



COLONEL FRANCIS L. LEE  
44th Regiment, M. V. M.



lowell; while near there was Charles Lowell's regiment, the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry.

On May 28, 1863, we watched Colonel Robert G. Shaw ride at the head of his Colored Regiment, the 54th, from the State House, where they had been reviewed by Governor Andrew, down Beacon Street to the Parade Ground on the Common. Frank Higginson and Cabot Russel went in this regiment.

There were times of depression, the feeling of which filtered through to us, and of course there were other great times of triumph and rejoicing, like the three days when the news came of the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg.

There was throughout the impression that all the older people were holding on, and that they were perfectly certain that the North would win. The deaths came, which of course we never expected, and the wounds, and the illness, and the imprisonments, and through it all, our parents went on taking an interest in bringing us up, and preparing pleasant times for us, though with hearts wrung as they were I do not now see how they could. Then came the entry into Richmond, and the surrender at Appomattox. How unusual and how deeply moving were the circumstances of the surrender we never knew until later, when we could read Grant's imperishable book and the beautiful and heroic biographies of General Lee. Then came the death of the President, still one of the greatest calamities which has ever befallen our country.

Throughout the War, the door of Uncle George's house, No. 22 Chauncy Street, stood always open to the young men coming and going, and being sent off with special comforts and good things to eat. The household was on the simplest basis. Molly has said since then that very few eggs were used during those years, yet



somehow the fruit-cake had many raisins, and everything tasted very good.

It is not children who perceive everyday heroism; that privilege belongs to those who have known more of life, though it is the children who live on happy and familiar terms with the old heroes—with Jason and Perseus and Bellerophon—with King Arthur, the Black Prince, and Henry V. Bessie's uncle Walter Cabot, stooping from his white horse to speak to her under the great hemlocks, represented knighthood to me, and I do not think I was far wrong. Such childhood memories of gods and heroes form the leaf-mould of the heroism of youth and manhood, which we were then seeing acted out before us during the Civil War—and have so recently seen again.

We could not then know all that was offered up by the men and boys who went to the War, nor did we realize, as did our elders, what those were suffering who were wounded in battle, or sick in hospitals, or who were on their painful way home.

The actual facts we knew. Henry, the Major of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, was three times wounded at the Battle of Aldie Gap on June 17, 1863; and Jim, a First Lieutenant in the same regiment, was taken prisoner. During the summer and autumn Henry was slowly convalescing in the sunny upper chamber at 22 Chauncy Street, where many friends came to see him: there was excitement and rejoicing when, after several probings of the most serious of the wounds, Dr. Samuel Cabot found the embedded bullet.

All this time, and later, Uncle George was making constant effort to get food and books sent through to dear Jim in Libby Prison in Richmond by way of Fortress Monroe, the gateway between North and South.

Harry remembers the letters which came from Jim with sentences written in onion juice on their margins,



*James Jackson Haggins*  
*Capt. 1st Mass Vol Cavalry*  
*On duty with Gen. Meade, Jan. 1863*



*Henry Lee Haggins*  
*4th South Wind, Mass Vol. Infantry*  
*May, 1st, Mass Vol Cavalry*





*Francis Lee Higginson*  
*1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. 54<sup>th</sup> Mass. Volunteer Infantry (Colored)*  
*Captain 5<sup>th</sup> Mass. Volunteer Cavalry (Colored)*



which were at once heated before the fire to bring out their messages.

I can never forget the blue look under Jim's eyes when, after nine months in prison, he was exchanged, and arrived home. He passed many weeks at Uncle Harry's at Brookline before he was again fit for service.

Frank Higginson was a First Lieutenant in Colonel Robert G. Shaw's colored regiment, the 54th M. V. M., in which he enlisted before graduation.

After a two days' detail to James Island, in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, he returned to find that Fort Wagner had been stormed on July 18, 1863, and his nearest friends in the regiment killed. He came home on sick leave that autumn, wasted and exhausted by malarial fever. After the 54th was mustered out, he was appointed Captain in the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry (also a colored regiment), and served in Texas during the terribly hot summer of 1865.

All this and much else: wounds and death of other kinsfolk and friends—disasters and victories—we knew as facts, but it was the elders who knew their significance.

... From every mountain peak  
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,  
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,  
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,  
Till the glad news be sent  
Across a kindling continent,  
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:  
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save  
her!"

*Lowell.*

## XVIII

HENRY LEE, JR.

1817-1898

About Uncle Harry Lee his son Joe writes:

... Father's various *métiers*, as I have often thought of them, were<sup>1</sup>:—

*Acting and reading plays aloud*—in which he represented the Kemble School.

*Architecture*—building the *Union Safe Deposit Vaults*, and his own houses, and taking much interest and satisfaction in so doing. He used to draw beds and other furniture to scale and see that each room was practically adapted to its use. In the same way he drew circles, showing the spread of the trees that were to be grown on a proposed bit of ground. The *Union Safe Deposit Vaults* were built up upon the size of the largest bonds—the safe to fit the bonds, the “bureaus” the safe, and the whole the bureaus. He remembered the architecture of houses that he had not seen, I think, since he was four years old. Grandmother Cabot always said he remembered things much older than she did and that took place a good while before he was born.

*Drawing*—I once discovered that he had done some drawing from some pictures of faces that he found in a book of Lavater's, illustrating different kinds of character, and which seemed to me very well done. Of course he was interested because he had acted the part of Lavater. He made able sketches on a small scale of towns in Wales and England.

<sup>1</sup> The degree conferred on him on graduation by the *Med. Fac.* —“multifariousness and gout”—was more than justified as to its first item by his subsequent career.





HOUSE OF COLONEL LEE AT BEVERLY FARMS



*Landscape Architecture*—as it is now called, planting all the trees on his place at Beverly, except the old walnuts and a few oaks around the edge, and constructing a landscape out of a gravel heap. Also in Brookline and elsewhere. I remember him and old Michael Fitzpatrick harnessed to a cart in which he dragged shrubs to the small piece of land he and Mother had at West Chop, where they passed one or two summers when he was about seventy years old. Of course he knew all the trees and pretty well how to handle them. He was far from being a naturalist, always speaking with humor of the incomprehensible tastes of his Cabot brothers-in-law in that direction, but he never failed to hear the first bluebird, the first song sparrow and the thrushes in the Essex Woods.

*Music*—He was extraordinarily fond of music of the pre-German era, could whistle and sing most of the Italian operas, the older English ones, and many of those of the Opéra Comique. I remember he and Dan Wister passed a long evening in playing and whistling "Don Pasquale." "Pré aux Clercs" was another favorite. He was very fond of singing hymns. His dramatic performances included parts in the "Rivals," "The Waterman," and "Bombastes Furioso," and in "The Hunchback." Uncle Frank and the "Cary girls" (Mrs. Agassiz and her two sisters) were important parts of these singing and acting troupes.

*Horses*—for which he had the taste that runs in streaks in the Lee family, as in our respective brothers, George and Harry. He was fond of both riding and driving, and of course you remember old Tom and his various talents and escapades. Father taught him to rear up in the shafts and stand on his hind legs, also to stop when he said whoa, although he was a terrible puller. He once made him stop in this way going down hill when the

breeching broke, when most horses would have run away.

He was not an athlete in the modern sense, but he must have been unusually strong, judging not only by his meting out necessary punishment to a Swiss coachman who tried to hold up him and Mother on top of the Stelvio Pass, and one or two other pugilistic exploits, but from the fact that he used to run home from his office in Boston to his house in Brookline, about five miles round by the Neck, as he always called Washington Street, until he was, I should say, about fifty years old; and often walked it at his rapid gait after that. [Two competent family critics say this was impossible, but Joe holds to it.]

His literary career began, I think, with an elaborate lecture about Winthrop, which he worked terrifically over in about 1877 as one of a course of lectures given in the Old South for the purpose of preserving it,—he being treasurer of the committee in charge. I think he became more expert after that and wrote some very good articles, including one on Fanny Kemble.

Father had a more realistic historic sense as regards Boston and the people in it than I should think most historians ever attain about any time or place. He knew Judge Sewall and Winthrop and other worthies as if he had been brought up among them, read and enjoyed many diaries and old gossip stories. He read such things with as much gusto as most people have for reading novels.

He read all Washington's letters and everything about him, and of course he knew everybody's great-grandfather and all about him—and usually remembered and could illustrate how he looked.

He was a good speaker, and on the subject of the Bulfinch front of the State House, which he took part in saving, he made a speech before a legislative committee in response to an argument by Governor Long,



COLONEL HENRY LEE ON *MEG*



which Frank Sanborn, a good judge, pronounced the best speech he had ever heard,—some notes of which are preserved in John Morse's Memoir.

Probably his greatest hobby was his love of *Military Affairs*, from what might be called the sentimental side. My brother Elly always said that Father would run across the Common with the other small boys to hear a band any time, this remark being made when he was about seventy-five years old; and he never missed a parade of the Ancient and Honorables or an Artillery Election. He was an officer (captain, I think, perhaps the head) of the Boston Light Infantry when he was a young man. His interest in such matters was a help in his work as member of the staff of Governor Andrew, though of course his knowledge of men and his business-like qualities were of more practical importance.

Father always took a great interest in politics from the citizen's point of view, being one of the first members of the Free Soil Party early enough to cause many of his more aristocratic acquaintances to cut him in the street and to incur the severe disapproval of Uncle Tom and other revered relations. He prevented Uncle Tom and other trustees from refusing the use of the Music Hall to one of the anti-slavery orators (Theodore Parker). Father, owning a single share of stock, remonstrated at a stockholders' meeting against letting or not letting a public hall for sentimental reasons. Uncle Tom appeared next day at Father's office (counting-room as he always called it) apparently to see how he would look, Father not letting on at all that anything had happened that might cause irritation. Many of the best citizens were greatly scandalized by his taking a place on Governor Andrew's staff. It meant a great deal from the social point of view, and consequently from that of enlistments. He never would take public office except for



the two years' service in the legislature in '76 and '77, when he was living in Boston; but he always took a great interest in public affairs and wrote a good many letters to the papers, especially against Blaine, General Butler, and other statesmen whose standards of honor he could not accept.

Father was a *merchant* for many years and made a voyage as supercargo to Rio in 1838, coming back up the Mississippi and visiting Henry Clay and President Jackson on the way home. He was always an amateur of a very successful kind in real estate. He was also the senior partner of Lee, Higginson & Co. for many years, but of course his great business success was the building of the Union Safe Deposit Vaults, which with the exception of a pioneer institution in Philadelphia was the first in the country, or, perhaps, in the world, though I suspect they had the same sort of thing in Babylon.

This sketch is well supplemented by the following pages written by Henry Higginson for the *Boston Evening Transcript*:

We perhaps too often say of a valued friend that he is a man apart from the rest of men, yet of Henry Lee it was true.

His father, a man of large intelligence and enterprise, was absorbed in political-economical ideas and forgetful of ordinary rules and cares; so from early youth the son, while admiring his father's good points, was forced to supplement the weak points by taking up cares and responsibilities unusual for so young a man.

Perhaps from early memories he hated business in the ordinary sense, that is, buying and selling, borrowing and lending, and always declared himself a wretched business man. Yet he well understood the great laws of trade and enterprise, and when he determined to build his safety-deposit vaults he prepared himself for



Henry Lee



the task with the utmost care, and therefore he succeeded. This venture was quite in keeping with the workings of his mind, which did not permit the constant change of attitude, the presentation of only one side to himself or to others, that a purchase first and then a sale of an article or an investment requires. He saw the entire propriety of the transaction, but did not like it.

He gladly acquired money in the regular fashion, but under no pretext could he be induced to accept one penny that he had not fully earned—either by work or by venture of capital. He gladly spent money for generous and healthy living, for friends, for education, art or benevolence. Yet here he also asked full value for his expenditure, while insisting that it should not be immoderate, for he asked measure and fitness in all things.

He liked place and honors such as in his opinion were due to him; but he flatly refused the degree of LL.D. from Harvard University, although he admired and trusted the men who offered this distinction only less than he loved and venerated the University. His sense of justice and of fitness told him that it was not his due, and no matter who else of lesser merit had received the honor he would none of it.

This sense of justice, of truth, was strong and abiding and showed itself in other ways. With a keen sense of humor and great insight into character, united with this love of justice, he felt the good and bad points of men and women, and often mentioned them,—sometimes with a caustic tongue. No man treated his true friends more liberally to criticism and praise, to reproof and love, than he.

The life in which he delighted and of which he had a full share was in the woods and garden, which he

with his own hands tended; in his library or in his dining-room, surrounded by his family and friends, whom he entertained with his humorous stories and remarks. Wherever he might be, there was society in a high sense.

Of books he read the best and highest and knew them well—history, genealogy, essays, poetry. Shakespeare and the Bible he revelled in. Not a scholar himself, he was good company for scholars, or at least for men of ripe culture, and he highly prized education of a simple, healthy nature. With his death the old town shrinks and dwindles for us. We lose the picture which he could call up of its sober dignity, its “sunny-faced” old houses set in terraced gardens, its colonial traditions. Today nobody can tell so many curious and characteristic traits and tales of by-gone days and generations as he. His accurate and powerful memory could recall the Boston of three-quarters of a century ago, and it retained in its proper sequence and in its due place each event of public moment since then, each change for gain or loss in the rapidly growing town.

‘Love thou thy land with love far-brought

From out the storied Past and used within the Present.’

Nobody will replace him.

In affairs of the nation he always from his youth took a deep interest and a vigorous, independent, thoughtful part—being a respecter of true morals and laws rather than of men, for these last must meet his standard of life or sink in his estimation. He criticised unsparingly wrong or low public acts of public men without regard to personal relations, past or present. Few men have oftener irritated their near friends, few men have held them faster.

Of his own strong and weak points he spoke frankly, but he never thought to change them, for he was con-



COLONEL HENRY LEE AT BEVERLY FARMS







MRS. LEE



tent to live his own life in the sight of all men, freely, kindly, consciously,—to make his comments, do his deeds and take the consequences. It was a life animated with a clear, humane, noble purpose and guided by courage and high ideals without asceticism.

In fact, he seemed not to be a man of great parts, but of a singular quality springing from unusual purity and nobility of character,—from high aims, high thinking and living. The truth held for him a foremost place in the universe, because it was the truth and because it was simple and beautiful.

One would not say of him that he was heavenly minded, for he liked the world well; but lofty-minded, pure-toned, he certainly was.

These qualities and these aims, purposely cultivated with care, gave us a true gentleman of charming manners and thoughts, a delightful companion, a trusty, loyal friend, always ready to stand up in church and testify to his beliefs,—possessed with a full sense of his duty to his country, to man, to God.

Men and women of all degrees trusted, respected, enjoyed, loved him in unusual measure; for he had words and thoughts of service and of affection toward them all,—the boys and girls, the old men and women,—the unfortunate and the prosperous.

We could always count on his coolness and courage in a storm, but when the sun came out once more, he chided us and bade us make ready our sails for another storm, which was sure to come,—another instance of his balance and judgment.

It was a true, humane, warm nature, which bore the great troubles of life well and made much of the simple joys.

Lastly, as he grew older, like a noble, healthy fruit, he ripened and grew mellow year by year. Was not this a proof of true quality?

'Tis well that he died quietly (as he had for some years foretold), and at the end of this changing century, for of late he was not always in touch with the eager, modern world, and he might have suffered from the virtues and the sins of the next century.

There has passed to another world a rare gentleman and friend,—a public citizen without reproach.

His figure and his life tell us that, if we choose the noble path which he has trod, we also may live in his high, pure atmosphere, may meet our fellows on the same frank, kindly footing, and may brighten their lives as he has done.

Let us try.

## XIX

### THE CLOSE

In trying to put together the few memoranda which come down to us from the older generation, the persistence of certain family characteristics is striking—all the more if one is untroubled by the smallest knowledge of the laws of heredity.

What is said of Joseph Lee in 1831 by his minister is almost repeated in what is said of Joseph Lee's son Henry in 1867, and might have been said in 1877 with equal truth of Joseph Lee's grandson, John Clarke Lee; not, I think, because they are the usual expressions of clergymen about their parishioners, but because each tried to give a true portrait; while in John Morse's fine memoir of Henry Lee, Jr., are noted the same traits—of absolute integrity, strong patriotism, absence of political ambition—which were characteristic of Joseph Lee. Also the love of little children, and of "a fair garden."

The love of little children, fortunately, belongs to all the human race, and may be looked for everywhere—but the gift of so loving and understanding children that the love and understanding are returned, is a little more individual, and was possessed by both Uncle Harry and Uncle Frank Lee in great degree, and by Jim Higginson, while my brother Harry, who has had many child-patients, has been loved by them all, and has had their perfect confidence even when he had to hurt them, and told them that he was going to.

In Uncle Harry's own account of his Grandfather, Joseph Lee, he speaks of "his precision and love of order, and ability to regulate the details of family and business affairs"—qualities which he says did not seem to have been inherited by Joseph Lee's sons, but they

were certainly transmitted in full to his grandson, Henry Lee, Jr. Uncle Harry's notebooks, in his small, admirable handwriting, were models of forethought and order: his diagrams, whether of public buildings, domestic architecture, or detail of ornament, were alike perfect. His niceties and particularities, even to the placing of the silver on the dinner-table, or the objects (including the bronze Napoleon) on the mantelpiece, his careful and admirable preparation for any great occasion, such as the 250th Anniversary of the founding of Harvard College, or a speech at the State House, may all have been an inheritance from his Grandfather, Joseph Lee.

The love of gardening of Joseph Lee was inherited by his sons and by his grandsons. Cousin John Lee delighted in his garden in Salem, behind his pleasant house, No. 14 Chestnut Street, and in his farm at North Salem.<sup>1</sup> Uncle Harry and Uncle Frank were born landscape-gardeners, and practiced that beautiful art for themselves and for their friends throughout life. They had each an unerring instinct for the placing of a tree or shrub, or the opening out of a lovely view: both found a great and satisfying delight in natural beauty.

In our own generation the love of gardens and of beautiful natural growth would take us too far afield, though it would be in pleasant places and among pleasant memories—perhaps walking with Henry hatchet or clipping-shears in hand, among his trees at Manchester, where he and Ida in forty happy years transformed the open pastures into a beautiful wooded hill, threaded through with grassy glades, where Ida's deep and loving Swiss instincts have created lovely Alpine gardens in

<sup>1</sup>A. J. Downing in *Fruits and Fruit Trees of America* speaks of Mr. John C. Lee's Salem garden: and of his successful culture of foreign pear trees. The Duchesse de Mars, "a rich, melting pear," was introduced here by him.



*Dr. Charles Eliot Ware*  
1814-1887







*Mrs. Ware*



unexpected places, or with them both among the great woods and pastures at Rock Harbor.—Or leaving dear Molly Blake's hospitable door at Manchester with the sprays of lemon verbena and of heliotrope which she always picked for one.—We could sit with Bessie at the Brookline place, loved and worked over for more than a hundred years, perhaps under the great English beech where the birds always sing, overlooking the wide garden with its fragrant flower-beds and grassy spaces, and Aunt Lizzie's pleached alley of hornbeam which Uncle Harry, an artist with pruning shears, trained into docility year by year.—Or we might stay with Mary Ware on the great farm at West Rindge, developed by her persevering work into the most beautiful place for many a mile around, where she has promoted the health and happiness of all who live and work on it, and has made it a stimulus and help to the whole countryside—a silent, living memorial to Uncle Charles and Aunt Lizzie Ware.—Or enter Frank and Marion's hospitable house at Chestnut Hill where, as in Uncle Frank's day, there have always been flowers growing and blossoming, indoors and out, and where andromeda is brought from Hammond's Pond each winter to flower in the house in February and March.

And Alice has made beautiful places at San Diego more beautiful by her skill in landscape gardening, while Tom's work for Stony Lonesome at the North Shore at Westport, has been unceasing and its results beneficent as well as delightful, for he by nature understands the ways of springs and streams and the qualities of soils and rock and gravel.

For many happy summers now I have been seeing how deep in my brother Harry is the instinct for farming life: in spite of so many years of hardworking professional life in the city, he is *at home* in the country.

It has been wonderful to me to see how well he understands the life of the soil—how much satisfaction he takes in the right treatment of it, with men who also know and understand it from lifelong work and close relation with earth and sky and weather.

Some one has said, "It may be hard to understand why an education in horses is also an education in human nature, but it is the truth," and Harry has all the advantage which his love of horses from earliest boyhood gives him; it has been the key to a loving understanding of many other forms of animal life—including our own human nature—and he knows the note or song of each bird and the call of each animal as few people do. If there is a note of distress in the cry he always understands it, and if he can responds to it.

Mary Elliot's loving intimacy with flowers has been a part of her life—everywhere she has made flowers grow. Beside the sweet summer flowers in the garden at Beverly Farms, and the English daisies, which she persuaded to grow and flower freely in the grass year after year, there was a little Alpine garden, in which grew dryas, androsace, little cushions of fragrant daphne, delicate fringed wild pinks, harebells, heather, and other lovely things. I remember Dr. Asa Gray stooping his tall old form to stroke the blue heads of the globularia as if they had been children, so pleased was he to see them blossoming there. And Mary's love of flowers speaks in her water-color drawings of them, exquisite and true, and reverent. It is as if the very spirit of the flower—its genius—were there.

These are only a few of the many cousins who have found and given happiness through their love of nature, which by now, however, must draw from many sources besides our old great-grandfather.



MARY LEE ELLIOT





Other inheritances have drifted down. Elliot Lee's patient skill in making intricate braids and knotted cords of sennit with his square, strong hands; his perseverance, lame as he was, in boating, and later in the management of gondola or sandolo in Venice, were perhaps derived from our old sailor great-grandfather.

George Lee, like his great-uncle, Capt. George Lee, for whom he was named, has "blue water in his veins," as the old New Bedford saying goes. In his boyhood at Beverly Farms he was constantly on the water, in dories or catboats, and later in yachts; while as boy and man, his love of the sea and of ships has spoken in his fine water-color pictures and sketches: in these, as in his pictures of horses in the hunting-field or on the race-course, he has a wonderful power of expressing speed and motion—an impressionist before the word became familiar to our ears.

Uncle Harry sometimes spoke of his son Joe as the grandson of his grandfather rather than the son of his father. Joe's keen interest, awake and sensitive, about social and economic questions, his way of reading books, pencil in hand, his marginal notes, and references at the end of a book, bear out Uncle Harry's saying.

The various marriages have brought other inheritances. Such are the strong, abiding Higginson traits: our dear Uncle George Higginson had a markedly spiritual side to his nature, as well as many more obvious characteristics—a glorious power of indignation over cruelty or meanness, a gaiety of spirit, as well as corresponding moments of depression. His affections were deep and undying. Uncle Harry's beautiful elegiac prose gives the true portrait of Uncle George. "He waited not for wealth but gave from his penury as afterward from his abundance. . . . To enumerate his beneficences would

be impossible, as no human being stood near enough to him to ascertain their names or number. . . . His habit of living like his habit of giving was liberal and unostentatious. An uncle of mine who was at Andover Academy with the father and uncles of Mr. Higginson said of them that they were the heartiest laughers and the fiercest fighters, and these traits have come down with the blood. . . . He was very human and his heart most susceptible of joy and sorrow—of affection and anger. I have been intimate with Mr. Higginson for near sixty years, and I have never known a more upright, more warm-hearted, more disinterested man.

‘The kindest man;  
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit  
In doing kindnesses.’ ”

A deep love of beauty and the delightful gift of drawing came with Aunt Lizzie Lee, in whose family the power of expression in drawing, spirited, delicate, and true, has been as natural as speaking.—The love of science and of nature of Uncle Charles Ware shines out in Mary.—The spirited attitude toward life of Aunt Sarah Lee, her extraordinary practical capacity, her sense of being at home in a world brimming with interest, and her social gift we see again in her prototype, Alice.—My dear Father’s face speaks for itself of the qualities his children so well knew and loved, integrity, singleness of heart, and loyalty to home affections.

I have not succeeded in what I hoped to do. I cannot give the picture, so vivid in my own memory, of the life of the past, threaded through as it was with happy companionships. The impressions of character are deep, but may not be transmitted in printed words—of Aunt Mary’s brilliancy and ability, and a certain distinction felt by all who knew her—of Uncle Harry’s leadership in the family which was a standard of fitness to us all whether



*Samuel Torrey Morse*  
1816-1890





*Mrs. Morse*



or not we tried to act up to it—of Aunt Lizzie Ware's staunch, balance-wheel character—of Uncle Frank's fire and charm and unreasonableness and tenderness—of my Mother's undefeated enthusiasm which led her nephew Henry once to say of her, "My Aunt Harriet can suck more honey out of a hard cracker than any one I know." It is the deep impression of character which endures through the years and through the losses, each one of which changes the aspect of life to some of us,—as we have missed throughout the years the dear companionship of Hal and Clara, and of others unnamed here but remembered.

So long as *one* remains of each of the five households in a way *all* remain, but the chapter of this generation of our Higginson cousins has closed and now one speaks of them as one does not speak of the others. In later years kind George Higginson's Lenox house seemed a true shrine of the affections, so full was it of fragments of the old time,—old chairs, old camphor-wood chests, old photographs of his faithfully loved family. For more than fifty years he has been respected and loved throughout Berkshire County as a true friend and kind neighbour, and an upright gentleman.

Of Henry many loving words have been written which may be read elsewhere: a few, more fugitive, are kept here that they may not be lost.

The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, published the week after his death, speaks of "a Harvard world rendered suddenly and strangely void through the fact that Major Higginson is no longer a visible member of it. His gallant presence, his direct, honest, ringing words, linked the heroic time of the Civil War with each of the five decades that have followed, and always to the bettering of the later day."

One friend wrote from New York, "I have seldom



cared so much for any one I knew so little, but understanding is not limited by time or meetings. It is instinctive and absolute. Henry Higginson's beauty and distinction of mind and character, his delicacy and chivalry and idealism were perfectly apparent from the first, and the somewhat tragic human charm that Jim had, also. They were both sad—Bostonian—and gentlemen—and in passing I salute them. Somewhere in Heaven where the most beautiful music is we may find them again, and once more exchange a word."

Owen Wister said, "Genius is the second-best thing in the world: goodness in the dimensions of genius is the first. This is what Henry Higginson had. It is as rare as genius. A patriot, a modest man; generous, giving not his money merely but himself; mellowed and informed by civilized American environment in his youth, by love of art, by contact with the old world and faith in the new, by war, by struggle and happiness, and constant enlightenment. Who can replace that figure, solid, distinguished, and arresting, as it walked along the streets? What is it that inevitably marks a man as quiet as he was? It must be the thing we cannot see or grasp, which radiates from character and sympathy. This, somehow, stamps upon our memory his look of greeting, his sabred cheek, his half-humorous, half-wistful smile."

President Eliot, a life-long friend, in speaking of Major Higginson's twenty-six years' service as a Fellow of the Corporation of Harvard College said, "Why was he chosen a member of the Corporation? Not because he was a successful banker and broker of State Street. Far from it. He was chosen because he was as fine an exemplar of the patriotic citizen-soldier as there was in the country or the world."

Again, at the memorial mass meeting held in the Harvard Union on November 17, 1919, President Eliot gave, perhaps, the keynote: "He had a great tenderness

of heart, and a strong hopefulness for the future of mankind and the world, a confident expectation of good from God and from men, and faith in the dignity and sweetness of common human nature."

Judge Cabot, in speaking of Major Higginson, said, "One of his qualities was that of intimacy, of making you feel you were a privileged person and that you meant much to him. . . . I like to think of him as a soldier. He was a fighter. He saw clearly (and believed in thinking and seeing clearly) a great cause and in staking himself for it and fighting for it, and because he had that quality of thinking out clearly a great cause, realizing, as Justice Holmes says, that life is 'a profound and precious thing,' Mr. Higginson's life is a living life—a continuing life for all of us. . . . Friendship is one of the things which meant most in Major Higginson's life. He learned its meaning from his friends in their sharing together and venturing their lives together in the cause of this country. . . . Once, in speaking particularly to Harvard undergraduates, he said these words, 'Let your enthusiasm and your love for noble thoughts and deeds, for noble men and women, have full swing, and they will show you clearly your birthright,—the duty and beauty of serving your country.' "

The two verses by Cecil Spring-Rice which Henry had placed on the programme of the last Harvard Memorial Day Service at which he presided sound like a last word from him. It is his prayer for our younger generation.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—  
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love—  
The love that asks no question; the love that stands the  
test,

That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago—  
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that  
know.

We may not count her armies; we may not see her King;  
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
And soul by soul and silently, her shining bounds increase,  
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths  
are Peace.

Our dear Jim's was a nature of clouds and sunshine,—  
such heart-warming sunshine. In him love of country  
and love of Harvard College burned as unwaveringly as  
in his brothers Henry and Frank.

He was President of the Harvard Club of New York:  
at the meeting held after his death, after recording his  
services to his country and to his city, the minute says,  
"But when men recall Mr. Higginson, it is not of his public  
services that they first speak. It is as a friend that he  
is mourned; his acts of friendship cannot be counted, and  
will never be known. Beneath a somewhat silent and  
reserved demeanor, Mr. Higginson cherished a warm and  
impulsive affection for all that he thought good in life  
and among men. Perhaps he loved most the people and  
the qualities which in his heart he associated with the  
name of Harvard. It is pleasant to remember how adequately,  
although unconsciously, he illustrated that name  
himself. . . . He was a true heir of the stock of the  
Puritans, which has loved and cherished Harvard since  
there was a Harvard to cherish."

Such men as he we lately lost and mourn for,  
Rugged and bountiful—bold and wise to plan—  
Strong in the faith and the service he was born for,  
Staunch for the weal and honor of the clan.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From *The Old Stock*, by Edward Sanford Martin. J. J. H.  
obiit January 5, 1911.

Dearest Molly Blake's loving-kindness blessed all within her reach: her unshaken faith comforted and helped the weak-hearted.

And now Frank has gone after a life of high integrity, fearlessness, and generosity. We could never tell him how fully we recognized and loved these qualities, for he would not allow a word spoken of matters which he felt were part of the life of a private citizen, whereas they filled his life with work and gifts for both private and public good.

In the notice of him in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* for December, 1925, written by his cousin, class-mate, and lifelong friend, Charles C. Jackson, Mr. Jackson says, "Physically Higginson was of slight build, and in the days of his youth had a light, wiry frame which made him proficient in boyish sports. He was a good fighter, and this quality was held in great respect by his classmates, but it would have been difficult to find an instance in which the part he played in these contests was not on the side of fair play and justice. . . . As he grew to manhood he seemed to exemplify in his own person many of the traits characteristic of a long line of predecessors. The fiery temperament, the dominating spirit, the keen intelligence were all there as well as the critical and cool judgment which held emotions in control, and gave wise decisions. . . . But there was another side, also; here under the armor of a cold reserve were sympathy and affection for those near to him which, as years accumulated, kept him in close touch with a group of loyal relatives and friends, young as well as old. The records of the university bear upon its list of graduates the name of Higginson from its earliest days. This fact seemed to have bred in him a strong devotion to his Alma Mater which was one of the mainsprings of his generosity to her and of his wise judgment in her councils; but his modest temperament and strong will held the

knowledge of them to the world sternly in the background. The community has lost a sterling character, the university a loyal friend."

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It is hard to put into other hands the letters written years ago, and always for one reader alone, but just as we have a feeling of instinctive interest in these unknown forbears must they not have had some feeling for their unknown descendants? and would they not have been willing that we should share a little in their joys and sorrows?

Knitting, that occupation of old women, sometimes seems to me like the linking of one generation to another by the single thread, carrying the last row of stitches up into the next, and it is to leave this thread in your hands that the book is printed.

Do not destroy all the old letters and journals, no matter how often you are advised to do so. It is through the old letters, "those fallen leaves that keep their green" that the past comes back, and one has the happiness for a while of dwelling in another time, with the older generation living and speaking, glad or sorry, indignant or rejoicing, much as we live and speak today. But for the letters they would be but silent shadows.

Lady Ritchie, in a letter written late in life, says: "So do we all go on our own ways, but thank God we can still somehow keep one bit by which we all travel along together—that bit which belongs to us all."

No matter what different surnames you bear, dear children, you are still the grandchildren of Henry and Mary Lee in the past, and these fragments of the past belong to all of you together.

*—What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent;  
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;  
Heart's love will meet thee again.*

# INDEX

- Adams, Henry, quoted, 109-112  
 John, 34; letter to N. W. Boylston, 297-299  
 John Quincy, 42  
 Agassiz, Alexander, 386  
 Ames, Miss, 295, 306, 334, 346  
 Andrew, Governor John Albion, 391  
 Appleton, Nathan, 7, 8, 57  
 Aspinwall, Colonel Augustus, 282, 282*n*, 317, 318  
 Austin, Edward, 348  
 Baring Brothers & Co., 4, 347, 368  
 Bedford Place, Boston, 50-52, 294  
 Bible, The, 151, 164, 196, 197, 217, 218, 261  
 Biddle, Clement C., 8, 318, 365  
 Bigelow, Caty (Mrs. Francis Parkman), 272, 273  
 Dr. Henry J., 268, 272, 329  
 Mrs. Henry J. (Susan Sturgis), 329, 330, 331  
 Dr. Jacob, 66, 184  
 Billerica, Academy, 3  
 Blake, Mrs. S. Parkman (Mary Lee Higginson), granddaughter of H. & M. L., 262, 273, 278, 294, 300, 355, 383, 391, 405, 413  
 Blanchard, Francis, 192, 193  
 Blanchard, Mrs. Francis (Marianne Cabot) (see also Lee, Mrs. N. C.), 19, 192, 193*n*  
 Boott, Mrs. Francis (Elizabeth Lyman), 273  
 Kirk, 57  
 Boston Resolutions, 131  
 Boylston, Susannah, 297, 298  
 Bradford, George Partridge, brother of Mrs. Samuel Ripley (p. 256), 263  
 Broke, Commodore, 189  
 Bromfield, "Aunt," 80, 82, 96, 214  
 Ann, see Tracy, Mrs. Thomas  
 John, 80, 80*n*, 167, 189, 198, 216  
 Bryant, Mrs. Henry (Lizzie Sohler), 273  
 Bryer, Nancy, 305  
 Buckminster, Rev. Joseph, 22, 26  
 J. S., 26  
 Bullard, Stephen H., 9, 268  
 William S., 4, 9, 268, 310  
 Lee & Company, 9  
 Burley, Miss, 278  
 Cabot, Andrew (1), H. L.'s uncle, 56*n*, 61  
 Andrew (2), H. L.'s cousin, 3*n*, 79, 106, 114, 131, 139, 140, 147, 155  
 Charles, son of Hon. George Cabot, 95, 97  
 Deborah (Higginson), see Lee, Mrs. Joseph  
 Edward C., 305, 324, 349, 354, 354*n*, 375, 389  
 Elizabeth, see Lee, Mrs. Joseph  
 Elizabeth, see Jackson, Mrs. James  
 Frances, see Jackson, Mrs. Charles  
 Frederick, H. L.'s cousin, 99, 114, 195, 218, 232, 236  
 Judge Frederick P., quoted, 411  
 George, H. L.'s uncle, 2, 56*n*, 61;  
 "Uncle Cabot," pages 194, 196, 240 apparently refer to him  
 Mrs. George ("Aunt Cabot"), 95, 97, 99  
 Henry, 211  
 Mrs. Henry (Anna Blake), 211  
 James Elliot, his plans for Union Building, 332; at Westport, 334, 338, 347, 369, 375; quoted on Captain George Lee, 20, 21;  
 Letters: to Mrs. Henry Lee, Jr., 329-333; to Henry Lee, Jr., 347, 348, 354, 355, 357-359  
 John (of Beverly), H. L.'s uncle, 48, 56*n*, 79  
 Joseph, H. L.'s grandfather, 13  
 Mrs. Joseph (Elizabeth Higginson), H. L.'s grandmother, 13, 255  
 Lydia, see Jackson, Mrs. Patrick Tracy  
 Martha, Lizzie and Willy, 380  
 Nancy (Ann), H. L.'s cousin, 79, 118, 174  
 Samuel (1), 280, 333  
 Mrs. Samuel (Eliza Perkins), 17, 18, 281, 333, 375, 394  
 Dr. Samuel (2), 283, 358, 392  
 Mrs. Samuel (Hannah Lowell Jackson), M. L.'s niece, 283  
 Samuel (3), 386  
 Sarah, see Jackson, Mrs. James  
 Stephen, H. L.'s uncle, 13  
 Walter C., 392



- Cary, Mrs. Thomas G., 367, 369;  
     Sarah, daughter of Mrs. T. G.  
     Cary, 367, 369; Ellen, daughter  
     of Mr. and Mrs. William  
     Cary, 367
- Channing, Professor Edward, vii
- Channing, William, 231
- Chardon, Captain, 126, 151
- Chauncy Street, No. 28, 229, 235,  
     294-296
- Chesapeake, The*, 110, 189
- Clinton, Governor Henry, 148, 149
- Codman, Colonel Charles R., 389<sup>n</sup>,  
     390
- Cotton mill in Waltham, 10, 55-57
- Curtis, Mrs. Daniel Sargent, 28, 386
- Captain Greely S., 388
- Dabney, Major Charles W., 389
- Davis, Mrs. Isaac P., 174
- Derby Academy, 44<sup>n</sup>
- Dummer Academy, 47, 53, 59
- Dutton, Mrs. Warren (Eliza Cutts  
     Lowell), 81, 99, 174, 186, 190,  
     211, 213, 275, 278; letters from  
     Mary Lee, 82-86
- Edgeworth, Maria, 218
- Eliot, Charles W., quoted, 410, 411
- Family, 237, 263<sup>n</sup>, 350<sup>n</sup>
- Elliot, Mrs. John Wheelock (Mary  
     Lee Morse), granddaughter of  
     H. & M. L., 301, 323, 373, 406
- Emerson, Mrs. Susan, 25
- Essex Junto, 5, 34
- "Result," 33
- Everett, Hon. Edward, 200, 201, 332
- Federalists, 7<sup>n</sup>, 33, 34, 52, 109, 130,  
     146
- Floyd, John, 9
- Follen, Mrs. Eliza Lee, 367
- Folsom, Mrs. George McKean  
     (Susan Cabot Jackson), 295
- Forbes, Captain R. Bennet, 18, 300,  
     335
- John Murray, 52, 335<sup>n</sup>, 354
- Free trade, H. L. on, 249-251, 364
- Frothingham, Rev. Nathaniel Lang-  
     don, 200, 201
- Gallatin, Albert, 7, 110
- Gardner, Mrs. John (Sarah Jack-  
     son), M. L.'s sister, 36, 312
- Mrs. Samuel Pickering, 51, 81,  
     89, 99, 173
- Sarah Jackson (Cousin Sally), 51,  
     79, 210, 224, 243, 263, 265, 272,  
     278, 299, 300, 306, 312, 332,  
     340, 348, 349, 355, 357, 365,  
     372; obituary notice of, by  
     Henry Lee, Jr., 313, 314
- Gay, W. Allan, 26
- Geddes, James, 25
- Goodwin, Ozias, 4, 8, 152, 153, 154,  
     242, 245, 246, 247, 318, 327
- Gordon, Colonel George, 388
- Gore, Mrs. Christopher, 256
- Gorham, Mrs. Benjamin (Susanna  
     Cabot Lowell), 81, 89, 174
- Grant, Mrs. Mary, of Laggan, 87,  
     92, 95, 101
- Gray, Dr. Asa, 406
- Guerrière, The*, 142, 143, 147
- Hale, Mrs. Matthew (Mary Lee),  
     granddaughter of H. & M. L.,  
     27, 293, 325, 377, 379, 383, 386,  
     387
- Matthew, 34<sup>n</sup>
- Miss Susan, 29
- Hall, Rev. Edward H., 389
- Hallowell, Colonel Edward N., 390
- Head, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dud-  
     ley, 384
- Elizabeth F., 383
- Heard, Captain Augustine, 118, 120
- Hedge, Dr. Frederick H., 10, 11,  
     305
- Higginson, "Aunt and Uncle," 107
- Francis Lee, grandson of H. &  
     M. L., 129, 273, 318, 323, 391,  
     393, 413
- George (1), 51; marriage, 262;  
     in New York, 262; Newton in  
     summer, 273; 22 Chauncy  
     Street, 294; summers in Brook-  
     line, 300; the Union Building,  
     324; Lee & Higginson, 324;  
     our Higginson cousins, 382,  
     383; during the War, 391, 392,  
     407, 408
- Mrs. George (Mary Cabot Lee),  
     29, 108; as a child, 116, 172,  
     176, 186, 192, 195, 196, 197,  
     202, 203, 204, 205, 212, 220,  
     228, 231, 234, 239, 244, 246;  
     marriage, 262; Newton in sum-  
     mer, 273, 278, 282, 288; death,  
     300, 366, 408; letters from  
     Mary Lee, 262-265



- George (2), grandson of H. & M. L., 262, 266, 267, 273, 383, 409
- Henry Lee, grandson of H. & M. L., 262, 266, 267, 268, 273, 324, 339, 365, 366, 382, 388, 392, 404, 409-412; on Mary Lee, 374; on Henry Lee, Jr., 398-402; letter to Mrs. S. T. Morse, 336-338
- James Jackson, grandson of H. & M. L., 262, 273, 323, 366, 383, 392, 393, 412
- Martha, 237, 247
- Mary Lee, see Blake, Mrs. S. Parkman
- Stephen (1) (1743-1828), 35
- Stephen (2) (1770-1834), 188, 206, 211, 214
- Waldo, 272
- Mrs. Waldo (Mary Sohier), 273
- Hill, Hamilton Andrews, memoir of Henry Lee, 1-12
- Hindu Laws, Digest of, 166
- Holmes, Mrs. Abiel (Sarah Wendell), 211
- Dr. Oliver Wendell, 66; quoted, 68
- Mrs. Oliver Wendell (Amelia Lee Jackson), M. L.'s niece, 47, 268, 269; letter to H. L., Jr., 269
- Holyoke, Dr. Edward Augustus, 59, 60
- Hull, Captain Isaac, 143, 149
- General William, 143, 146, 147
- Hunter, Guy, 25, 72, 287, 293, 330, 332, 349, 378
- Mrs. Guy (Elizabeth J. Wilson), 72, 287, 288, 293, 330, 335, 349, 378
- Huskisson, Rt. Hon. William, 249*n*; letter from H. L., 249
- Hyslop, David, 297, 299
- Mrs., 299, 300
- Jackson, Amelia Lee, see Holmes, Mrs. Oliver Wendell
- Anna Cabot (Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell), M. L.'s niece, 192, 194
- Charles, M. L.'s brother, 10, 34, 44; memoir of, 47-53, 68, 94, 96, 119, 146, 166, 172; appointed Judge, 174, 198, 237, 273, 339, 366
- Mrs. Charles<sup>1</sup> (Amelia Lee), H. L.'s sister, 30, 47, 79, 82
- Mrs. Charles<sup>2</sup> (Frances Cabot), H. L.'s cousin, 48, 49, 64, 79, 94, 96, 119, 174, 175, 273, 286, 339
- Charles, Jr., M. L.'s nephew, 64, 266, 270, 295
- Mrs. Charles, Jr. (Susan Cabot Jackson), M. L.'s niece, 64, 268, 274, 295, 314
- Charles Cabot, 295; on F. L. Higginson, 413
- Edward, M. L.'s grandfather, 31
- Mrs. Edward (Dorothy Quincy), M. L.'s grandmother, 31
- Edward, M. L.'s nephew, 386
- Elizabeth, see Putnam, Mrs. Charles G. Putnam
- Elizabeth Lee, H. L.'s and M. L.'s niece, 82
- Ellen (Eleanor), M. L.'s niece, 272, 339
- Elizabeth, see Winsor, Mrs. Henry
- Francis H., M. L.'s nephew, 61, 64, 66, 69, 70, 71, 165, 268, 277, 292, 340
- Mrs. Francis H. (Sarah Boott), 64, 69, 292, 340
- Frank, 295
- Hannah, see Lowell, Mrs. Francis Cabot
- Harriet, M. L.'s sister, in Europe with C. Jackson, 49; with Mr. F. C. Lowell, 87; Boston house, 51, 79; personal, 101, 102, 107; H. L.'s opinion of, 114, 138, 153, 155, 163, 208, 211, 212, 233, 234, 235, 240, 241, 244, 248, 263, 265, 267, 278, 286; death, 312
- Harriet, see Minot, Mrs. George R.
- Henry, M. L.'s brother, 45, 46, 54
- Mrs. Henry (Hannah Swett), 46, 51, 99, 173, 216
- Dr. Henry, 47, 294
- Dr. Henry, Jr., 294
- Dr. James, M. L.'s brother, 10; memoir of, 59-68, 79, 93; H. L.'s admiration for, 117, 127; birth of a son, 165; his manner, 196, 202, 203, 204, 243, 314, 325, 339, 371; his notes on P. T. Jackson, 53-59; letters to Miss A. C. Lowell, 69-73

- Mrs. James<sup>1</sup> (Elizabeth Cabot), H. L.'s cousin, 48, 61, 79, 103, 104, 119, 127
- Mrs. James<sup>2</sup> (Sarah Cabot), H. L.'s cousin, 61, 70, 79, 371
- James (2), M. L.'s nephew, 61, 63, 194
- James (3), son of Francis H. Jackson, 69
- James (4), grandson of Francis H. J., 417
- Dr. John Barnard Swett, 46, 66, 294
- Mrs. John Barnard Swett, 294
- Jonathan, M. L.'s father, 10, 29; memoir of, 31-45, 116, 117, 185, 235, 311; letter to Hannah Jackson, 36
- Mrs. Jonathan (Hannah Tracy), M. L.'s mother, 35, 36, 42, 43, 185
- Lydia, see Storrows, Mrs. Charles S.
- Marian Cabot, 2707, 295
- Marianne, M. L.'s niece, 270, 2707, 272
- Mary, see Lee, Mrs. Henry
- Patrick Tracy, M. L.'s brother, 8, 10, 22; memoir of, 53-59, 62, 68, 79; engagement, 89, 90, 103, 114, 198, 207; in Waltham, 255, 256; his death, 282, 283
- Mrs. Patrick Tracy (Lydia Cabot), marriage, 57, 79; engagement, 89, 90, 196, 339
- Patrick Tracy (2), M. L.'s nephew, 266, 268, 272
- Robert, M. L.'s brother, 45
- Robert Tracy, 294
- Sarah, see Gardner, Mrs. John
- Susan Cabot, see Jackson, Mrs. Charles
- Judson, Rev. Adoniram, 150
- Kirkland, Rev. John Thornton, President of Harvard College, 170, 183, 201, 239, 240
- Larcom, David, 301, 318, 329
- Lee, Alice, granddaughter of H. & M. L., 28, 377, 380, 405, 408
- Amelia, see Jackson, Mrs. Charles
- Anne Wilson, granddaughter of H. & M. L., 377
- Charles, H. L.'s brother, 30
- Clara, granddaughter of H. & M. L., 312, 329, 331, 332, 346, 351, 353, 385, 386
- Elizabeth, H. L.'s sister, 30, 79, 82
- Elizabeth Cabot, daughter of H. & M. L., see Ware, Mrs. Charles E.
- Elizabeth Perkins, granddaughter of H. & M. L., see Shattuck, Mrs. Frederick C.
- Elliot Cabot, grandson of H. & M. L., 21, 407
- Francis, H. L.'s brother, memoir of, 29, 30, 79, 99, 184, 198, 224, 228, 229, 243
- Francis L., son of H. & M. L., 18, 69, 252, 258, 259, 265, 266; in Waltham, 271, 272, 275, 277; marriage, 284, 312; at Westport, 293, 330, 331, 335, 358; visits in Boston, 340, 347, 349; house at Chestnut Hill, 376-378, 386; during the War, 389, 390, 403, 404, 409; letters to Mrs. S. T. Morse, 287, 288, 290, 324-326
- Mrs. Francis L. (Sarah M. Wilson), 26, 69, 72; marriage, 284, 329, 330, 335, 340, 349, 358, 369, 382, 388, 389, 408
- Francis W., grandson of H. & M. L., 18, 24, 296, 312, 318, 325, 377, 380, 405
- George, H. L.'s brother, 14; memoir of, 19-21, 26, 30, 79, 132, 136, 137, 167, 181, 268, 273, 348
- George, grandson of H. & M. L., 407
- George C., H. L.'s great-nephew, 319, 324, 372
- Harriet Jackson, daughter of H. & M. L., see Morse, Mrs. Samuel Torrey
- Harriet Rose, 352
- Henry, memoir of by H. A. Hill, 1-12; ancestry, 1-3; father and brothers, 13-30; birth and death, 3, 9, 29; education, 3, 29; business career, 3, 4, 9, 29; business reverses, 3, 4, 5, 29, 122; as authority on trade with Calcutta, 4; association with O. Goodwin and W. S. Bullard, 4; as statistician and student of political economy, 4, 310; mar-

riage, 10, 29, 87; birth and death of first child, 29; first journey to India, 3, 29, 112; interest in free trade, 5, 249, 251, 310; meeting of and committee of anti-protectionists, 5, 6; H. L.'s preparation of "Boston Report," 6, 7; candidacy for Congress, representing free trade, and defeat by Mr. Nathan Appleton, 7; activities at Free Trade Convention, 7; his "Exposition of Evidence" supporting free trade, 7; to Washington regarding Bank of U. S., 8; his "Exposition of Facts and Arguments" regarding State Bank, 8, 9; voted for as vice-president of U. S. by South Carolina, 9, 10; political alignment, 10, 109; his Boston house, 51, 294-296, 311; in Waltham, 255, 256; his Brookline place, 297-308, 311, 312, 314; personal, 4, 10, 11, 30, 75, 286, 287, 309; with children, 309; his religious spirit, 310, 311; golden wedding, 314, 372, 373; his reading, 135, 139, 163, 164, 236, 318, 322; on education of his child, 116, 117, 126, 127; on childlessness, 119; on his failure, 122; on his father, 157, 158; on natives of Calcutta, 117, 151; on English in Calcutta, 145, 146; on arrival of Governor General, 161-163; on missionaries, 149-151; on religion, 135; on opposition to War of 1812, 130, 132, 142; on probable effect on business of the War, 130, 132, 142; on Federalists, 130; on Madison and his government, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 136, 142, 146, 148, 153, 154, 156, 159; on attacks on Canada, 129, 142, 143, 146, 147, 148, 159; on Boston resolutions, 131; on Constitution of U. S., 133; on Napoleon in Russia, 136, 139, 152, 154, 155; on duration of the War, 140, 141, 142, 143, 146, 147, 153, 154, 155; on life in U. S. as contrasted with that in England, 341, 342; on political situ-

ation in U. S., 343; on state of education in U. S., 343; on state of industry in U. S., 343; on fears in 1853 of a money crisis and reasons therefor, 328, 329, 344, 345, 362, 363; on unstable business situation in U. S., 327-329; on American investments, 327; on probable direction of Boston's growth, 361; on free trade, 249-251, 364; on his English correspondents, 326, 327, 340, 341, 364, 365; letters: to Mary Lee from India, 112-166; to M. L. from Philadelphia, 227; to Henry Lee, Jr., 326-329, 340-346, 359-365; to Rt. Hon. William Huskisson, 249-251; from H. L., Jr., 347, 368; from M. L., 228, 229, 230-245, 247-249  
 Mrs. Henry (Mary Jackson), her family, 31-73; marriage, 10, 29, 87; personal, 76, 77, 311, 358; H. L. H. on, 374; in Waltham, 255, 256, 258; house in Boston, 294-296; in Brookline, 300-306; golden wedding, 314, 372, 373; death, 72, 314, 322, 323, 374; on truth in letters, 93; on reluctance for society, 92, 173; on obedience, 100; on flattery and need of encouragement, 102, 212, 213; on death of her first child, 103; on H. L.'s failure, 102, 103, 208, 209; on Russian Expedition, 171, 176, 194; on Napoleon, 171-176; on Madison's government, 187; on attitude of the British in War of 1812, 187; on conditions caused by the War, 205; on prospects of peace, 206, 207, 223; on H. L.'s business, 205, 228, 229; on bringing up of her child, 176, 185, 195, 212, 213, 220; on her own bringing up, 185, 186; on prayer, 171, 172; on the Bible, 217, 218, 261; on Calvinism and doctrine of election, 188, 189; her reading, 86, 169, 170, 179, 191, 215, 218, 222, 254; on indulging feelings of self-dissatisfaction, 366; letters: to Eliza Cutts Lowell, 82-86; to Han-

- nah Lowell and Harriet Jackson, 87, 88; to Hannah Lowell, 89-94, 96-98, 100-108; to F. C. Lowell, 94-96, 98, 99; journal for H. L., 167-226; letters: to H. L., 228, 229; during his second journey to India, 230-245, 247-249; to H. L., Jr., when at Harvard, 258-261; on his voyage to Rio de Janeiro, 266-269; on his engagement, 280; after his marriage, 281-284, 291, 329, 333-336, 338-340, 346, 347, 348-353, 365-367, 369, 370, 371-373; to Mrs. George Higginson, 262-265; to Elizabeth Cabot Lee and Mrs. S. T. Morse, 292; to Mrs. S. T. Morse, 355, 356; to Mrs. S. T. Morse and Mrs. F. L. Lee, 356; to Mrs. H. L., Jr., 370; to Mrs. Thomas Tracy, 251-254, 275-279
- Henry, Jr., son of H. & M. L., 9, 25, 230, 231, 233, 236, 238, 239, 242, 243, 244, 247, 248, 249, 255; in Waltham, 271, 272; first journey in Europe, 274, 275, 277; marriage, 280; Brookline house, 300; Beverly, 301, 323; Union Building, 324, 387, 403, 404, 408; quoted, 13-16, 19, 22, 38, 313, 407, 408; notes on, by Joseph Lee, 394-398; obituary of, by Henry Lee Higginson, 398-402; letters to Henry Lee, 347, 368; from Henry Lee, 326-329, 340-346, 359-365; from Mary Lee, 258-262, 266-269, 281-284, 291, 329, 333-336, 338-340, 346, 347, 348-353, 365-367, 369, 370, 371-373; from J. Elliot Cabot, 347, 348, 354, 355, 357-359; from Amelia Lee Jackson, 269
- Mrs. Henry, Jr. (Elizabeth Perkins Cabot), 263; her engagement, 280, 283, 284, 285, 291, 367, 408; letters: from J. Elliot Cabot, 329-333; from M. L., 370
- Henry, grandson of H. & M. L., 329, 331, 334, 340, 346, 351, 352, 353, 359, 367, 371, 379, 385, 386
- John, H. L.'s brother, 30
- John Clarke, H. L.'s nephew, 19, 79, 193, 224, 280, 332, 349, 354, 403, 404
- Mrs. John Clarke (Harriet Paine Rose), 349
- Joseph<sup>1</sup>, great-uncle of H. L., 27
- Joseph<sup>2</sup>, H. L.'s father, 2, 3; notes on by Henry Lee, Jr., 13-16, 79, 82, 100, 114; H. L.'s feeling for, 157, 158, 160, 161, 167, 193, 196, 222, 232, 235, 237, 238, 243, 247, 403
- Mrs. Joseph (Elizabeth Cabot), H. L.'s mother, 2, 3, 13, 14
- Mrs. Joseph (Deborah (Higginson) Cabot), H. L.'s step-mother, 13, 97, 567, 79, 82, 86, 95, 97, 105, 138, 158, 167, 179, 181, 196, 212, 216, 218, 235
- Joseph<sup>3</sup>, H. L.'s brother, 3, 14; memoir of, 16-18, 21, 29, 79, 95, 198, 199, 209, 243, 245, 273, 280
- Joseph<sup>4</sup>, grandson of H. & M. L., 14, 407; notes by, on Henry Lee, Jr., 394-398
- Mary, see Hale, Mrs. Matthew
- Mary Cabot, H. L.'s first daughter, 29, 88, 89, 91, 94, 95, 97, 100, 102, 105, 202
- Mary Cabot, daughter of H. & M. L. (see Higginson, Mrs. George)
- Nancy, H. L.'s sister, 30, 79, 82, 85, 86
- Nathaniel Cabot, H. L.'s brother, 19, 224
- Mrs. Nathaniel Cabot (Marianne Cabot), see also Blanchard, Mrs. Francis, 19
- Rebecca, H. L.'s sister, 30
- Robert Wilson, grandson of H. & M. L., 377
- Rose Smith, see Saltonstall, Mrs. Leverett
- Thomas<sup>1</sup>, H. L.'s great-grandfather, 1
- Thomas<sup>2</sup>, H. L.'s grandfather, 1, 2, 13
- Mrs. Thomas (Lois Orne), H. L.'s grandmother, 13
- Thomas<sup>3</sup>, H. L.'s uncle, 270
- Thomas<sup>4</sup>, H. L.'s brother, 17; memoir of, 21-29, 30, 55, 79, 90, 95, 114, 167, 173, 229, 248, 347, 372

- Mrs. Thomas (Eliza Buckminster), 22, 25, 26, 27, 254, 372  
 Thomas<sup>6</sup>, grandson of H. & M. L., 21, 380, 405  
 Lee and Higginson, 1, 280, 324, 346  
 Letters, keeping of, H. L.'s and M. L.'s opinion on, 74  
 Lincoln, General Benjamin, 38  
*Little Belt, The*, 106  
 Lodge, Henry Cabot, quoted, 384  
 Mrs. John Ellerton (Anna Cabot), 340  
 Lowell, Anna Cabot (1), 81, 86, 88, 97, 98, 99; letter to Mrs. Grant, 87  
 Anna Cabot (2), 68; letters from Dr. James Jackson, 69-73  
 Charles Russell, 391  
 Mrs. Charles Russell (Anna C. Jackson), M. L.'s niece, 192  
 Edward, M. L.'s nephew, 87, 223, 225  
 Eliza Cutts, see Dutton, Mrs. Warren  
 Francis Cabot (1), 10; establishment of cotton manufacture, 55, 56, 57, 79, 81; capture in War of 1812, 152, 193; letters from M. L., 94-96, 98, 99  
 Mrs. Francis Cabot (Hannah Jackson), M. L.'s sister, in Europe, 29, 79, 87, 174, 184, 185, 193, 216; her death, 222; her children, 223; letters: from Jonathan Jackson, 36; from M. L., 87-108  
 Francis Cabot (2), M. L.'s nephew, 87, 97, 223, 224, 225, 273, 294  
 Mrs. Francis Cabot (2) (Mary Gardner), 272, 273  
 Georgina, 223, 294, 388  
 James Arnold, 34<sup>n</sup>  
 John (1), 32, 43, 44, 68, 79, 80, 82  
 John (2), 81, 99, 146, 233, 234, 235  
 John (3), M. L.'s nephew, 88, 223, 224  
 John (4), 26, 223<sup>n</sup>, 353, 378<sup>n</sup>  
 Mrs. John (Lucy Buckminster Emerson), 353, 378<sup>n</sup>  
 John Amory, 51, 87, 340  
 Mrs. John Amory<sup>1</sup> (Susan Cabot Lowell), M. L.'s niece, 88, 100, 210, 223, 224  
 Mrs. John Amory<sup>2</sup> (Elizabeth Putnam), 264, 336  
 Rebecca, see Gardner, Mrs. Samuel Pickering  
 Sarah Champney, 81, 97, 99, 186, 248  
 Susan Cabot, see Lowell, Mrs. John Amory  
 Susanna Cabot, see Gorham, Mrs. Benjamin  
 Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. George, 273  
 Theodore, 219, 238, 239  
 Mrs. Theodore, 245, 249  
 Madison, President James, 109-112, 153, 156, 159  
 Marquand, Mrs. (Margaret Curson), 377  
 McCulloch, John Ramsay, 4, 5<sup>n</sup>  
 McKean, Rev. Joseph, 169, 201  
 Minot, George Richards, 64, 282, 356  
 Mrs. George Richards (Harriet Jackson), M. L.'s niece, 61, 64, 195, 211, 274, 356  
 Louisa, 274, 356  
 Missionaries, 149, 150, 151, 231  
 Mitford, Mary, "Our Village," 254  
 Moira, Lord, 161, 162, 163  
 Moody, Paul, 55  
 Morison, Samuel Eliot, Maritime History of Massachusetts, 7  
 Morse, Dr. Eliakim, 97<sup>n</sup>, 285  
 Frances Rollins, 325, 355, 356  
 Dr. Henry Lee, 24, 25, 271, 301, 302, 306, 318, 335, 340, 380, 403, 405, 406  
 John Torrey, 64  
 Mrs. John Torrey (Lucy Cabot Jackson), M. L.'s niece, 64, 274  
 John T., Jr., 26, 274; quoted, 49, 50  
 Mary Lee, see Elliot, Mrs. John Wheelock  
 Samuel Torrey, 51; marriage, 284-287, 288; house in Boston, 294, 301-306, 383, 408  
 Mrs. Samuel Torrey (Harriet Jackson Lee), daughter of H. & M. L., 26, 51, 251, 252; in Waltham, 256, 257, 269; her diary, 271, 272, 273, 274, 279, 280; her marriage, 284-287; house in Boston, 294, 295; in H. L.'s house at Brookline, 301, 306; her son, 335, 340, 383; her music, 386, 387, 409

- Napoleon I, 110, 125, 128, 136, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 146, 149, 152, 154, 155, 171, 176, 177, 207  
 Newhall, Captain, 149, 150  
 Newman, Francis William, 310  
 Newmarch, William, 4, 5*n*, 368  
 Newton, Captain, 240, 242, 246, 247  
 Non-Intercourse Law, 114, 115, 131  
 Norton, Rev. Andrews, 237  
   Mrs. Andrews (Catherine Eliot), 237, 238  
 O'Hearn, James, 315, 321  
   Michael, 315, 320, 371  
 Orders in Council, 110, 111, 112, 123, 125, 128, 131, 142  
 Paine, Charles Cushing, 51  
   Mrs. Charles Cushing (Fanny Cabot Jackson), 51  
 Parkman, Ellen (Mrs. Vaughan), 384  
   Henry, 384  
   Dr. Samuel, 330  
   Mrs. Samuel (Mary Dwight), 272, 330, 335, 340, 384  
 Peabody, Rev. Ephraim, 350-350*n*, 369  
   Rev. Francis Greenwood, quoted, 374  
 Peck, Dr. Dandridge, 184  
 Pemberton, Dr. Ebenezer, 3, 29  
 Perkins, Colonel Thomas Handasyd, 17, 280, 317, 333, 375  
 Perkins & Company, 8  
 Phillips Academy, Andover, 3, 16, 19, 21, 29  
 Pickering, John, 84, 84*n*  
 Pickman, D. L., 233  
 Pierce, Franklin, 343  
 Political Economy Club, 363, 364  
 Putnam, Dr. Charles G., 27, 64, 272  
   Mrs. Charles G., M. L.'s niece, 27, 61, 64  
   Elizabeth Cabot, 69, 70, 71  
   Dr. James Jackson, 63; extracts from his "Memoir of Dr. James Jackson," 31-73  
   Mrs. James Jackson, 31  
 Quincy, Josiah, 112  
 Rantoul, Robert S., quoted, 56*n*  
*Reaper, The*, 3, 29, 106, 112, 120, 126, 137, 140, 147, 154, 155, 173, 180  
 Richardson, Mrs. Edward Peirson (Clara Lee Shattuck), 21, 385  
 Richter, Jean Paul, *Life of*, by Mrs. Thomas Lee, 26  
 Rimmer, Dr. William, 27  
 Ripley, Mrs. Samuel, 256, 257, 270, 373  
 Robbins, Dr. Edward H., 308; Miss Anne, 308*n*  
 Ropes, John Codman, 388  
 Russel, Cabot Jackson, 389, 391  
 Russia, Napoleon's campaign in, 125, 136, 139, 143, 144, 152, 176  
 Saltonstall, Leverett, 29, 273, 319, 352  
   Mrs. Leverett (Rose Smith Lee), 336, 352  
 Sargent, Professor Charles Sprague, 22, 23  
 Savage, Major James, 388  
 Sawyer, Miss Hannah Farnham (Mrs. George Gardner Lee), 85, 85*n*  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 92, 191, 236  
 Searle, Mrs., 190; Catherine, 80, 83, 88; Fanny, 80, 83, 84, 190, 191, 237, 240, 241; Lucy, 80; Peggy (Mrs. Curson), 80, 198, 199, 200, 237, 254  
 Sedgwick, Judge Theodore, 48, 172  
 Serurier, 146  
*Shannon, The*, 189  
 Sharon, Nurse, 324, 325  
 Shattuck, Mrs. Frederick C. (Elizabeth P. Lee), granddaughter of H. & M. L., 255, 281, 284, 329, 331, 332, 334, 346, 355, 367, 371, 386, 387, 405  
 Shaw, Lemuel, 6, 7  
   Colonel Robert Gould, 391, 393  
 Shays' Rebellion, 37  
 Silsbee, A. Edward, 26  
 Slade, Mrs. Daniel Dennison, 29, 386  
 Sohler, William Davies, 348  
 Spain, Peninsular War, 125, 149, 171  
 Spring-Rice, Cecil, quoted, 411, 412  
 Stone, Mrs. John Osgood (Catherine Jackson), M. L.'s niece, 285  
 Storrow, Ann, 239, 318  
   Charles S., 64, 69, 71  
   Mrs. Charles S. (Lydia Jackson), M. L.'s niece, 61, 64, 69, 71, 194



- Captain Charles, 389  
 Samuel, 389  
 Sturgis, Captain William, 7  
 Sullivan, Richard (1), 99  
 Richard (2), 272, 276  
 Swett, Dr. John Barnard, 46  
 Colonel Samuel, 6, 6*n*
- Thacher, Rev. Samuel Cooper (1785-1818), 171, 172, 177, 188  
 Thorndike, Israel, 3, 56*n*  
 Thornely, Thomas, 4, 326, 326*n*, 341, 346, 364, 365  
 Tooke, Thomas, 4, 5*n*, 327, 327*n*, 340, 341, 361, 365, 367, 368  
 Tracy, Aunt, 95; Catherine, 95  
 Hannah, see Jackson, Mrs. Jonathan  
 John, M. L.'s uncle, 35, 42  
 Nathaniel, M. L.'s uncle, 35, 39, 42  
 Patrick, M. L.'s grandfather, 35, 39, 42, 295  
 Mrs. Patrick (Hannah Gookin), M. L.'s grandmother, 42, 295  
 Mrs. Thomas (Ann Bromfield), 80, 83, 88, 244; letters from M. L., 251-254, 275-279  
 Trevelyan, G. M., quoted, 78, 123, 133  
 Twisleton, The Hon. Mrs. Edward (Ellen Dwight), 350, 351
- Union Building, 324, 332, 346, 347, 348, 354, 361, 368
- Villiers, Charles Pelham, 4, 5*n*, 364
- Wagner, Richard, 336, 337  
 Waltham, 55-57, 62, 64, 255-257, 271-275
- War of 1812, 106, 109, 110, 112, 123; New England opinion on, 125
- Ware, Dr. Charles E., 27, 300, 311, 314, 353, 370, 387, 389, 408  
 Mrs. Charles E. (Elizabeth Cabot Lee), 27; as a child, 230, 231, 233, 236, 239, 244, 247, 248, 249, 251, 253, 259, 261, 267, 269; in H. J. L.'s journal, 272, 274, 277, 278, 279; at H. J. L.'s wedding, 285, 288, 292; at Brookline, 300, 304, 306, 312, 314, 338, 339, 350, 355, 356, 357, 365; her engagement, 370, 382, 387, 409  
 Mary Lee, H. L.'s granddaughter, 301, 314, 373, 405, 408  
 Dr. Robert, 389
- Warren, Dr. James Collins, 60, 64, 65, 242, 246  
 Sir John Borlase, Admiral, 187  
 Washington, George, 38, 39, 56*n*  
 Waterhouse, Mrs. Benjamin (Louisa Lee), 270, 271; for Dr. Waterhouse, see Memoir of Dr. James Jackson
- Watson, Marston, 3  
 Webster, Daniel, 5, 7, 332, 343  
 Wendell, Oliver ("Uncle"), 59, 105, 211
- Winsor, Mrs. Henry (Elizabeth Jackson), 69, 70  
 Wister, Owen, quoted, 410  
 Wheelwright, Mrs. Andrew C. (Sarah Cabot), 262
- Whitwell, Rev. William, 28  
 Wilder, Colonel Marshall P., 22  
 Williams, S., U. S. Consul in London, 126, 219  
 Willson, Rev. E. B., 1, 13  
 Wilson, James, 284









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